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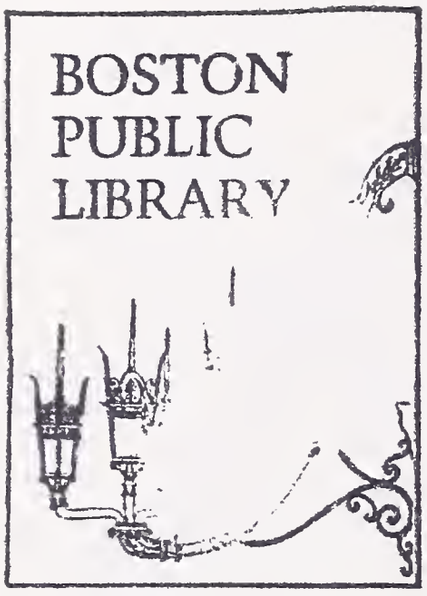
# THE WILLIAMS FAMILY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# The Williams Family

**Compiled by Niven R. Nutt, Jr.**

Volume Two of Three volumes

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# The Williams Family

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# Introduction

This is the second of three books about the ancestors and decendants of Niven and Marion (McNally) Nutt.

The first book covered the information in my files on the Nutt and McNally families. With Mother's autobiography I have enough material on the Williams family for a separate book.

The identification system remains much the same. Mother, Elizabeth Williams Nutt starts this book with the I. D. of "B2." The male lines are "A"; the female line is "B." The difference is that under a direct ancestor there is no longer a letter, such as follows:

A. Niven Robert Nutt, Jr.
B. Marion McNally Nutt

1. Niven Robert Nutt, III
1-1. Len Nutt

2. Brian Nutt
2-1. Karen Nutt
2-2. Steven Nutt

A2. Niven Robert Nutt, Sr.
AB. Elizabeth Nutt

ABA. Leonard Williams
AB2. Myrtle Moore Williams

1. Elizabeth Williams [As listed under Leonard Williams (ABA) or Myrtle Moore Williams (AB2)]

6. Rodney Williams
6-1. Ann Williams (Warner)
6-1-1. John Warner and so on.

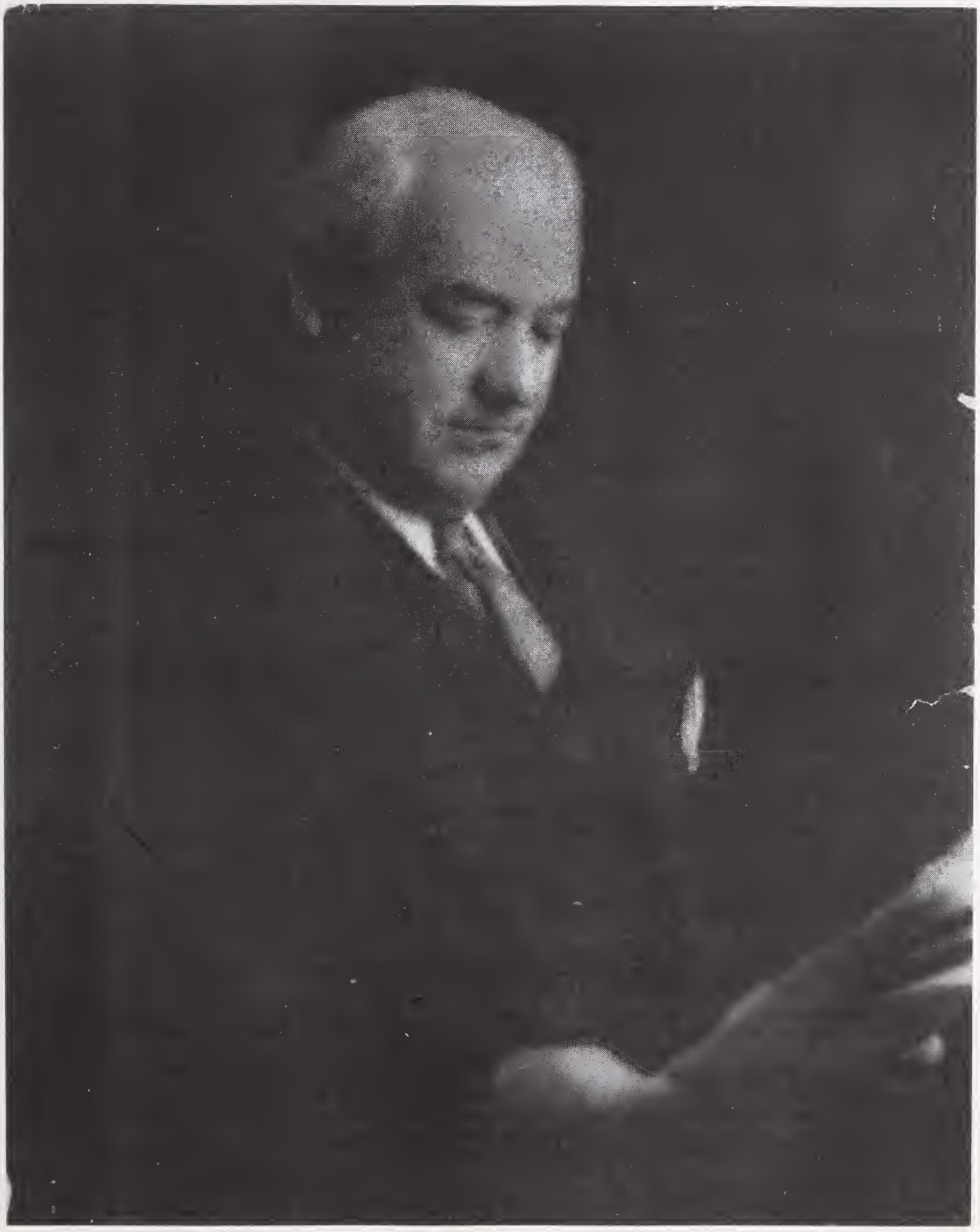
Here is a word of caution. I do not pretend to be a genealogist. The material presented here is almost all the work of other persons. I found that in many cases different researchers had very different conclusions. I have followed the paths I thought most accurate.

The first 100 or so years should be correct, perhaps it all is, but if at some point it does become part or all fiction it still makes a good story.

We have over a billion ancestors after the 30th generation, probably more persons than had ever been born to that time.

Following is a chart that I have found to be quite useful when some one starts talking about a third cousin once removed or even more distant.

| 1 | 2 | Instructions:<br>Block 1 Should be a common grandparent, with direct descendents across the top and side. | | | 6 |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Brother<br>Sister | Aunt<br>Uncle<br>Nephew<br>Niece | Great<br>Aunt<br>Uncle<br>Nephew<br>Niece | G., G.<br>Aunt<br>Uncle<br>Nephew<br>Niece | G., G., G.<br>Aunt<br>Uncle<br>Nephew<br>Niece |
| 3 | Aunt<br>Uncle<br>Nephew<br>Niece | First<br>Cousin | First<br>Cousin<br>Once<br>Removed | First<br>Cousin<br>Twice<br>Removed | First<br>Cousin<br>3 Times<br>Removed |
| 4 | Great<br>Aunt<br>Uncle<br>Nephew<br>Niece | First<br>Cousin<br>Once<br>Removed | Second<br>Cousin | Second<br>Cousin<br>Once<br>Removed | Second<br>Cousin<br>Twice<br>Removed |
| 5 | G.G.<br>Aunt<br>Uncle<br>Nephew<br>Niece | First<br>Cousin<br>Twice<br>Removed | Second<br>Cousin<br>Once<br>Removed | Third<br>Cousin | Third<br>Cousin<br>Once<br>Removed |
| 6 | G.G.G.<br>Aunt<br>Uncle<br>Nephew<br>Niece | First<br>Cousin<br>3 Times<br>Removed | Second<br>Cousin<br>Twice<br>Removed | Third<br>Cousin<br>Once<br>Removed | Fourth<br>Cousin |

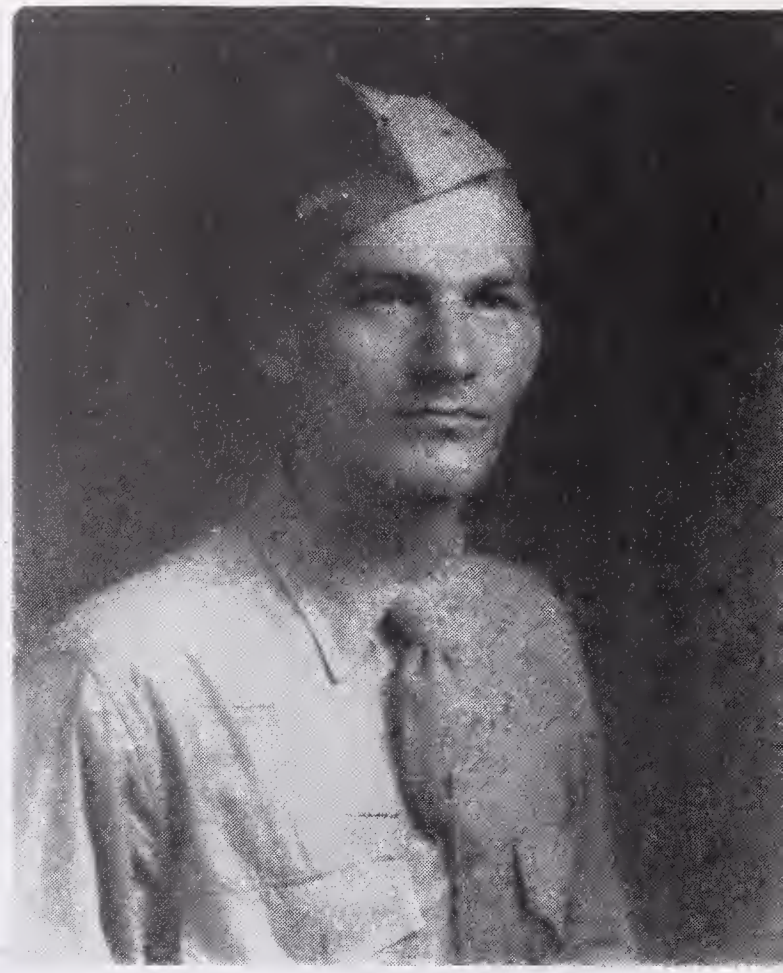


Leonard Williams, 1942

Myrtle Moore Williams, 1942

Elizabeth Williams Nutt, 1942

Francis Williams, 1942



Leonard Robert Williams, 1942

Jamie Williams Bonsack, 1942

John Rodney Williams, 1942

Elizabeth, Myrtle holding Rodney, Francis, Len and Jamie in front., 1919

James (Papa Moore) Robert Moore, ca: 1909

Mary Elizabeth (Mama Moore) Hammond Moore, 1942

# The Nutt Connection to the Williams Family

A. Niven Robert Nutt, Jr.; b. Delhi, La., Dec. 6, 1929; m. Marion Louise McNally (B), at St. Mary's Church, Melrose, Mass., Dec. 26, 1954.

1. Niven Robert Nutt, 3rd., b. Nassau, Bahamas, Rassin Clinic, March 28, 1956; m. Kirsti Wanda Ann Melnechuk, b. Jan. 19, 1964, Christ Church Cathedral, Nassau, Bahamas, Dec. 22, 1984.

1-1. Leonard Robert Nutt, b. Nassau, Rassin Clinic, Nov. 10, 1985.

2. Brian Thomas Nutt, b. Nassau, Bahamas, Rassin Clinic, April 1, 1957; m. Deborah Elaine Pinder, b. Dec. 14, 1960, The Calvary Bible Church, Nassau, Bahamas, May 10, 1980.

2-1. Karen Tabatha Nutt; b. Nassau, Rassin Clinic, March 8, 1983.

2-2. Steven Richard Nutt; b. Nassau, Rassin Clinic, Dec. 1, 1984.

3. Susan Mary Nutt; b. Nassau, Rassin Clinic, April 3, 1958.

4. John Rodney Nutt; b. Nassau, Rassin Clinic, July 6, 1959; m. Carmen Gloria Massoni-Fernandez, b. Dec. 19, 1961, St. Paul's Catholic Church, Nassau, Bahamas, July 25, 1981.

1. Jennifer Ann Nutt; b. Nassau, Rassin Clinic, Sept. 16, 1982.

2. John Marc Nutt; b. Baptist Hospital, Miami, Fl., April 19, 1985.

5. Michael Joseph Nutt; b. Nassau, Bahamas, Rassin Clinic, July 3, 1960. m. Deborah Ann Palumbo Carreiro, (b. August 26, 1954, in Providence, Rhode Island), d. of Carl Joseph and Evelyn Joan Vessella Palumbo on June 24, 1989 in Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

6. Julie Elizabeth Nutt; b. Nassau, Bahamas, Rassin Clinic, Dec. 22, 1961; m. Michael Steven Martin, b. March, 1959, at St. Paul's Church, Nassau, Bahamas, Feb. 28, 1980.

6-1. Patricia Elaine Martin; b. West Palm Beach, Florida, St. Mary's Hospital, Sept. 25, 1981.

6-2. Sean Michael Martin; b. Bethesda Hospital, Boynton Beach, Florida, June 30, 1983.

A2. Niven Robert Nutt; b. Rison, Arkansas, Dec 13, 1904; d. Cedars of Lebanon Hospital, Miami, Fla., July 9, 1966; buried Ebenezer Cemetery, Nassau, Bahamas; m. Flora Elizabeth Williams (AB) at Fordyce, Arkansas, Jan. 8, 1928.

1. Niven Robert Nutt, Jr. (See A.)

2. Theodore David Nutt; b. Fordyce, Arkansas, April 23, 1935; m. Jacqueline Dorothea Lowe, b. Feb. 15, 1934 at Hope Town, Abaco, Bahamas, daughter of Lambert and Sybil Gurtrena Bethel Lowe, at the Trinity Methodist Church, Nassau, Bahamas on June 29, 1962.

2-1. Theodore David Nutt, Jr.; b. Nassau, Bahamas, Rassin Clinic, May 22, 1963; m. Cheri Wells, b. Nassau, Princess Margaret Hospital on June 24, 1956, at Trinity Methodist Church, Nassau, on Nov. 25th, 1981.

2-1-1. Nichel Nicolette Nutt; b. Nassau, Rassin Hospital, Dec. 9, 1982.

2-1-2. Jermey Sean Nutt, b. Nassau, Rassin Hospital, 11 Dec., 1985.

2-2. Sandra Lynn Nutt; b. Rassin Clinic, Nassau, April 1, 1965.

2-3. Sharon Elizabeth Nutt; b. Frankston, Australia Dec. 19, 1969.

2-4. Niven George Nutt; b. Frankston, Australia on June 16, 1971.

3. Nancy Elizabeth Nutt; b. March 8, 1937 at Fordyce, Arkansas; m. James Newell Albury at the Kirk in Nassau, Bahamas on March 22, 1957.

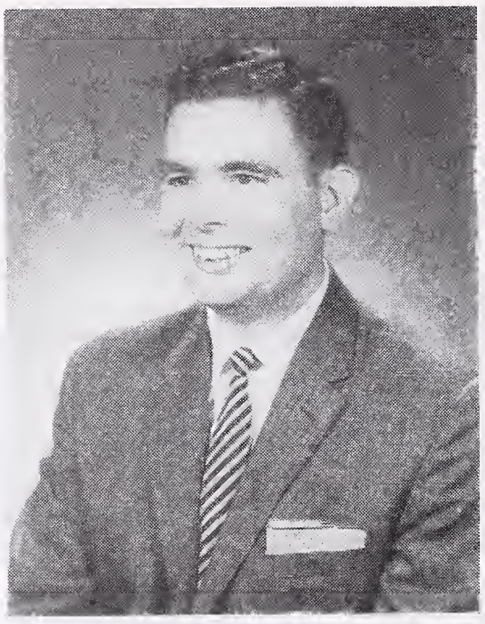
3-1. Elizabeth Rachel Albury; b. Rassin Clinic, on May 20, 1959, m. James Frost, November 5th, 1988 at Lyford Cay, New Providence.

3-2. James N. Albury, Jr.; b. Nassau, Rassin Clinic on April 25, 1961.

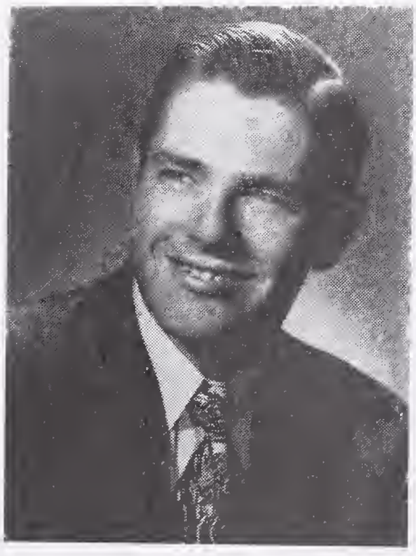
3-3. Kim Christina Albury; b. Nassau, Rassin Clinic on Oct. 30, 1963.

Sean, Mimi, Karen, Jennifer, Nichel and Patricia

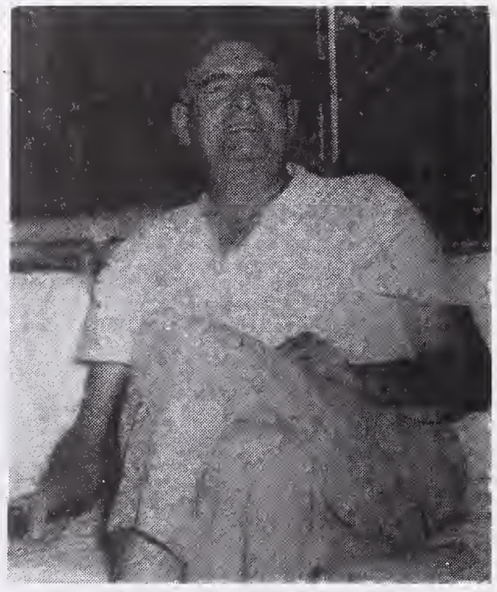
Nancy Elizabeth Nutt, ca: 1951



T. David Nutt, ca: 1965



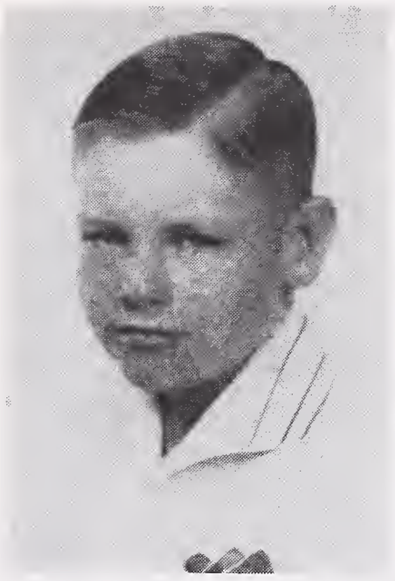
Niven Robert Nutt, Jr., 1951



Niven Robert Nutt, ca: 1960

Niven R. Nutt, Jr., and Patricia Martin, 1981

Elizabeth Williams Nutt, ca: 1949



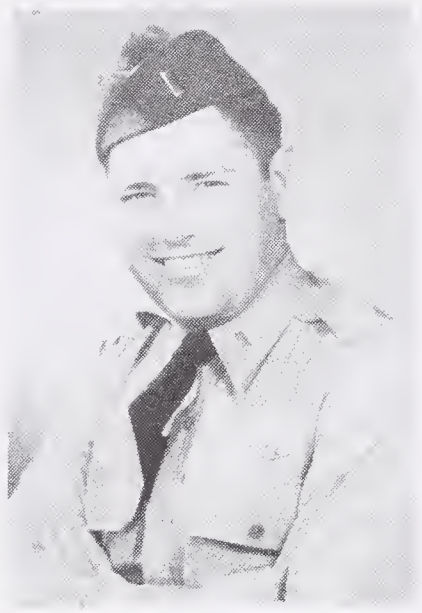
Niven Robert Nutt, Jr., 1939

T. David Nutt, 1939

Nancy Elizabeth Nutt, 1939

Nancy E. Nutt, Elizabeth W. Nutt, 1939.

Nancy & Jimmy Albury, Niven & Marion Nutt, 1954



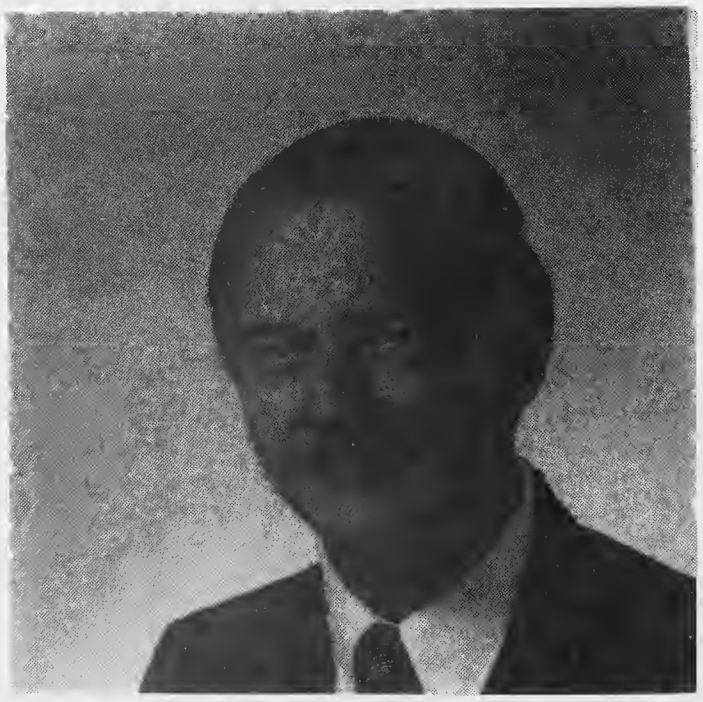
Niven Robert Nutt, Jr., 1953

Niven Nutt, Kim, Tonga and Sir James., 1956

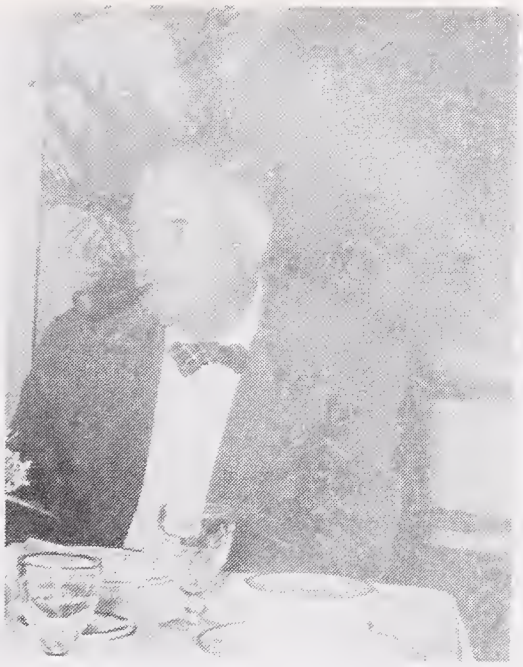
Niven R. Nutt, 1946

Elizabeth and Niven Nutt at Oake's Field, 1955.

Elizabeth Williams Nutt on her 80th Birthday



Ron Thompson, 1982



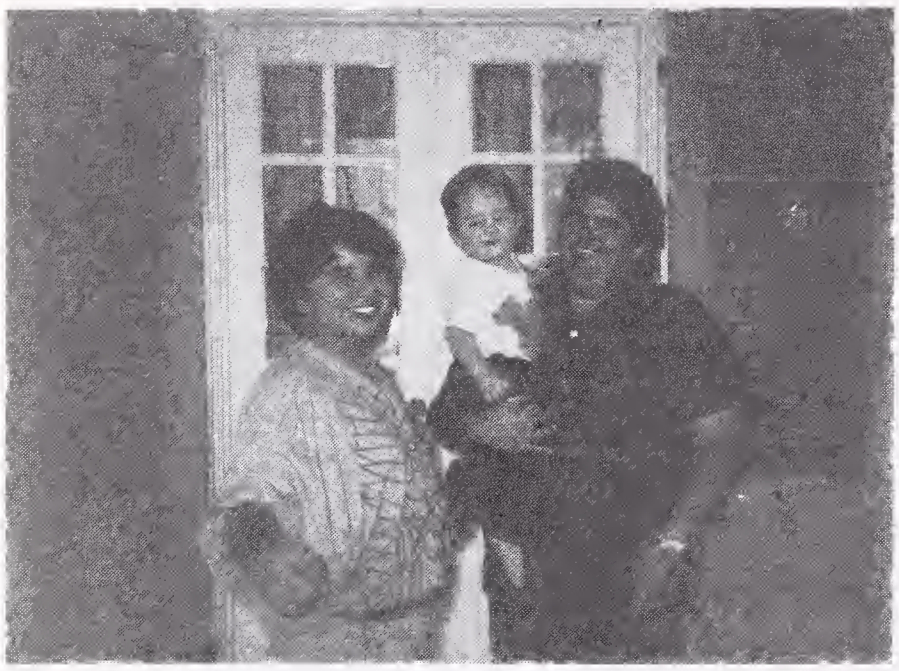
Niven Robert Nutt, ca: 1960

Niven and Nancy Nutt, 1957

Nancy and Niven Nutt, 1957

Niven Robert Nutt, 3rd., 1961

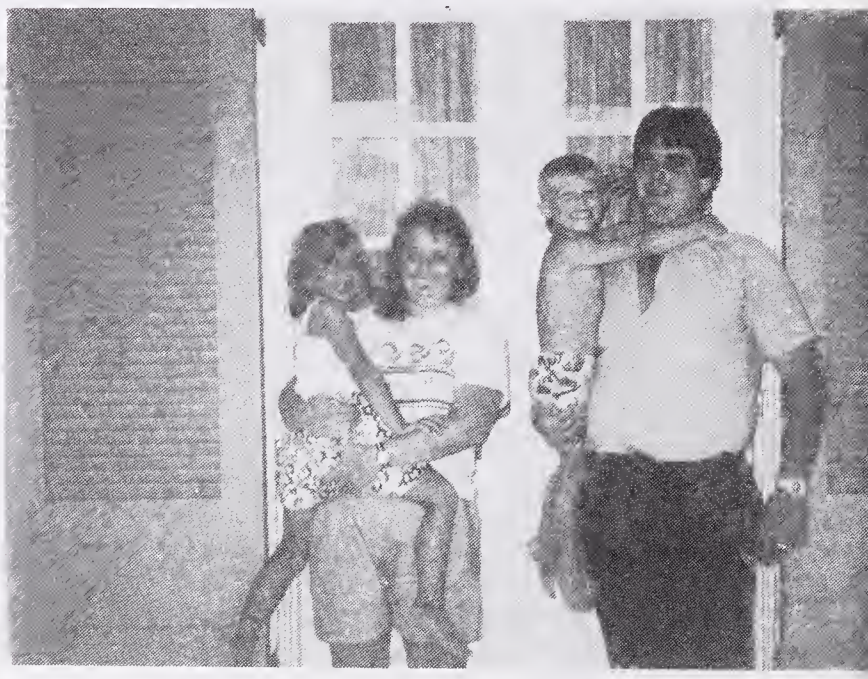
Marsha Brown, Ann Williams, S. Monroe, Nancy Nutt, Fran Williams, Marge Carey Albury, 1957.



Kirsti, Len and Niven Nutt, 3rd., 1987

Brian, Karen, Steven and Debbie Nutt, 1987.

John, John Marc, Jennifer and Carmen Nutt, 1985



Patricia, Julie, Sean Martin and Michael Nutt. 1987

Karen, Patricia, Jennifer, Sean, Len, Mimi and Steven and John Marc., 1984

Cheri, Ted, Nichel, Jackie, in back David, Niven George, Sharon and Sandy

Julie, Susan, Brian. Marion, Niven, Michael, John and Robbie

Michael, Mimi, Nick, Carmen, Johnny, Marion, Susie, Robbie, Debbie and Brian, 1987

Sandy, Niven, Sharon, David and Jaclie, 1988

Patricia Martin, 1988

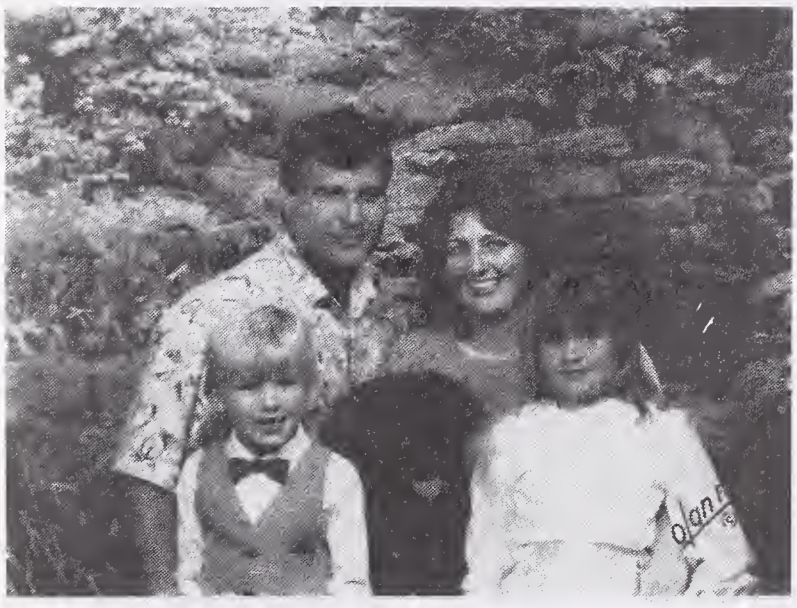
Julie Elizabeth Nutt, 1978

Brian Thomas Nutt, 1987

Brian Thomas Nutt, 1960

Sean and Patricia Martin, 1989

Jennifer, John, Carmen and John Marc., 1987

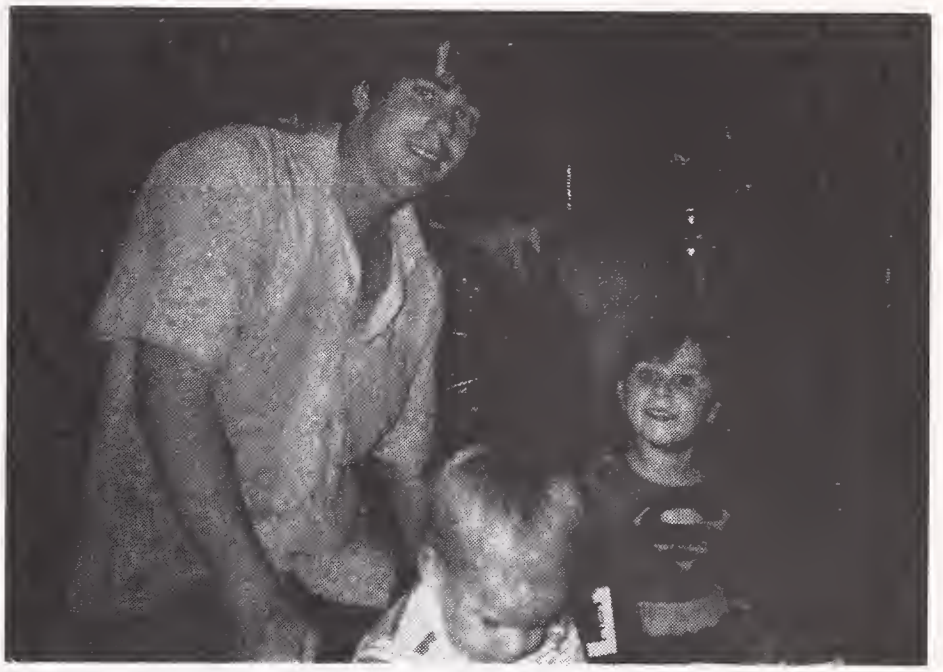


Mike, Julie, Sean, Fury's sister and Patricia Martin, 1988

Patricia Martin, 1987

Jennifer, Karen, Patricia and Fury, 1987

Julie Nutt Martin, 1988



Christmas at Shamrock, 1987

# The Williams Family

**AB. Flora Elizabeth Williams**; b. August 22, 1908, in Minden, Louisiana, m. Niven Robert Nutt (A2), January 8, 1928, in Fordyce, Arkansas.

About a year and ahalf after Dad died, Mother sold her house in the Grove Estate and moved to Spanish Wells, Eleuthera, Bahamas. She remade a tiny house there, planted a beautiful little garden, painted the house bright colors, named it "La Petite," and let someone talk her into selling it for a nice profit. She then bought a tumbled, rundown house on top of the hill, demolished it, and rebuilt an almost duplicate except for a half dozen French doors and a few other refinements. About onethird of her time is spent at Spanish Wells. She stays in Nassau about onethird of the time, and the remainder is used for travel and visiting friends over the world.

When she is in Spanish Wells, she entertains and is entertained. She also paints. She has painted on commission. When she does, she is well paid for her work.

Mother has a very active life. She was the president of the PTA in Fordyce, Arkansas. She was a charter member of the American Women's Club (along with Marion) and was the Charter President of the Nassau Garden Club long before I even met Marion. I have found newspapers with items showing how she decorated the table for the Heads of State meeting of McMillan, Kennedy, and Defienbaker here in Nassau. I have seen other newspapers with items about her doing things for Lady Roberts when she had special state occasions or for visits by the Queen to Government House

She is a very talented lady and, most of all, is a good mother. She is my mother!

**ABA. Leonard Williams**; b. in the town of Hampton in Bossier Parish, Louisiana on September 13, 1881, m. Myrtle Moore (AB2), on November 6, 1907, in Minden, Louisiana, d. September 14, 1951, in the Tylertown Hospital, Mississippi. He and Grandmother are buried in the cemetery at Franklinton, Louisiana.

Grandad loved to fish- maybe because he was so good at it. He was the best fisherman in Franklinton. When he went fishing, he always came back with fish, lots and lots of fish!

One time he took me fishing on Middle, Middle Pearl. We had been catching bream and white perch at a fairly steady rate. Grandad pulled out his pocket watch, looked at it, and said, "Well, they'll really start in a few minutes."

Five minutes later we could not even get our hook into the water. The fish literally jumped out of the water for the bait as the lines were swung out of the boat. This kept up for some thirty minutes. We left the river with two tubs of pan fish, about 350 to 400 fish. As usual, it took us longer to clean them than it did to catch them.

I was working at the mill one summer. My job was breaking down the stack after it had come out of the dry kiln. It was be a good job in the winter; the stacks come out at over 200º F. and would hold the heat over night. In the summer it is like working in hell. You have to get on top of the stack and throw the lumber down onto a table. Other workers then take the lumber and put the proper dimensions into the proper slot. The heat of the lumber and the heat of the day plus hard work makes the sweat pour out of your body. To keep a balance one has to drink gallons of water.

The foreman of the dry shed was a little country fellow who seemed to be frightened of his shadow. Grandad always whistled as he went around the mill. I think he did this to let people know that he was coming. This would give them a chance to be working when he got in sight. We heard Grandad whistling, and I was off the stack drinking water.

The foreman ran over to me, gave me a nudge, and said, "Get back on the stack or the Old Man will whip you."

I told him, "No, I had to have water."

The sweat was pouring off my body so I knew that Grandad would know that I was working hard.

Grandad walked up to me, "Nicky, you want to go fishing this afternoon?"

Of course the answer was "Yes".

The foreman was astonished. He didn't find out that the "Old Man" was my grandfather until four years later when I came through Franklinton after receiving my wings and commission in the U. S. Air Force. Grandad had died several weeks before.

I went back to Franklinton and visited the mill site several years after that. The mill had shut down and been sold. I think that the city had bought the land. Nothing was left of the mill except the tin dry shed and the brick wall of the old vault.

The steel door of the vault was still intact and closed. The top was open to the elements and to vandals.

Persons poking around in the vault before me had put boxes and other items up against the walls for access to the interior of the vault from the top. I used the same entrance.

Inside were all of the old records of the business. Invoices, bills, business letters, payroll records, personal letters, the records of a past life.

I sat in this rubble, pulling out papers that had been protected from the elements by the material above it. I came to an area of Grandad's personal correspondence. One of the letters that I remember was a copy of a letter to my mother. Grandad typed all of his letters. He used his two forefingers and typed hard. Since he could have made twenty carbons, the copies were quite readable. This letter gave the cost of the home he was building in Franklinton. The date was in the mid-thirties. The letter was over thirty years old then. He gave the figure of $3,000 for the material that the mill could not furnish.

It was an elegant house of its day and for now also. It had three bedrooms, two baths, a back entrance with a washing machine and a place to do the ironing, a large kitchen, breakfast room, dining room, large living room, sun room, front entry with two large closets, an attic large enough for two addition bedrooms and two baths (these were added after Grandmother sold the house), and a large hall connecting the bedrooms. At the end of the concrete driveway was a two-car garage with a large storeroom for garden tools and a complete bedroom with bath attached that Len and Rodney lived in. The total cost given in the letter was "just under $5,000."

I sat there with tears in my eyes (actually I was bawling). Some of the copies of letters were to Rodney and the other children. There were letters to Grandad from all sorts of people, including his children. Foolishly, I set fire to that beautifully kept record of a life.

One other item remained of the old office. Someone had put a board between two pine trees years before. The board was still there and would hold my weight. I sat on it and watched the smoke and the fire coming from the vault for about an hour.

One of the many stories that I heard about Granddaddy was one concerning him, his brothers, and Henry Ford. It goes something like this:

Len and two of his brothers, Leslie and Bernard, were in Kalamazoo, Michigan, looking for a firm to manufacture Leslie's weighing and bagging machine. They joined the Inventors' Club. Henry Ford was a member and was trying to get investors for his yet-to-be established motor company. The Williams brothers had raised $5000

to be used as a deposit for the company that would manufacture Leslie's machine. This was in cash, and was a large amount of money in that day.

Ford tried to get them to invest the money with him. This went on for several days. The boys would not hear of putting their money in such a wild scheme as an automobile factory.

Leslie died shortly afterward of typhoid fever and Bernard took the machine to the World's Fair in St. Louis for exposure. It won a first prize. The machine was being manufactured and sold very well.

A time guarantee of one year was given on the machine. This was based upon the amount of material that a farmer would normally put through the machine in a year. This was based upon 45 hours of use per week for a four week harvesting time of one farmer or about 200 hours of use for the year. Well the machine was so effective and efficient and so scarce (just a few hundred could be made per week) that they were used by the farmer that bought them for 24 hours a day then rented out to other farmers.

The rented machines followed the crop and were used almost continually from the time they were bought until the metal collar wore out, a time of about three months of continual use. The one year guarantee was still in effect, and so many machines came back in such a short time that the guarantee could not be changed. The company went bankrupt because the machine was so good. The patents were taken up by the McCormick Company. The time guarantee was balanced by an amount guarantee. This became the cornerstone of McCormick's success through to the 1950's.

When Ford brought out the Lincoln Zephyr about 1934, he invited Grandad to Detroit to get one of the first ones. I think that he, Rodney and Len went to the fanfare in Detroit to get the car.

As I sit here thinking of the past, I just realized that I was part of the "mill owner's" family when we lived in Franklinton. Granddaddy's mill had the largest payroll in Franklinton. Some of my privileges were as follows: on New Year's Eve I would go to the mill with a carload or two of my classmates and we would blow the mill whistle for 15 to 20 minutes at midnight, much to the distress of Dr. Magee; I could always get a job in the summer; and I did not have to earn respect,--I had it by the reputation of my parents and grandparents, --I only had to keep it.

My God! It has taken me fifty-five years to become cognizable of this.

Grandad's obituary in the local and state papers read the same. This is from an Arkansas Paper, the Arkansas Gazette.

## Leonard Williams, Former Resident, Dies in Louisiana

Leonard Williams, 70, of Franklinton, La., former Fordyce resident, died Friday, Sept 14, of a heart attack. He had observed his 70th birthday on the 13th.

Mr. Williams, president of the Williams Lumber company of Franklinton, was a member of the draft board of Washinton Parish, member of the board of stewards of Centenary Methodist church and a Mason.

Mr. Williams was superintendent of Long-Bell Lumber company in Pine Bluff, Ark., for many years. Later, he moved to Fordyce where he operated a sawmill and another at Calion, Ark.

He is survived by his widow, three daughters, Mrs. Niven R. Nutt, Hot Springs and Nassau, Bahama Islands; Mrs. W. T. Bopnsack and Miss Frances Williams of Franklinton, La.; one son, R. L. Williams of Nassau, Bahama Islands, and 11 grandchildren.

Mr. Williams was born at Hampton, La. and was laid to rest in Franklinton, La.

1. **Flora Elizabeth Williams**, See AB.

2. Martha Williams, b. August 1910, d. April 1911, in Graysonia, Arkansas.

3. Frances Marie Williams, b. May 26, 1912, in Little Rock, Arkansas. Grandad was operating a sawmill near Tallahassee, Florida, when she graduated from high school. She continued her studies at Florida State College (now Florida State University), graduating in 1935. She then taught for a year at Greenville, Florida. She taught art at Caroline Brevard School in Tallahassee for eight years. She attended Columbia University in New York City for four semesters and received her M. A. in Fine Arts.

She took a course in military map making at Florida State College at the beginning of WW II and went to Washington D. C. to work for the Army Map Service. She was assigned to the Photo Compilation Division where aerial photographs were used to make maps of Japan. She worked on both Nagasaki and Hiroshima maps.

After five years in Washington she went back to Franklinton and worked with Grandad at the sawmill. After Grandad died, she taught art at Covington High School for 16 years. She retired in 1976 and moved to Altamonte Springs, Florida.

4. Robert Leonard Williams, b. September 6, 1914, in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, d. at Fran (4-2) and Mike's house at the Ponder, September 14th, 1985.

4-1. Ronald H. Thompson, born Feb. 21, 1935, in Tennessee. Adopted by Roy and Marie Thompson and raised in Monroe, Louisiana.

He married Peggy Jo Hillier on July 16th, 1959. She was b. in Shreveport, Louisiana, November 16, 1940.

He received his BS in Education and MS in Chemistry at Louisiana Tech University and a Ph. D. in Nuclear Chemistry at the University of Arkansas.

Teaching at Louisiana Tech University since 1973, he is now the Professor of Chemical Engineering, Director of the Nuclear Center, and the Radiation Safety Officer. He is the author or co-author of at least 18 papers concerning radiation and other nuclear phenomena and has received at least a half dozen research grants for studies of nuclear phenomena.

He is a member of Phi Delta Kappa and Sigma Xi.

Honors include receiving the Association of Women Students' Outstanding Teachers Award in 1981, listed in; Who's Who in South and Southwest, 1981; International Who's Who in Energy and Nuclear Science, 1981 and in American Men and Women of Science, 1975.

Children:

4-1-1. Ronald Hobart Thompson, Jr., b. in Shreveport, Louisiana, January 17, 1961. He has a B. S. in Mechanical Engineering from Louisiana Tech University and an M. S. in Mechanical Engineering from Virgina Tech in Blacksburg, Virginia. He is a design engineer for Michelin American Research Corp. of Greenville, S. C. He is married to Karina Ruiz Thompson and has two daughters, Christina, b. 1986 and Nicole, b. 1988.

4-1-2. Russell Hillier Thompson, b. Shreveport, Louisiana, April 12, 1964. He has a B. S. in Mechanical Engineering from Louisiana Tech University and is a project engineer for the James River Corp of Port Huron, Michigan.

4-1-3. Robin Paige Thompson, b. Shreveport, Louisiana, July 4, 1969. She is majoring in psychology at Louisiana Tech University.

4-1-4. Charles Paul Thompson, b. Fayetteville, Arkansas, April 4, 1974. He is attending Ruston High School as a sophomore.

Len married Joanna Coletta of West Warwick, Rhode Island, on August 12, 1943 in Newport, Rhode Island.

4-2. Frances Marie Williams, b. Tylertown, Mississippi, June 11, 1944, m. Thomas Michael Hamilton in Kingston, Jamaica, January 26, 1963. Mike was born in Salt Lake City, Utah on July 16, 1940.

4-2-1. Jennifer Jill Hamilton, b. Orlando, Florida, August 8, 1966.

4-2-2. Amalie Hamilton, b. February 7, 1976, in Orlando.

4-2-3. Matthew Lindley Hamilton, b. April 5, 1978, in Orlando, Florida.

4-3. Michael Williams, b. July 22, 1946, in Tylertown, Mississippi, m. (a) Catherine Ogilvie, b. December 31, 1947, in Kingston, Jamaica, (b) Maria Ames in Kissimme, Florida, ca: 1983.

4-3-1. (a) Brian Leonard Williams, b. Miami, Florida, December 8, 1969.

4-3-2. (a) Rachael Louise Williams, b. Miami, Florida, April 5, 1972.

4-3-3. (b) Morgan Williams, b. November of 1984 in Aspen, Colorado.

4-4. Steven Leonard Williams, b. March 23, 1948, in McComb, Mississippi, m. Emget Retzer at Kingdom Hall, Orlando, Florida, July 24, 1977. Emget was born in Pfozheim, Germany, on January 31, 1952.

4-4-1. Erika Andrea Williams, b. Winter Park, Florida, December 27, 1981.

4-5. George Sumner Williams, b. McComb, Mississippi, March 20, 1950, m. Jane Sinclair in Alelaide, Australia, on June 18, 1974, Jane was born in Alelaide on December 31, 1948.

4-5-1. Ian Sinclair, b. January 26, 1979, d. March 22, 1981 in Dallas, Texas.

4-5-2. Ashley Sinclair Williams, b. Dallas, Texas, August 26, 1981.

4-5-3. Anthea Williams, b. Dallas, Texas, August 14, 1984.

4-6. Martha Williams, b. McComb, Mississippi, January 28, 1951, m. Juan Pedro Gallegos in Geneva, Florida, on August 18, 1973. Pedro was born in Kingston, Jamaica, on April 1, 1945.

4-6-1. Gregory Juan Gallegos, b. Orlando, Florida, April 14, 1977.

4-6-2. Lydia Adelina Gallegos, b. Orlando, Florida, October 10, 1978.

4-6-3. Jeffrey Gallegos, b. Longwood, Florida, in May of 1983.

4-7. John Rodney Williams, b. June 16, 1954, Kingston, Jamaica, m. Angela Asher at the Ponder [Len's (4) home], Geneva, Florida, on August 8, 1978. Angela was born March 19, 1959, in Heilburn, Germany.

4-7-1. Alexander Williams, b. March, 1987, Walnut Creek, California.

5. Jamie Moore Williams, b. November 12, 1915, in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, m. William Tazewell Bonsack. Tack was born in Johnson City, Tennessee at 305 Locust St., upstairs bedroom, at 4:05 P. M. on September 3, 1920 ("I remember it well," said Tack.).

5-1. William Tazewell Bonsack, Jr., b. Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, Women's Hospital, May 23, 1943, m. Donna Smith, b. July 5, 1946.

5-1-1. William Tazewell Bonsack, III, b. Touro Infirmary, New Orleans, Louisiana, May 14, 1971.

5-1-2. Heather Bonsack, b. Touro Infirmary, New Orleans, Louisiana, July 21, 1974.

5-2. Rodney Gordon Bonsack, b. McComb, Mississippi, September 16, 1946, m. (a) Martia McGaffick, (b) Cheri Elizabeth Nelson.

5-2-1. (a) Catherine Marion Bonsack, b. August 29, 1972, at Touro Infirmary in New Orleans, Louisiana.

5-2-2. (b) Jessica Bonsack, b. Methodist Hospital, August 5, 1979, New Orleans, Louisiana.

5-2-3. (b) Rodney Gordon Bonsack, Jr., b. New Orleans, Louisiana, Methodist Hospital, October 9, 1980.

5-3. Suzanne Elizabeth Bonsack, b. August 13, 1947, in McComb, Mississippi, the McComb Infirmary, m. (a) Emigdio Llovet, b. Havana, Cuba, February 8, 1943, d. April, 1969 in New Orleans, Louisiana. (b) Frank Evans in New Orleans.

5-3-1. (a) Emigdio (Chip) Llovet, Jr., b. New Orleans, Louisiana, Baptist Hospital.

5-3-2. (b) Shannon Christopher Evans, b. Baptist Hospital, New Orleans, Louisiana, August 1, 1971.

6. John Rodney Williams, b. Pine Bluff on May 2, 1919, d. in the Pacific Theater, October 26, 1944. m. Margie Ann Bickham of Franklinton, Louisiana. Margie was born March 30, 1922 in Franklinton. Margie married (2) William Addison Burris of Franklinton in the early 50's.

Ann (6-1.) and Francis (3.) were able by persistent effort to get an official report of the mission in which Rodney was killed.

Following are the highlights of that report:

424th Bombardment Squadron (H) AAF
307th Bombardment Squadron (H) AAF

APO # 719
27 October 1944

A. Mission Number

307-335; 26 October 1944, 424 Bombardment Squadron (H); Seven (7) Baker 24's.

B. Target

Primary target (battleship of the YAMATO class) 11° 15' N-121° 45 E On a heading of 140°.

C. Time and Altitude of Attack

1057 I to 1059 I from 9,600 to 9,700 ft. true altitude.

D. Results

This bombing is rated excellent. The bombing was carried out on a mag. heading of 320° and at the time the BB was taking violent evasive action. As a result one (1) string of three (3) bombs hit about 800 feet from the ship. A second string of three (3) bombs started 500 feet from the ship in a line parallel to the stern of the vessel and walked northeast with the last bomb ending up approximately 400 feet east of the stern. A third string of bombs were reported starting about 300 feet east of the mid-ship and walked up toward the bow, with the last bomb reported approximately 150 back from the bow of the vessel. Three (3) more bombs were reported within 75 feet of the ship about 15-0 feet back from the bow. Two (2) strings, consisting of six (6) bombs saturated the area ranging from 150 to 300 feet east of the bow. A seventh string of bombs landed within 200 feet of the ship starting at a point 200 feet south-east of the bow and walking up to a point approximately 100 feet east of the vessel in a line parallel to the extreme end of the bow.

Enemy Losses: Nil

Own damage and loss: Three aircraft destroyed.

A/C 605 (Lt. Hicks, pilot) was hit with flak over the target. A few minutes later it exploded in mid-air and the wreckage fell into the water.

A/C 547 (Lt. Sutphin, pilot) was hit by flak in the No. 3 engine, during the bomb run. The pilot feathered this engine and kept the plane in flight for one (1) hour and ten minutes after leaving the target. It was reported by another crew that this aircraft lost the No. 4 engine and went into a spin. This plane was seen to crash in the sea at 10° 10' N. 122° 35' E. Three men were seen to bail out of this plane. One man's chute became tangled with the disabled aircraft and he was reported to be carried into the sea with the ship. A second man was reported to have become enmeshed in the harness and cords of his chute after hitting the water. The chute was seen to sink, and the crew reporting it were unable to find this man after he dropped into the sea. The third man was dragged thru the water for about 500 yards until his chute collapsed. His body was then sighed floating on top of the chute but he appeared to be unconscious. A/C 424 (Lt. Balovich, pilot) circled this position several times and dropped a life raft and a radio about 50 yards from the injured man. However until they left the vicinity he had not made any attempt to reach them and still appeared to be in an unconscious condition. These observations were made from an altitude of fifty (50) feet.

John H. Shields
2nd Lt., Air Corps
Ass't Intelligence Officer

Crew members of A/C #547

Lt. Sutphin
Lt. Zimmer
Lt. Weed
Lt. Miller
Sgt. Wray
Sgt. Ruth
Sgt. Prestridge
Sgt. Yates
Sgt. Williams
Sgt. Veremski

Rodney was a legend in both Franklinton, Louisiana, and Tylertown, Mississippi. In 1983 I met a man from Tylertown in Miami, Florida. The Tylertown man was about 9 or 10 years old when Grandad moved from Tylertown to Franklinton. I asked him if he remembered the Williams's Lumber Company in the late 1930's in Tylertown. He replied that he remembered Rodney Williams and started to relate some of the things about him that he remembered. He said that Rodney was a hero to him and all of the kids his age. This was almost 40 years after his death.

6-1. Armetha Ann Williams, b. January 17, 1944, in McComb, Mississippi, m. J. J. Warner, III, of Franklinton, Louisiana. J. J. was born in Tylertown, Mississippi, on July 23, 1942.

6-1-1. John Benton Warner, b. August 13, 1969, in New Orleans, Louisiana.

**ABA2. John Sumner Williams**; b. ca: 1829, d. after 1890, m. Martha Vilona Berry (ABAB), (b. ca: 1860 near Rome, Georgia) April 9, 1879 at Bellevue, Louisiana.

John Sumner Williams married Martha Vilona Berry (Mattie). The Berry family had moved from Rome, Georgia, to Louisiana. Martha's sister had married a Stidham, a wealthy planter and landowner in Shreveport. They had a daughter named Mattie who married a Lord Hartwell from England. They lost their fortune during the war. (WW I ?)

"John Sumner met Martha at their home in Shreveport, but she was in Texarkana,Arkansas, during their courtship. I have the love letters from John. Their marriage license was issued in Bellevue, Louisiana, Bossier Parish. They were married there April 9, 1879, and established residence in Haughton, Louisiana, where their children were born and John and Martha were buried. John Sumner must have been a road and bridge builder in the swamps of Bossier Parish. Mother and daddy took us to Cousin Mattie Hartwell's in about 1915. We went to the Haughton Cemetery, but I don't remember any legible tombs or dates." (Gladis Snider Patterson)

John was a sawmill man more than a road builder as Gladis described him. As a sawmill man he would build a sawmill, cut the timber that could be easily reached and move on when the timber was finished to another location. He was cutting in the Red River

Valley in 1869. The rains were just starting, but the mules could still haul the logs to the mill.

On day in late summer, Judge John W. Watkins of Minden came to order some lumber. It started raining just before he arrived, and he was amazed at the dry condition of the ground under the mill shed. John Sumner had built up the ground a few inches, dug a ditch with the dirt as a dike, then built a shed over the mill. The ground, of course, stayed dry and hard. The judge and John talked for several hours about how much rain it would take to get the dirt under the shed so that it would be mushy and unworkable. John told the judge that he had never had a floor that was soggy.

The judge then asked him if he could build one several miles long. John replied, "Given the men, the time, and the money, yes."

They discussed how the material for the raised roadbed would come from either side and from the ditches for the runoff. The timber along the road would be used for the construction, and how the finished part of the road could be used to haul the timbers to the mill and to return to the head of the road.

By the time the rain ended John and the judge had come to the conclusion that it was feasible to construct a shed road through the Red River Valley and that such a road would remain passable the year round. This would solve the problem of getting the cotton and other farm goods produced by the rich Red River Valley to the Port of Shreveport for transportation to the gins and cotton mills.

The valley floor was swampy flat. When it was wet, its soil resembled paste. Mules sank to their bellies and wagons went up to the axle. The rains of the fall halted traffic for several months until late spring.

After lobbying for a couple of years, Judge Watkins secured a charter from the U. S. Congress to build a road through the swamp.

With his charter in hand and the laughter of his neighbors ringing in his ears, he got into his buggy and drove to John's mill.

John was dumfounded when the judge came to him and said "Let's get started!"

"Start what?" was his answer, not connecting the judge's statment to their conversation of three years past.

"Our shed road! Don't you remember you told me you could build it?" shouted the judge.

After John recovered from the surprise of the job that was being thrust upon him, he was shown where to start the road and where to end it.

He told the judge to get him several hundred men. John submitted a list of tools and machines that he would need.

The railroads were finishing most of their major construction at this time, and the Irish construction crews of the railroads were still intact.

Soon John had drainage ditches along the right of way that had been cut straight through from point to point. Dirt was piled across nine miles of swampy flat. The Irish workmen cut cypress post ten feet high, placing them twenty feet apart. The road was wide enough for two mule wagons to pass.

John had two sawmills cutting other timber that were made into girders, joists, braces, and roof-boards for the road.

The posts were tied together with the joist ten feet above the ground. The men then placed girders across the joists, bending them down like the roof of a box car. There was enough slant on the roof to shed the water.

The road was started in 1874 and not finished completely until 1880, but the transportation problem was ended. Traffic was maintained throughout the year. This is one of the master engineering feats in the history of North Louisiana.

It is said that the mules that regularly made the trip started laughing (braying) when they saw the shed road because it was easy to pull.

The tariff was $1.50 for a four-yoke team of oxen. A four yoke team of mules was $1.00. The rates was 5 cents for an individual walking the distance. The profits were about $20,000 per year.

The road was in use for about twelve years. The Vicksburg, Shreveport, and Pacific Railroad, now the Illinois Central, were put through to Shreveport from the east. The Cotton Belt and Louisiana and Arkansas Railroads brought service from the north, and the Shed Road had to be abandoned.

1. Leonard Williams, See ABA.

2. Leslie Williams, b. ca: 1881, d. ca: 1903, m. Florence (?) and died a few weeks after he was married. He is buried at Philmore, Louisiana, on old U. S. Highway 80.

3. James Bernard Williams, b. 1883, d. ca: 1930, m. Bertha Lipscomb, January, 1904. She was born in 1884 and died in 1980. They had three children and lived in Minden, Louisiana.

3-1. James Bernard Williams, Jr., b. December 19, 1904, m. (A) Charlotte Howell. She was born June 19, 1907, and died on December 16, 1969. They had one son, James Howell Williams.

J. B. m. (B) Blanche Tompkins Dickson, widow of Louis K. Dickson on June 17, 1970.

3-2. Robert Alva Williams, b. May 28, 1906, d. March 23, 1968, m. Clotilde Frey. They had two daughters, Dorothy Ann and Jo Ann.

3-3. Effie Lillian Williams, b. 1907, d. 1969, m. C. P. McKenney of Memphis.

4. Effie Williams, b. ca: 1884, d., m. Laurence Snider, April 8, 1903. Arthur was born in Buckner, Arkansas, on November 12, 1877, and died in Shreveport on September 28, 1938. He was buried in Buckner cemetery but was moved to Smackover, Arkansas, cemetery after Effie died to be buried near her.

4-1. Gladis Snider, b. January 15, 1904, m. Joshua Thomas Patterson of Arkadelphia, Arkansas, on February 12, 1923, at Magnolia, Arkansas. They lived in Smackover until 1943 when they moved to New Iberia, Louisiana. They have three children, Joshua Thomas, 3rd., Martha Jean, and Lawrence Jordan.

4-2. Ruby Snider, b. January 6, 1906, in Minden, Louisiana, m. Floyd W. Barnes, August 30, 1925. Floyd was born September 5, 1903, and died of a heart attack in Springhill Hospital, March 28, 1979. He is buried in Springhill, Louisiana, cemetery. They have three children, Robert Lawrence, William Jerald, and Nancy Jane.

4-3. Marjorie Snider, b. ca: 1907, m. L. E. Tennyson, Jr., September 1, 1926, in Magnolia, Arkansas. They have two children, James Murry and Marjorie Ann.

5. Rollin Williams, b. Houghton, Bossier Parish, Louisiana, January 30, 1885, m. Lillian David, June 24, 1914. Lillian was born in Minden, March 19, 1890.

Rollin was a registered pharmacist, and received his pharmacy training at New Orleans College of Pharmacy.

5-1. Rollin Williams, Jr.

5-2. Bert David Williams, b. in Minden, Webster Parish, Louisiana, December 18, 1917, m. Josephine Kennon, Arpil 11, 1943. David received a pharmacy degree from the University of Texas, June, 1940.

He served for 11 months in the U. S. Navy. He had three children, Bert David, Jr., Barbara Jo, and Thomas Kennon.

5-3. Allan Williams, b. August 4, 1919, d. May 10, 1920.

6. Ruby Williams, b. ca: 1890, d. March 13, 1968.

"Ruby married Floyd Fincher of Waldo, Arkansas, in the spring of 1911 at my mother's home. We kids had been to the woods and picked enough violets for a rug for them to stand on. Uncle Floyd was one of five sons associated with the W. M. Fincher Mercantile Business. He was active in banking, oil, real estate, and timber. He was also the postmaster of Waldo.

Uncle Floyd died August of 1957. Auntee died March 13, 1968, after a heart attack. We were in Springhill and were called immediately but couldn't get there before she died." (Gladis Snider Patterson)

Auntee was the best cook in Arkansas. Marion and I drove through Waldo on our way to the Bahamas in 1955. Auntee started bringing out the food-- ham, steak, sausage, corn beef, seven kinds of meat in all and about nine different kinds of vegetables-- and the desserts!! We went into the dining room, and the dining room table was covered with cakes and pies, at least 15 of each.

When we left, she gave us a huge chocolate cake. The icing was about two inches thick. The cake must have weighed about ten pounds. Was it good! We ate it all the way to Nassau, sharing it with our relatives as we drove to Miami.

She also gave me a quart of her sweet, crisp pickles. I loved her pickles, and I did not open them to share. They disappeared in New Orleans, and I am sure that Tack Bonsack, my uncle, stole them. He, of course, denies this, but he does it with a very satisfied smile.

6-1. Richard Vernon Fincher, b. July 3, 1913, d. April 7, 1939. Richard graduated with honors from the U. S. Naval Academy in 1937 and was an assistant football coach during spring training. He died in a car accident near Hall's Station, Missouri. He was returning from Washington where he had gone to meet his admiral's niece. Two of his buddies were in the car with him; he was in the middle. They skidded on wet, icy pavement and hit a telephone pole. It broke off and fell on the car, killing Richard instantly. When they pulled the other two boys out of the burning car, it was a while before they knew that there was a third passenger. Both of the other boys lived.

**ABA3. James Bernard Willams;** b. ca: 1830, James married Mary Johnson (ABA2B), daughter of Charles Johnson (ABA2BA). James was a Methodist minister in Tennessee. Some of the Williamses stayed near Bolivar, Tennessee. Others moved to Malvern, Arkansas with their parents in 1851. James and Mary were buried near Malvern in 1863 or 1864. They had 13 children.

1. Henry Williams.
2. Joel Williams.
3. Phillip Williams.
4. John Sumner Williams, see ABA2.
5. Thomas Williams.
6. William Williams.
7. Alan Williams.
8. Unknown Son.
9. Martha Williams.
10. Rosetta Williams.
11. Unknown Daughter.
12. Unknown Daughter.
13. Unknown Daughter.

From
**"Family Roots"**
(About 1982)
by
Frances Williams

In Suffolk, England, Thomas Hammond and his wife, Rose Trippe Hammond, were parents of William Hammond, Thomas Hammond, and Francis Hammond. The widow of William Hammond, Mrs. Elizabeth Penn Hammond, came over to the New Country in 1634 on the ship, "Griffin", and settled in Massachusetts. She brought her three children with her, one son, Benjamin, and his two sisters. Elizabeth Penn Hammond was a member of the Penn family, a sister of the English Admiral, and an aunt of William Penn, the celebrated Quaker in whose honor the state of Pennsylvania was named. Benjamin was the male founder of the American "Hammond" family. He was born in London, England, in 1621 and was 13 years old when he came with his mother to the new country. Benjamin married Mary Vincent. One son, John, married Mary Arnold in 1691, and they had seven sons who became founders of important and useful families. At present, there are some descendants of these first settlers in all the states from Maine to California.

John Hammond, son of John and Mary Arnold Hammond, went to Virginia, where he married Amidine, who lived in Virginia. Their son, Samuel Hammond, married Mary and had three sons, namely, Samuel, born in 1753, Leroy, born in 1751, and Raleigh, born in 1756. These sons with their father went through the Revolutionary War. Raleigh Hammond married Mary Gee and remained in South Carolina after the war. Samuel Hammond, his brother, went to Georgia and afterwards to Alabama. Leroy went to Tennessee.

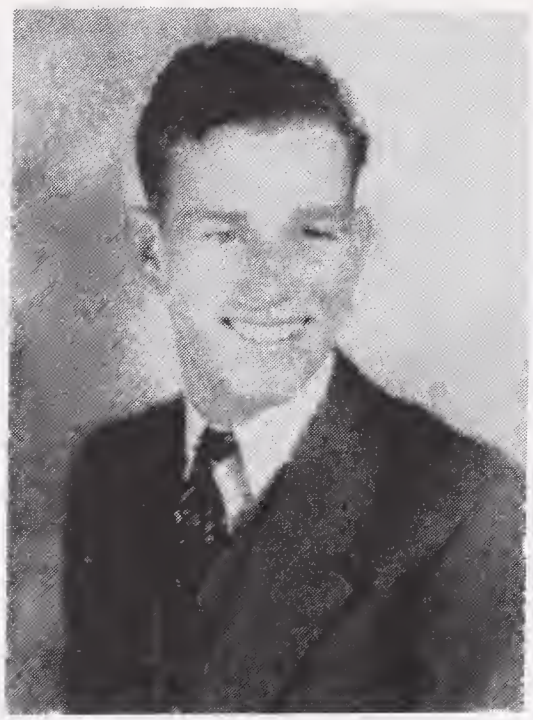
Colonel Samuel Hammond was engaged in many Indian fights. Late in life, he was a surveyor. A good part of Georgia was surveyed by him. He was one of the representatives of South Carolina legislature from the Upper Country which met at Jackson Borough, January 18, 1772, to make the laws of South Carolina.

"August 18, 1781, a force of Sumter's Riflemen set forth from York County and rode all night towards Musgrove Mill. The force was led by Isaac Shelby of North Carolina, Elijah Clark of Georgia, James William McCall, Samuel Hammond, and Thomas Brandon of Upper South Carolina and Virginia. They captured a large body of Prisoners." (From the book "The Making of South Carolina.")

This Colonel Hammond is our direct ancestor.

The Coat of Arms of the Hammond family is "Three Demi-lions with Wolf's Head for the crest.

The descendants of this illustrious family have truly lived up to the motto of the family, "The way must be tried." There have been members of this family in all the wars of our country-- the colonial wars, the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Civil War, the Spanish-American War, and both World Wars.



John Rodney Williams, 1933

Mike Hamilton, Mike, Steve, George and John Rodney Williams, Pedro Gallagous, and Niven R. Nutt, Jr. 1985

Ronald H. Thompson, 1988

Leonard Williams, 1918

Leonard Williams, 1918

Ruby Williams Fincher, 1913

Elizabeth Williams Nutt, ca: 1925

Myrtle Moore Williams, 1907

Leonard Williams, 1913

Williams sawmill at Callion, Ark. ca: 1927

Logs for Williams sawmill at Callion, Arkansas. ca: 1927

Leonard Williams at Wakulla Lumber Company Office, ca: 1931

# And
# I Ended Up a Nutt

by
**Elizabeth Williams Nutt**

My parents were married in November, 1907, in Minden, Louisiana and I was born in late August the following year, the eldest of six children.

When I was twenty-two months old, Martha, my sister, was born in Greysonia, Louisiana, only to die of "summer complaint" when she was nine months old.

Although I was only two and one half years old when she died, I remember her well, she was a beautiful child with large dark, gray eyes. The Williams eyes, my daughter Nancy's eyes, are the same-- too bad I did not have them.

We were living in a small mill town that belonged to the Long Bell Lumber Company in Yellow Pine, Louisiana. From there daddy was sent to Longville, Louisiana, and then we went to to a little lumber town in Oklahoma. I was three and a half years old and I remember the day we arrived in Long Bell, Oklahoma. It was pouring rain when we got off the train, and the big raindrops falling in the water puddles made little splashes. It was the first time I had ever been in the rain like that, and I have never forgotten it.

We were near an Indian reservation. The Indians came by our house with the husband riding a thin, little pony down the dusty road. His squaw following on foot with a papoose strapped to her back, struggling with all of the groceries in her arms. My mother stood on the porch with Mrs. Woodard who lived in the other side of our duplex house, and they would always comment on the sad plight of the Indian woman.

My mother was pregnant with my sister Frances. Mother hated Oklahoma and that dusty drab little mill town.

Daddy was transferred to Pine Bluff, Arkansas. We stopped in Little Rock to visit my father's brother, Bernie, and his family-- long enough for Frances to be born. I was two months short of my fourth birthday. I remember the day she was born. A friend of my mother's,

Marie Dunlan, took me to town. I remember vividly one of the biggest department store windows with the mannequins in brilliantly colored wigs to match their clothes which were kelly green, a royal purple, and cardinal red.

We went into the store, and Marie bought me a lovely, pink umbrella because I wanted a little, pink sister and a little, pink umbrella. I remember the wigs, the store, the umbrella, the lunch downtown--I don't remember my little, pink sister!

Our little house on Mulberry Street in Pine Bluff was next door to the Poss family. They owned a grocery store and lived in a large gray house with a wide veranda across the front, both upstairs and downstairs. They had a lovely garden with a lilac hedge and a large bed of roses. I went over in the afternoon to play with the children. If we got too noisy or active, their black nurse would make us all "sugar tits," which was sugar mixed with butter and tied in a little clean cloth and given to children to suck. Then she would spread a large patchwork quilt on the ground, and we would lie there and look for pictures in the clouds. Benny Poss was my age, and we played together. One day Benny climbed on top of the barn and pee'd. I watched him in awed admiration. Then I climbed on top of our servant house and tried to do the same. My mother saw me and in shock and horror brought me into the house and gave me a "switching" I've never forgotten. I never tried that again! It was the first time I learned that boys and girls are different.

My brother, Len, was born when I was six. The following year my sister, Jamie, came along. This was in 1915, and my father decided to go into the lumber business for himself. He bought a good tract of timber in Grant County, Arkansas, and built a small mill with a commissary and shacks for the black workers. Our house was not much better, but my mother refused to be away from Dad, and they planned a nice house in the future.

The farmers around in Grant County were very low class. They never bathed, and their houses were filthy and smelled to high heaven. Like most low class whites, they did not like blacks. A delegation came to my father and said they did not allow "niggers" in Grant County.

Dad said, "I'm sorry, but these are my men. They are good men and have worked for me a long time and they stay!"

The farmers made threats and vowed to run them out of the county.

Daddy went to Pine Bluff and hired a Mr. Sullivan as a watchman. He was a big man and said he was a cousin of John L. Sullivan. He had an enormous pistol which he cleaned every time any of the local yokels came to the mill. He sat on the steps of the office facing the store and clean that pistol, then he tossed a Prince Albert can up in the air and shot a hole right through it. The locals never bothered us.

Father went into Pine Bluff every Friday night for the payroll and came back on Saturday morning. One night while he was away, the wolves came into the village and broke into the corral where the horses were and killed one. I'll never forget that night with the wolves howling and barking and the horses screaming. My mother was terrified. The door was locked and I don't know how she expected the wolves to break in, she moved all the furniture in front of the door.

I was in the second grade. For a while I stayed in town with my grandmother and Aunt Jamie. Then dad had a young woman come out to teach me and one or two of the other children.

World War I was starting, and, of course, all building stopped. Dad had to close the mill. He refused to take a bankruptcy. The next few years he spent paying off his debts. He went back to Long Bell. We moved back to Pine Bluff when I was 10 years old.

When war ended, Daddy woke me up that night and said, "The war is over, and we are going to town."

Mother stayed at home with Frances, Len, and Jamie, but Dad and I went to town to celebrate. Everyone was singing and dancing in the street in front of the courthouse.

Daddy kept saying, "Always remember this night, Elizabeth; it is a great moment in history."

When I was 12, my brother Rodney was born. At this time also Dad had an opportunity to buy a partnership in a mill in Milvid, Texas, at the edge of the panhandle.

We packed up and moved to Texas. It was a most unfortunate move as it turned out. This was a typical little mill town with an office, a little clinic, the commissary, and hotel. Our house was a plain, white clapboard house, two story with a porch across the front

downstairs. Across the street was the hotel, a large, white clapboard house with a porch that ran across the front of the house and down both sides.

The main road into town ran by our house and the first Friday we were there at least 10 or 12 very pretty ladies arrived at the hotel. I was quite fascinated by their colorful clothes and elaborate "hair do's." The next morning these young women were sitting on the banister rail of the hotel in their kimonos when there was a distant noise that got louder and louder as about 20 to 30 cowboys galloped into town, shouting and shooting their pistols.

My mother grabbed me and hustled me into the house and dared me to go out again. The next morning I was sent to Lubbock, Texas, to visit Locket Woodward. I was there four weeks. In the meantime my father informed the woman who ran the hotel that the weekend business had to stop. My mother, who was a Methodist minister's daughter, was horrified at such goings on! Of course, this made the cowboys really angry. One night they tucked a stick or two of dynamite under our back porch and blew it off! That was the last straw. My mother refused to stay there. They called me home, and Dad found a job as superintendent of the Great Southern Lumber Co. in Bogalusa, Louisiana.

We were not in Bogalusa a full year, because Dad did not like the people with whom he worked. Off we went to Picayune, Mississippi to the Crosby Lumber Co. Dad had the worst job there of any I remember as a child. We were not there very long either. He got a job as superintendent of a mill in Thornton, Arkansas. It was the Stout Lumber Co. Again we packed up and moved right in the middle of our school year. We drove from Bogalusa to Buckner, Arkansas, where we were supposed to spend Christmas.

The roads were not what they are today and we got bogged down in Raven Wood swamp on Christmas Eve. Four yoke of oxen had to pull us out, but we did not get out until Christmas morning. I remember Daddy built a big fire. We took the seats out of the car and sat on them on the ground. The little children cried because Santa could not find us.

I will never forget my father.

He called all of us to him and he said, "Children this is a Christmas you will remember as long as you live even if you live to be one

hundred years old. This is a Christmas you will never forget because this is an adventure. Always remember adventures are hard to live through but fun to remember. We don't have candy and toys from Santa, but you have received a wonderful gift, the memory of the most exciting Christmas of your lives."

And I have never forgotten!!

We were not in Thornton long either because the company moved us to Callion, Arkansas, and made Dad manager of the mill. Altogether we had five moves in less than two years and lived in four different states. This played havoc with my schooling.

I was fourteen. The school in Callion was very poor. Mother and Dad decided to send me to Monroe to go to school there and live with my Aunt Flora for whom I was named. I was there until mid-term. I had a very bad case of measles. Mother came up to see me. I was very unhappy because my aunt and uncle made me share my allowance with Betty, their adopted daughter. I also had to do most of the housework. Mother and Dad were paying my aunt and uncle a very nice sum of money for my keep. I did not think this was fair. Again in the middle of the school year I was moved, this time to a boarding school, Mansfield Female College. My aunts, Sophie, Jamie, and Claudia had finished college there and my grandfather Moore was President of the Board at one time. I was at Mansfield for three and a half years.

When I was 16 years old, Dad decided to go into business for himself again. He had paid off all of his debts. We moved to Fordyce, Arkansas, and Dad was back in the lumber business.

At first he was making quite a lot of money. When we moved to Fordyce, Mother bought new furniture, a lovely Queen Ann dining room table and eight chairs, a china cabinet, new furniture for the living room and the front bedroom, which was mine and served as the guestroom if any relatives came to visit. We bought a new car. When dad went to various cities on business, he always brought back beautiful and expensive gifts for all of us!

When we moved to Fordyce, I started to high school for the first time. I was seventeen and had just been allowed to start dating. Even then if my date wanted to take me to the drugstore for a soda and a "joyride" afterwards, I had to ask my mother and she usually made me take Frances along. She would curl up in the back seat and go to sleep.

My first day at school was in January. I wore a beautiful coat my father had bought for me in Chicago. It was a lovely, dark, rosy red with a huge black fox shawl collar that tapered to the waist, and it had deep fur cuffs. It was the first like it in Fordyce, and it created a sensation. Later, there were literally millions like it. The coat was cut princess style and had no buttons, so I clutched it tightly around my nineteen inch waist. In my size three and a half "baby doll" shoes with 5" heels, I walked into the study hall to a chorus of whistles. Of course, as a new girl in town, was "rushed" by all the local boys as well as a few from surrounding towns.

I accepted all this attention as my due because I thought that when one started to date, one naturally had a date every night! I had lots of boy friends, but I did not have a special one.

On the fourth of July the year I was 18, Mother and Daddy loaded us up in our T model Ford, and we went on a picnic to Saline River. I had a new bathing suit. Daddy had a tantrum when he saw it. He really thought I should be wearing black sateen bloomers and a middy blouse. Dad was very Victorian. This suit was an orange and gray form-fitting wool suit with a little skirt that ended well above the knee. We finally convinced him that I would not disgrace the family by appearing in public in this latest fashion.

Across the river, which was not over fifty feet wide, was a big old oak tree. One of its long branches reached out over the river. Some one had tied a rope to this branch. and the kids would swing out over the river on the rope and drop into the water. I swam across the river to play with the rope. Soon there were eight boys surrounding me. I was having a wonderful time, when Jo Ann Bohnart came over and said her cousin was across the river and wanted to meet me. I went back across the river to meet her cousin, and my "fate," as people say.

I had known the Bohnarts all of my life. Versa Bohnart was my Mother's best friend. They were roommates in college at Henderson-Brown in Arkadelphia for four years and had many interests in common aside from both husbands having executive positions with Long Bell. Their children were all about the same age.

I had heard many times while I was growing up about Versa's oldest sister eloping at midnight with Sam Nutt, which all the girls had thought very romantic. The following year Sam and Mattie had a

beautiful baby boy, whom Versa adored, and this cousin I was going to meet was this baby boy.

Jo Ann said formally as we were taught, "Miss Williams, I would like to introduce Mr. Nutt."

I said, "How do you do, Mr. Nutt?"

He said, "Pleased to meet you Miss Williams."

He started splashing water on his cousin, John Bohnart who ducked him. Niven came up with hair plastered across his forehead, and I thought he was one of the ugliest fellows I had ever seen. He and John continued their horseplay. I swam back across the river to my more attentive friends.

I did not remember it at the time, but I had met Niven eight years before when I was 10 and he was 14.

Miss Versa was having a Halloween party for her teenage Sunday School class. She asked Niven to come up because he and Rowe Sowards, a member of her class, were friends and the same age. Rowe was the son of Long Bell's manager. She had also asked me as Mary Elizabeth Bohnart's guest. The afternoon before the party I came over to the Bohnerts to play with Mary, and we were walking up the sidewalk with our arms across each other's shoulders as children sometimes do. Niven and Donald Dunkin came flying down the hill on roller skates. We stepped aside, but not far enough, and Niven ran into to me and knocked me over on the grass.

He said, "Why didn't you get out of the way?" Then he helped me up and asked if I were hurt.

I answered, "No."

"Next time move," he responded.

I hated him.

Later that summer we went to the river again, and Jo Ann was there.

She said, "Why did you leave us the other day? My cousin could not quit talking about you. He said he hoped his wife looked like you, and he is engaged to Rachel Nicholes, and she sure does not look like you!"

I never gave him another thought.

The summer ended and I went back to school. Niven went back to L. S. U., a sophomore, with an athlete's scholarship from no less a person than the Louisiana Governor himself, Huey P. Long.

Niven came home for spring holiday in March. He had broken his foot very badly and had a severely injured knee, His athletic career was on hold.

He had tried to sign on as crewman on a freighter but had not succeeded. He came back to Fordyce.

I had finished school at midterm except for one credit in geometry. My poor father had run into financial trouble again. We had very little money. I quit school and got a job with the Fordyce Weekly News writing "personals."

"Mrs. Don Jones of Cooterneck spent Saturday in Fordyce shopping."

I really wrote that!

I made $8.00 a week, and it helped.

On the 8th of March, I was downtown in front of Hempstead's Jewelry store where we all "hung out". I was talking to two or three boys, and Niven passed in his father's car.

I had seen him several times that week and asked who he was. I did not remember meeting him. As I started to walk home, Niven picked up one of the boys to whom I had been talking, and then stopped and offered me a ride. He dropped Bert off at his home and took me home and asked for a date that afternoon, reminding me that we had met the summer before.

Niven came for me at 2 o'clock. We drove to Princeton, a tiny village about 19 miles from Fordyce. The whole area was devoted to chicken farms. The little, white leghorn hens ran over the open fields by the hundreds.

Niven stopped by a field full of chickens and said "Do you like chickens?"

"Baked or fried," was my answer.

"No, I mean do you like chickens because if I like you as much as I think I do, I'm going to marry you and I'm going to have a chicken farm"

Little did we imagine that it would be 30 years later and on a small foreign island that neither of us knew that the dream would come true.

Niven did not go back to school. He courted me. He came every afternoon and stayed until 5:00 P. M. and every night from 7:00 to 10:30 P. M. Daddy went out to the state of Washington and was away from home for several months. Mother was not as strict as

Daddy so were allowed to go to the movies and drugstore without Frances tagging along on our "joyrides."

Almost from the first date Niven talked about getting married. He bought a marriage license. At that time secret marriages were the rage. Everyone was getting secretly married, and that was what Niven wanted us to do. Somehow, although I liked Niven very much and was pleased that he was crazy about me, there was always a little nagging doubt if he were the man I wanted to marry. I put him off.

After three months a marriage license was no longer valid. He bought another.

In the mean time Daddy came back from Washington and started building another mill on the Ouachita River at Boons Mound, just down the river from Callion. Niven went to work for Dad, because we were going to spend the summer there, actually camping!

As soon as school was out, off we all went. We lived in a big tent and had another tent for the kitchen and dining room.

Niven worked very hard, and Daddy liked him. Daddy had borrowed money to build the mill and buy a steamboat.

He bought a beautiful tract of timber, but it was down the river. The men cut the timber and put the logs on barges and barged them to the mill.

Not far from the mill was a natural pond. Daddy had it enlarged and joined to the river. The winters were so wet, and logging was impossible in the winter. Dad had logs cut and barged to the pond and put there to keep for winter so the mill could run through the winter. He did very well until disaster struck again.

There was a freak storm, a flood-- and there might have been a small earth tremor.

Part of the land where the mill was caved into the river. No one was there at the time, and no one was hurt, but the main part of the mill was gone. All of the logs banked for the winter washed away down the river.

Daddy had borrowed heavily for this mill and the timber. Overnight he was wiped out and again left with a debt that took years to pay off.

In the meantime Niven's second unused marriage license had expired. He bought another, all the while urging me to wed him in a secret marriage. I talked to Mother about this.

She said, "Oh Elizabeth, we can't even buy you a new dress to be married in now. You are so young, Wait until Dad gets on his feet again, and you can have a nice, quiet, little wedding here at home."

After the mill went into the river Niven got a job in Little Rock with the R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company. He would come home every Friday afternoon on the train and go back on Sunday afternoon. On the 8th of January 1928, Niven came at two that Sunday afternoon and said, "Get your coat and let's go for a ride."

I had a terrible cold and felt very ill, and I told him I did not want to go for a ride.

To my amazement, he said, "Well, I think I'll go." and he left.

In a short while he came back. "Come on, Elizabeth, you have got to come with me."

I put on my coat and we got in the car and drove off.

In the back of the Methodist Church, he stopped the car. "I have been meaning to have my church letter sent back to Fordyce. Come in and let's see Brother Wilkes about it."

I did not want to go into the church, I really felt miserable and feverish. I probably had the flu. I told Niven,"You go. I'll just sit here."

Brother Wilkes opened the door of his office and looked at us. "Get out, get out, don't be so shy!"

Niven laughed,opened my door, "Come on Elizabeth."

I got out and went into the pastor's office.

Brother Wilkes picked up his Bible and said, "Since you want this to be a secret marriage and it is not necessary to have a witness here in Arkansas, join your right hands."

Niven was laughing at me and took my hand. I was so frightened and I thought, it's a good thing I did not have a big wedding, I could never have walked down the isle. The wedding was over in five minutes. We got into the car and drove back to my house. I did not say a word all the way home.

Niven kept saying, "I had to do it this way. I told you this was the last wedding license I was going to buy."

I kept thinking,"I'm married, I'm married, I'm married, -- I don't want to be married!"

But I was married. I had planned to go to Little Rock on Wednesday and stay until the following Tuesday with a friend. I

could not go to Little Rock without telling my mother that I was married.

While we were on our way to the train station, I told her.

She cried! "Oh, Elizabeth you are so young!"

"Mother, I'm nineteen."

"I know, but you are so immature."

That made me furious!

She asked, "Do Niven's parents know?"

"No, we wanted to keep it secret."

"Niven should tell his mother."

I replied, "Leave it; he will tell her."

I got on the train and went to Little Rock. Niven met me at the station. We went to Lois and Bill Hall's home for dinner. As we walked down the street, we met three boys from Magnolia I had known for years. They stopped and asked me how long I was going to be in town. I said a week, so two of them asked me for a date. I looked up at Niven.

He said, "Sorry guys but her time is all filled up."

We walked another half block and met Joe Berryman and another boy from Fordyce. They stopped and both of them asked me for dates.

Niven laughed, "Sorry, boys, but I've got her dated for life. We are married!"

They congratulated us, and we walked away.

I said, "I thought this was to be a secret."

"We can't keep this a secret. Every time we a meet a guy, he asks you for a date."

We told everyone in Little Rock we were married, and I stayed at night with Niven, While he was at work, I stayed with Lois Hall.

I came home on Tuesday as we had planned.

Daddy was there.

He was furious! He kept striding up and down, saying, "It was not legal, you did not have witnesses. I am going to get it annulled."

I cried, but I still stood up to him, "Call Brother Wilkes. He will tell you. Anyway, if you get it annulled, I'll just live in sin."

Mother finally got him quieted down, but he did not speak to me for two days.

Finally, he came to me, "Elizabeth, I've talked to the preacher. He says you are legally married, and, since you are nineteen, I guess I'll have to accept it. I wish it had not been this way."

I thought, oh Daddy, how else could I have gotten married? You can't afford even the simplest wedding.

Mother and I packed my clothes, and I went back to Little Rock.

Mother then went over to Mrs. Nutt's house and told her we were married. Niven had not told her.

Mrs. Nutt was furious and asked my mother if I was pregnant.

My mother looked at her and said, "You are truly a miserable woman. My daughter is not pregnant," and walked out.

Later she said to me, "You must be very sweet to Niven's mother and make her love you."

This was the WORST advice my gentle mother ever gave me. Mrs. Nutt would never have loved anyone Niven married regardless who it was.

When we got to Little Rock, Niven had rented an apartment on Sixth Avenue. It consisted of two rooms, a bedroom and a kitchen. We shared a bath with a deaf-and-dumb couple who lived down the hall. It was a hideously ugly place, but we were happy.

Niven was making only $22.50 a week, a little over $90 a month. Out of that our rent was $10 a month. This included utilities. Niven gave me $7 a week for groceries-- one dollar a day! He did not come home for lunch.

The first time I went grocery shopping was at a store called Piggly Wiggly, the first self service store I ever saw.

I got a cart and started out. I had $10. As I selected my groceries, I took the price tag off the shelf. I handed them to the cashier with my groceries.

From his actions I could tell that something was wrong. I asked him if I was supposed to do that. He said, "No."

He laughed, and I was so embarrassed.

He was a young man, and he tactfully said, "Oh, don't feel badly-- lot's of people do it." I know now that he was just trying to make me feel better than I was feeling.

Niven told me he had to send money to his mother. Out of $90 a month we sent $10 to Mrs. Nutt.

Sam, my new father-in-law, was a "traveling salesman," but he could not keep a job.

Niven's parents were very poor. Everyone else in the family was quite wealthy. Sam's brother Sidney was worth over a million dollars by the time he was 29 years old. Matt's brother and all of the rest of her family were quite well-to-do. Matt had become a very bitter woman who worked hard in her garden and grew beautiful vegetables. She kept two cows and sold milk, butter, and vegetables to the neighbors.

The second week we were married, Niven got a raise. He now made $100 a month or $25 a week. He said we have to save every penny above our living expenses.

Except for the $10 that went to his mother, the $7 a week I had for groceries, and the $10 a month rent, we spent very little money.

We did not have a car. (We did not have a family car until we had been married 14 years.) We went to the Saturday afternoon matinee, which cost 10¢ each. I joined the library and read whole shelves of books. If we had to send something to the cleaners, we had a family consul.

In March, Niven's knee became very swollen and painful. With all the walking and the cold, damp Arkansas winter, an old football injury put him in bed for a few days. As the weather turned warmer and more spring-like, he soon felt better and was back to work.

We did not realize it at the time, but this was his first attack of acute gout.

We lived in Little Rock for 4 months, and then Niven was transferred to Morrellton, Arkansas, and given a company car.

We had a two room apartment, but this time it had a private bath.

A family with two grown daughters lived upstairs. One of the girls got a crush on Niven, which pleased him to my great distress. However, we did not live there very long as I set the kitchen on fire, and our landlady moved us to another house she owned. Actually there was very little damage, only a lot of smoke. I had a kerosene stove, and I did not know how to adjust the burner properly. I went out on the porch to talk to my landlady who was just back from Europe shortly before we rented the apartment.

I was very upset, but she said, "I've been paying insurance for 25 years and have never collected a dime."

She made them re-paper and paint her whole house. And I was glad to get away from the girl upstairs.

We were in Morrellton, four or five months when Mr. McDonald, Niven's boss, sent him to Batesville. He was using Niven to build up territories. With every move Niven's salary went up a few dollars, but we still stuck to our budget.

When we moved to Batesville, Niven's territory was much bigger, and he was gone three or four nights a week.

Batesville was a college town, and there were no apartments to be had. We took a room with Mrs. William Grey. It was a beautiful old colonial-type house that had belonged to Mrs. Grey's parents, which sh as an only child, inherited. Our bedroom was very large and furnished in massive, but very beautiful rosewood and mahogany Victorian furniture. The headboard of the bed was elaborately carved with garlands of flowers held by two cherubs at the top and must have been at least six feet tall. There were two beautiful armories or wardrobes, one for Niven, and one for me, a lovely chase lounge, and an exquisite little tea table with two chairs. Under the windows lay a large coil of rope fastened to a cleat on the floor. Mrs. Grey had an obsession about fires. This rope was a fire escape.

In the middle of the room was a stove pipe that came up from the family room downstairs. In the middle of that was a drum. The drum furnished the heat for the room, and, although it was very cold that winter with snow on the ground from early December to the middle of March, our room was always warm. One flaw was that every word that was spoken in the family room downstairs was clearly heard "'via" the stove pipe.

The house was surrounded by a beautiful old garden. The grounds took up almost the whole square block.

The spring we were there was a time of enchantment for me with the ground under the beautiful, old elm, blue with grape hyacinth and drifts of daffodils, hedges of golden forsythi,a and northern japonica, later on the tulips, peonies, roses, and iris. One huge wisteria that had not been allowed to vine made a lovely lavender fountain of flowers above the gnarled, old trunk.

I can still remember the fragrance. I used to wander through the garden with Jack, the Grey family parrot, on my wrist.

It was a happy time. We took our meals at Mrs. Graham's house around the corner. She had a small boarding house. Many of the college students ate there.

One of the popular songs that year was "Sweethearts on Parade." We would sing it to all the young lovers who came two by two to breakfast, lunch, or dinner.

I had been married a year, and I wanted a baby. Niven said he did not want any children. I could not imagine my life without a child.

Finally, Niven agreed and I became pregnant in March. In the meantime, my father had gotten a job as manager of a mill in Delhi, Louisiana. Mother and Daddy moved to Louisiana when school was out.

I felt abandoned when they moved, but, shortly after that, we were transferred to Pine Bluff where we got an apartment with a Mrs. Alexander.

Mrs. Alexander had a seventeen year old daughter who graduated from high school that year. She was going to a finishing school in Virginia in the fall. She was a rather plump girl with a "hair lip", not very attractive, but her mother worshiped her and made her the most beautiful clothes.

When Mrs. Alexander found out that I was pregnant, she told us we would have to move. She did not want her young, innocent daughter to be around anyone having a baby.

I was very unhappy. Niven was away five days a week. I had no money. I had not had a new dress since I married. Miss Versa, Niven's aunt, was very kind to me, and I do not know what I would have done without her.

We were still saving every penny, still sending money to Niven's mother. She never knew or cared of the sacrifice I made to send her money every month.

When she learned I was pregnant, she was very angry and really balled me out, saying I had no right to saddle Niven with a "young un."

Sam told me,"I did not raise Niven to get married. I raised him to support me in my old age."

I've never forgotten that visit nor forgiven either of them.

In September I decided since Niven was away so much, I would go to my mother's and stay until my baby was born, which would be early December.

Niven's territory reached almost to the Louisiana line, and it was nearer Delhi than Pine Bluff. He could have easily come to Delhi ev-

ery weekend, but, as it turned out, a pregnant wife was a poor second to the Fordyce State Champion football team of which his brother Harry was captain and the late legendary "Bear" Bryant (Harry's to-be wife, Fern Kilgore's was "Bear's" first cousin) was a member.

From early September to the sixth of December when Nicky was born, I saw very little of my husband and still less money. I felt humiliated there at my parents house because I went for weeks with hardly a word from my husband and had little money. I spent my time taking exercises, reading, and looking at my babies layette, which consisted of two dozen diapers, four belly bands, four little shirts, two beautifully embroidered little dresses, which, were gifts, and six little nightgowns that I had made with my mothers help.

In November the stock market went wild and crashed. Repercussions were felt around the world. It had little effect upon me at the time.

Niven came down on the fourth of December, and our baby, Niven Robert Nutt, Jr., whom we decided to call Nicky, was born around six A. M. on the sixth of December. He was a beautiful baby. I spent hours staring at his face. When I closed my eyes his image was still there.

It was a very unusual year. It snowed the night Nicky was born, unheard of at that time of year in Louisiana. When he was only a few hours old, his proud father took him out on the porch to see the snow, and my little, newborn baby had a badly chapped face.

I stayed at my parents house until after Christmas. When Nicky was three weeks old, I went to Niven's parents for them to see their first grandchild. I was there three weeks. For the first six weeks of my baby's life, I was with my mother and my husband's mother, and they just completely took over the baby. I really felt like he was my little brother rather than my own little son, although I nursed him.

When the baby was six weeks old, I went back to Pine Bluff where Niven had found a comfortable three-room apartment with Sheriff Brewster's family on Harding Avenue. It was a lovely, old house, very large.

The Brewsters lived downstairs with Mrs. Brewster's unmarried sister, a truly typical old maid a fussy, old busybody.

There were two apartments upstairs. Another young couple had that apartment. They had an eighteen month old boy who was a

perfect little monster. I hated for his mother to come to see me with that child. He was into everything and very destructive. His mother never corrected him. One day he started tearing the pages out of the Encyclopedia Britannia, which came with the apartment. I took the book away, and the child threw himself on the floor screaming, and banging his head on the floor.

His mother said, "What will you do when your child acts like that?"

I replied, "My child will never do it but once. Because I'll make things so unpleasant for him he would not like a repeat.

It was very cold that year. The snow did not melt untilsome time in March. Niven was away most of the week, and I spent my time reading and playing with my baby. I was so proud of him. I dressed him in one of his two beautiful little dresses with a little blue, wool, crocheted cap and saque to match and put him in his big, grey, wicker buggy that Mable Niven, my husband's aunt, lent me. On every clear sunny day we would go out for a long stroll, three blocks to Main Street and three blocks down Main Street, as we looked in the store windows, women stopped to admire my baby.

"What a perfectly beautiful baby!" they exclaimed.

I swelled with pride and Nicky opened his beautiful, blue eyes and smiled and waved his arms.

In the afternoon we went out again, and this time we walked down the other side of Main Street and looked in the windows pretended that I was buying this or that. I only had money for groceries and to pay Marcella (Marcella was the maid. She cleaned the apartment and did the laundry.) so I never really shopped.

When Nicky was six months old, Niven was transferred to Dermott, Arkansas, a small town in the delta country. We got a small house next door to our landlady, a Mrs. Irion, an English woman.

She composed mini operas. She sat at the piano all day long composing, striking one note at a time, going over the same measure over and over, changing this note or that note until, at last, I felt that if she did not stop, I would scream!

It was in Dermott that I made my first friends since I had been married.

We had been married three years and had no social life at all. I met Marjorie Singleton in the grocery store. She was two years younger than I. She was a beautiful young girl. She looked like Na-

talie Wood and her baby was six weeks old. There was almost instant rapport.

Her husband was out of town several days a week also. Marjorie and I spent a lot of time together. Neither of us had any money, but the Great Depression was starting, and no one else had any money. Later we met two more young wives. Vivian was from Greenville, Mississippi, and Dorothy was from Iowa. They also had young babies, and the four of us spent a lot of time together. My friendship with Marjorie was special. We were so in tune and were so happy together. We never stopped talking.

Niven grumbled. He and Marjorie's husband, Aubrey, resented our friendship and retaliated by going out at night without us. They never took us anywhere for fun, and we resented it.

We were in Dermott eight months, the longest time we had been anywhere since we married. Nicky was fourteen months old when we were sent back to Pine Bluff.

In the meantime the Depression worsened. With all the stock failures only certain companies like the tobacco companies prospered. The worse things got, the more people smoked. A package of cigarettes was 10¢.

Mr. McDonald, Niven's boss, advised Niven to buy some of Reynold's preferred stock which they sold to their employees. Niven agreed to buy $800 worth of stock, but Mr. McDonald ordered twice that amount--$1000--more than we had, and he insisted on Niven buying it.

Niven went to his Uncle Joe Niven who was president of the bank in Dermott and borrowed the $1000.

That was the equivalent of $100,000 today.

Mr. McDonald knew that the stock would split soon, which it did, in about six months. We had $3,200 worth of stock.

We still stuck to our budget and still sent money to Niven's parents. When we went back to Pine Bluff, Miss Versa made Niven give me some money for a new dress, the first I had had in the three and one half years that Niven and I had been married. Mother had been sending me dresses that Frances and Jamie no longer wore. I dyed them or put new collars or sometimes changed the neckline. I learned how to make gloves, and I made little, short gloves to match my cotton dresses.

Our tiny duplex was on Mulberry Street, not far from where I had lived as a small child when Mother and Dad came to Pine Bluff. Our duplex neighbor had a little girl about two and a half years old. Her name was Ann. She and Nicky played together. We had a small enclosed backyard and the children had a sandpile and a swing on the big oak tree that shaded the area. Nicky loved Ann. When we were transferred to Forrest City when he was two and a half years old, he missed her so much that he had a little imaginary playmate he called Ann. Ann was as real to Nicky as a real child. He went around holding his hand out because Ann sat on his hand like a bird. While she was on his hand, he talked to her.

We went to town one day. Nicky was carrying Ann. I decided that people would think he was strange if they saw him holding his hand out like that, so I told him we had to leave Ann by a big tree, and we would get her when we came back.

I met a friend in town, who gave us a lift home. When we arrived, Nicky let out a loud wail.

"WE HAVE LEFT ANN."

We had to walk back to the tree where we left her and pick her up.

Later when something like that happened I said, "Oh Nicky, I will call Ann and she will come," then I said, "Ann come here, Nicky wants to play with you."

I held out my hand as if a fairy or butterfly lit on it, and carefully handed her over to Nicky, who took her from my hand.

I often wondered if he really did not have some spirit that we could not see. It was really quite strange.

I have heard that exceptionally bright children often have imaginary playmates, and, of course, I felt my son was exceptionally bright!

We were not in Forrest City very long when a family crisis caused us to move to Fordyce, and we left Ann in Forrest City.

Now Nicky had Gordon Offutt for a playmate. When we moved, he forgot about Ann.

The Depression worsened. Although we put money in a little store that Sam opened , we still continued to send money every month. We got letters from Aunt Cora, Sam's sister, and Aunt Annie, Mat's sister, saying that we had to do something. Sam had mortgaged their house and was about to lose it.

About six months before, Sam had called Niven and said they did not have anything in the store and he needed money. We sent him three hundred dollars to buy a carload of feed and flour.

Sam had managed to collect a few debts owed to the store and instead of using our money to stock the store, he bought himself a brand new Chevrolet Coupe for three hundred dollars. Niven was never allowed to drive this car. It was nine or ten years longer before Niven and I owned a car. Everything went into the business.

I will never forget that day in Forrest City when Niven told me we had to go back to Fordyce.

He had gone to work as usual but had picked up the mail on his way to the office and found the two letters.

He came back and said he had to talk to me. "Let's walk outside."

Nicky was still asleep. We walked out in the garden and into the apple orchard. The trees still had a few blossoms on them but the leaves had all come out, and the ground was covered with the apple petals and yellow dandelion flowers peeking through the grass. I remember the fragrance and the loud drone of the bees among the blossoms.

Niven said, "Elizabeth, we have to go back to Fordyce."

"What do you mean?"

"Mother and Dad are about to lose their house and I can't keep sending money for Dad to lose. We have already given him too much, and now I've go to go and run the store so it will pay off. We have to go."

I said, "I know, and I will go on one condition. That I do not have to live with your parents."

Niven said, "Of course not."

So we moved to Fordyce and, of course, at first we stayed at Mr. and Mrs. Nutt's house. We were there three weeks when Sam announced that he was building a room on their house for us.

I was terrified!

A room on his house with our money!

For us!

That day I went out and rented a pretty, little house, very nicely furnished, including all utilities for $10 a month .

I came home and told Niven what I had done.

He was furious!

Sam was furious!

Mat was furious!

"How dare I rent a house with out permission?"

"Who was going to pay for it?"

I told Niven, "You can stay with your mamma, but I am moving," and I did.

Niven came along.

Oh God, when I think of those first few years in Fordyce, I still choke up.

Nothing I did suited Mat. She found fault with everything I did and complained loudly to Niven that I would ruin him with my extravagance.

EXTRAVAGANCE!

I never had a penny, truly! The groceries I got at the store, and that was it!

Mother continued to send me the occasional dress or two that Frances or Jamie was not wearing. I added cotton gloves and scarves that I made to match.

When I wore them, Mrs. Nutt would look at me and say sarcastically, "Oh ho, another new dress!"

I never told her where I got the dresses.

We moved to Fordyce in 1932 at the end of May. The Depression deepened. No one had any money! Daily men and young boys came to the back door and asked for work in exchange for a meal. A woman willingly worked all day for a 10¢ bar of soap. I had a young maid. She worked from 7:00 AM in the morning until 6:00 PM in the evening. She cleaned the house, did the laundry, helped with the cooking and looked after Nicky. I paid her the prevailing wage, $1.50 a week. She had her meals, of course.

I was not happy in Fordyce. I had no friends. The girls with whom I went to school were all away, either married, in college, or working in Little Rock or Pine Bluff. Niven worked long hours and until eleven o'clock on Saturday night. The other nights after supper he usually went to town to the "Red Bug," a hangout place for all the young people. The men talked about football and replayed game after game that the champion "Red Bug" football team had won. I stayed at home with Nicky. It was a dull life for a twenty-two year old woman.

Nicky was three years old when Sam, his grandfather, gave him a BB gun. Imagine, a three year old child with a BB gun! I was so

worried, but I took it away from him when he shot Preacher, a little black boy that Nicky played with. He shot him in the "behind." So that ended that!

Sam and Matt, Nicky's grandparents, adored him. Every Sunday after church they came for him to spend the rest of the day. Nicky loved to eat. He told his grandmother he was so hungry, and she said, "Darling, haven't you had anything to eat?"

Nicky shook his head and looked so sad.

Mrs. Nutt gave him a great big lunch. When she brought him home, she said, "I fed the poor little thing. He was so hungry with nothing to eat all day."

The "poor little thing" was wearing size six clothes at age three. I did not tell her Nicky had never missed a meal in his life!

One day Nicky came home an announced he was hungry. "Muzzer" would not give him a thing to eat all day. So the next time I saw my mother-in-law, I said, "Why didn't you feed Nicky? He was starving when he came home."

"Why that little devil! He ate half a fried chicken."

I laughed, "Well, it worked so well with you he thought he'd try it on me." Of course, I knew he had been well fed.

The Depression continued! All building stopped. Lumber mills shut down all over the country. No one bought lumber. The companyfor which my father worked went bankrupt, and Dad went to Florida to work for the Wakulla Lumber Company.

The family moved to Tallahassee, Florida. My sister, Frances, had finished high school the year before and went to Tallahassee to Florida State College for Women. She lived with my mother's cousin, Fanny Smith, for whom she was named.

Finally, the Wakulla Mills gave up the struggle and closed down. Daddy pulled a few strings and got himself appointed head of the Civilian Conservation Corps for north and central Florida.

The CCC was a brainchild of President Roosevelt, a scheme to provide work for the hundreds of thousands of young men out of work all over the United States. They built roads and bridges, fire breaks, and lookout towers for forest fires. Some of the country roads and bridges my father built are still in use.

I had not seen my family in almost two years, and I was very homesick. In December, Niven told me I could go home for the month of January or February.

We had been married five years, and I wanted to start buying furniture of our own. When Mrs. Martin, an old family friend who had lived across the street from my parents in Fordyce told me they were moving to northern Arkansas the first of February, I rented her unfurnished four bedroom house for $8.00 a month. I told Mrs. Aker, our landlady, we would be moving out on the first of February as we had taken the Martin house.

That meant that we would save a month's rent because I would be in Florida and Niven would stay with his parents.

Our rent was paid up until the third of the month, but I planned to leave on the first. I was to take the night train to Memphis, change trains there for Pensacola. Niven insisted my parents meet me in Pensacola even although that was two hundred miles from Tallahassee. Dad agreed.

The train left at 11:00 PM. Mrs. Aker had rented the house to a young man whose wife and two children were arriving on the train on which I was leaving. They would come directly to the house.

I was all packed and so excited and happy at the thought of seeing my family again and of missing all of Arkansas's miserable February weather.

That morning Niven took a truckload of peas to Eldorado and Smackover to sell. We were paid for our merchandise in produce much of the time. (The barter system works very well when people have no money.)

The weather was typical--cold rain turning to sleet and the roads icing over!

Niven left about 8:00 AM. He was supposed to get back around 4:00 PM.

Four o'clock came and went. Five, then six,--no word from Niven. I was getting very worried.

The young man who was taking the house came over about eight o'clock. I told him my husband had not come home, and I did not know what to do.

He became very ugly! "You get out of the house. My wife and children will be on the late train, and this is where they are going to stay."

I went next door and called my mother-in-law. I was crying; she could care less. About ten o'clock, one hour before I was to leave on the train Matt and Sam came over. We waited there until fifteen

minutes untill eleven. There was no word from Niven. I, left my luggage, and Nicky and I went over to my parents-in-laws house and spent the night. Niven did not call. I could not sleep. I was sure that he was in a ditch somewhere and was freezing to death.

I got up about 6:00 AM and went into the kitchen.

Mrs. Nutt came in. "What are you doing in here?"

"I couldn't sleep! I'm so worried! I know something awful has happened to Niven!"

Mrs. Nutt replied, "I don't know why you are so upset, he's all-right."

"But if he could not get back, why didn't he phone me? I was supposed to leave on the train last night."

"Well, you can leave tonight. Why should he waste that money on a telephone call?"

"I'll have to call my parents in Tallahassee because Niven said they had to meet me in Pensacola, and they will be leaving soon."

Niven came in about nine o'clock that morning. That was one of the most traumatic days of my life.

Niven called Dad and told him I would be there the next day. He gave him the wrong train station.

When I arrived in Pensacola, no one was there to meet me. I waited and waited. Mother and Dad waited and waited at the other station.

After four or five hours I was really sick. Niven had given me $3.00 to make the trip, and I had already spent 75¢ on food. The $2.75 I had left would not buy tickets to Tallahassee.

Finally, Dad asked when the train would arrive. He was told that the train he was waiting for had come in at the other station several hours before.

They came over, and there I was!

When I told Dad what had happened before I left he was so angry with Niven. The to Tallahassee was a wild one, Dad was driving like a madman, but I was with my parents. I thought, "I don't care if I die now. I'm with my family!"

After such a terrible start, my stay in Tallahassee was one of the high points of my life to that time. My father's two sisters and my two cousins came from Arkansas to see us. Mother, Nicky,, and I went with my aunts and cousins down to South Florida. We were gone a week. It was my first time in southern Florida, and I saw

bouganvilla and poinsettias blooming for the first time. I was enthralled!

We went through the Ringling Museum in Sarasota. The hedges of purple bouganvilla against the pale, pink, Italian walls, the beautiful statues, and the magnificent paintings in the museum were so exciting. Nicky created a stir when he wandered away from me and climbed up on the throne of the king of Naples and sat regally down. This started all the bells ringing and the security guards running.

We went to Lake Wales to hear the Bok Carillon in the bird sanctuary. Then we went to Daytona Beach where we saw Sir Malcomb Campbell's famous racing car, "The Blue Bird." Again Nicky got away, climbed under the fence and up into the car to the driver's seat. It was a wonderful trip!

I came home, and we moved into the Martin house. We had a bed for our room, a bed for Nicky, a secondhand, apartment-sized stove, a small Electrolux refrigerator, a table and four chairs, and two slat porch chairs. It was a start, and I was happy. I slowly began buying other pieces of furniture.

Not long after we moved into the Martin house, I became pregnant with David.

We had been to visit Aunt Ruby Fincher whom we called Aunt Tee. Her only son, Richard, had just finished Annapolis Navel Academy. During our visit, Richard and I were out on Aunt Tee's back porch by the well.

Richard said, "Elizabeth, Nicky is a mighty fine little boy. He needs a brother or sister. When are you going to have another baby?"

"Oh, Richard, we can't afford another child."

He answered, "Don't have one child. It is too great a responsibility being an only child. I worry about my parents. If anything would happen to me, I don't know what they would do."

That was an entirely new concept to me. I always thought of an only child having it all. Shortly after that my cousin was killed in an automobile accident. He burned to death. Niven and I decided to have another child. I wanted a girl, just like Shirley Temple, who was one of the biggest stars on the screen at that time.

David was born on Shirley Temple's birthday, and he had a little dimple at the corner of his mouth like her. I was disappointed when they told me I had another boy, but when they laid him in my arms

and he opened his big, dark eyes and looked at me, I would not have traded him for any little girl on earth.

David was a darling little baby. He was the smallest of my children, and I had a very easy delivery. He was very strong and alert for a newborn baby. He held his head up like a little turtle and looked all around the room and smiled. The nurses kept saying, "He acts like he is over two months old."

I came home from the hospital the next day to disaster!

I had asked Nicky a few times if he would like a little brother or sister. He did not seem very interested. I really did not prepare him for the new addition to our family. My mother-in-law came over and got Nicky when I went to the hospital. I had two nurses. The hospital was really a very small mill clinic, but, it was the only one in town. One of the nurses was on duty there, and the other, Lydia, I had engaged privately. I was the only patient there. Mary Upton, the resident nurse and I had been friends for years. Her father worked for my father for several years. I went out to the hospital about six o'clock in the evening. At nine I was having some pains but had not started to dilate. Dr. Estes, our beloved family doctor, decided to give me a shot. He said it looked like a long time, and I could sleep.

Well, I don't know how it happened, but both nurses gave me a shot. The labor stopped for twenty-four hours. As a result, I had a silent labor. David was born about nine o'clock the following night. Except for the last three tearing pains, I felt very little. When I wanted to go home the next morning, Dr. Estes said I could go home at noon.

I had a young, colored maid, and Lydia came home with me. After we got home, Lydia, who had been with me constantly for thirty-six hours, asked if she could go to town for two hours. I felt wonderful, and Cornelia was there, so I said, "Of course."

She left. Mrs. Nutt came by with Nicky, whom she left. Nicky was upset over the new baby. He had always been the center of all of my attention and suddenly here was this little baby and I had no time for him. He went out to play. In a few moments came proudly into my bedroom with a wild mallard duck that someone had given Niven. Niven had put the duck in a cage in the backyard.

Nicky turned it loose, and it went flying wildly around the room. I jumped out of bed and grabbed my baby out of his bassinet while

screaming for Cornelia. She did not come. I finally the duck out of the house and sent Nicky out to play again.

In a few moments, here he came again. This time he came with his friend Bill Pusky and a ten inch, blue, stripped lizard which he turned loose in the bed. I screamed for Cornelia. She did not come. I grabbed my baby out of the bassinet and jumped out of bed. Nicky finally caught the creature and took it out.

In a little while Mrs. Pusky came over with Nicky and Billy in tow. They had been over to Mrs. Abernathy's garage throwing stones at all the jars of peaches, pickles, and jelly she had canned and stored on shelves in the back of her garage. They had broken a number of them. Still there was no Cornelia, and Lydia had been gone for over four hours. She finally came back.

Cornelia crept into the room bent-over and gray with pain. She had been in the back room all of the afternoon, suffering a spontaneous abortion.

I called Niven and asked him to bring some groceries. We literally did not have a thing in the house to eat. When he came home, he had forgotten them. I was hungry, and this was the last straw. I went to pieces. My tongue swelled, my throat felt like I was choking and I was crying wildly when Dr. Estes came. He was furious with Niven and read him a "riot act". When Mr. and Mrs. Nutt walked in he said, "You take this kid (Nicky) home with you, and I will tell you when you can bring him back." Then he said to Niven, "If your mamma does not want to keep him, you will just have to find some one who will. Your wife could have a complete nervous breakdown if she has any more of this insanity around here!"

Mr. and Mrs. Nutt took Nicky and left. Poor, little Nicky, he was only bringing me presents, but what presents!

Cornelia was very ill and could not come back to work. Mrs. Pusky brought Ida Hicks to me, wonderful Ida! Ida moved into the servant house and took charge.

It took me over a year to get over that terrible day. I told myself that no matter what happened to me, I would never again lose control like that. It took an iron will to control, and it would have been easy to give way, but if I had, I don't think I could have ever pulled out of it again. In a way, I guess it was a good thing because I realized what could happen the many times I felt hysterical due to some of the things that happened over the years.

I was so lucky to have Ida. She looked after the children, kept the house, and did the cooking. Breakfast, dinner, and supper, six days a week. She had Saturday afternoon and evening off and Sunday until four o'clock when she came back to clean the kitchen from Sunday lunch and prepare supper. I had a laundress and, of course, Ben, our gardener. I spent my days reading, playing with my children, gathering flowers from my large garden. I had no women friends; we had no social life. For entertainment we went to the movies or picture show as we called it then.

Some times I went go to the "Red Bug" with Niven, but we did not have a car, and I hated the walk home at ten or eleven o'clock at night. Anyway, all the men huddled together talking football, replaying games I heard discussed dozens of times, while I slowly sipped my coke. The only friend I remember at all from the Martin house days was a twelve year old child, Caroline Bradley, who came to see me.

Caroline was Mary Bradley Buster's baby sister. I had known her since she was five years old and they lived just around the corner on the next street. Caroline and several of her friends came to see me and to play with the children. We talked about everything. If their parents had known of some of the things those kids did, they would have been shocked beyond words.

I listened to them, never showing any surprise at anything they said, but pointing out quietly that they were being very immature and told them that when they were older they would not behave in such a manner. The things that they did were just foolish, childish pranks, but people were more straight-laced in those days.

The summer that David was one year old was hot. The temperature stayed over 100º F., even at night and, the terrible dust storms filled the air, coated the floor and furniture with dust. It was a miserable time, with no air conditioning, of course! Niven would not let me buy an electric fan. At night we would wet a towel and lay it over our nude bodies. Within an hour it was dry, and we would wet it again from a large basin of water by the bed.

David was such a smart little boy. He walked at eleven months, Nicky walked the day before he was a year old. David was beginning to talk very well at fifteen months. He could whistle and was such a beautiful, little boy with big, dark eyes and golden curls.

He became very ill. He lay in his crib day after day hardly moving. Dr. Estes came to see him twice a day, sometimes three times. His fever was so high, and I spent hours sponging him in cool water. After about three weeks he lost so much weight he looked like a little skeleton.

Dr. Estes said, "You are going to have to take him to the mountains if the weather does not change."

My sister, Frances, was counselor at a girls' camp in North Carolina, and I planned to take David there. The day before I planned to leave, we had a violent thunderstorm. I remember the very air turned green. There were several tornadoes close by. Then the torrents of rain started. By nightfall it was, at long last, cool.

David's fever left him and he started to get better. He had to learn to walk all over again, and he quit talking all together.

Dr. Estes told me if I wanted another child, I should have it soon because I needed an operation to correct a problem I had had since Nicky was born.

In late June I became pregnant again. Niven was very upset because he did not want any more children. I longed for a little girl, and I was pleased because I felt that this child would be my baby girl.

In the fall of that year (1936) my Aunt Jamie wrote me from Dallas, Texas, to come to visit her and go to the Texas Centennial.

I was so excited! Everyone was talking about the Centennial. with Sally Rand and her fan dances and Billy Rose with his water ballet. It was like a world's fair and the world's biggest carnival with all of Texas extravagant hoopla!

Niven said Nicky and I could go. Since Caroline Bradley begged to go along, I took her. She was thirteen. We went on the train. Caroline had a little blue sailor hat and I had a very sophisticated hat, with a feather or two for trim. We had hardly gotten settled when Caroline swapped hats with me. There were four young soldiers sitting across the aisle from us. They started trying to flirt with me, which annoyed Caroline. She wanted them to notice her, so in a loud voice she said, "Mamma, when are we going to get to Dallas?" and swapped hats again. She was such a funny kid. I loved her.

We had a wonderful time in Dallas. Aunt Jamie and Uncle Ned took me to see Sally Rand do her fan dance. They felt Caroline was too young. We left Caroline and Nicky at home that night with a

baby sitter to Caroline's chagrin. I was sorry they would not let her come as the dance was really very beautiful, and, although danced in the nude with the two enormous ostrich feather fans and the blue spot lights, she looked like a lovely Grecian statue that came to life. I was entranced.

We went back to Fordyce, and I began to make a few little things for the new baby which I expected in early March.

I was determined I would not make the same mistake with David that I had with Nicky. When Nancy, was born I felt rather guilty to have another baby. David, since his illness, still seemed like such a baby himself. About two weeks before Nancy was born I took David over to see little Patricia Kilgore who was two weeks old. We came to see her get her bath which Dave watched with interest. Then he was allowed to sit in a small chair, and with my help, hold the baby. I asked him if he would like to have a baby of his own. Of course, he said yes.

After that we talked about David's baby. I explained all of this to Nicky who was seven years old and in the second grade.

Nancy was born around nine o'clock in the morning of the eighth of March.

My mother, who had come to stay with me, called the school and spoke to Nicky to tell him he had a baby sister.

When he came back Mrs. Stringer, his teacher said, "Nicky has an announcement to make."

Nicky importantly announced, "I have a new baby sister!"

After the fiasco when David was born, I decided to have Nancy at home. My mother was there this time. I had a long and difficult labor with Nancy. The cord was wrapped around her neck. Dr. Estes finally got it removed, and Nancy was born immediately. She had a caul over her face!

Dr. Estes said, "She will be able to read minds and foretell the future!"

Niven was quite restless with the long wait for the baby since I started labor around six o'clock the previous evening. He went to town for a cup of coffee. I felt very hurt that he was not there when Nancy finally arrived and I never really forgave him.

Later that day he learned that a house on Charlotte Street was for sale, and he bought it on the spot and without a word to me. Later that evening he came home and proudly announced that he had

bought us a home. In one day I realized two of my deepest desires, a baby daughter and a home of my own!

The house Niven bought had been built by a Mr. Hoffman, a lumber man. The whole house was built of cypress. The dining room and living room had curly pine doors and window frames as well as a dado around the dining room walls. It had been varnished with a very dark varnish so the grain of the wood hardly showed. I wanted to paint all the wood work white. Our jack leg carpenter whom Niven had hired to do a few renovations said it would be a crime to paint that wood. It was a crime to have put that awful dark varnish on it. Today I would have the wood stripped and rubbed with white, but that was not done in those days. Niven and I had a terrible fight over that. When he went to New Orleans on business, I had it painted. Oh, we fought over that house! It was such an ugly, little thing, with a porch across the front and raised about three feet off of the ground. The living room was 12' X 15' with a fireplace between two windows on the northern side of the house. The dining room opened off of the living room with wide double doors, which I removed. It had a lovely bay window that I loved! The kitchen was a monstrosity of inefficiency. Niven, on a trip to New Orleans, bought a metal cabinet with a sink. I was sick over it.

I never understood why Niven bought things like that without a word to me. It was always not what I wanted. I was ungrateful and impossible to please and he would pout.

After another fight over the porch, we tore it off and put an open terrace there and added peacock blue shutters, window boxes filled with red geraniums, a red rose vine over the door. Believe it or not, a cardinal built a nest in that rose vine, and we watched the baby birds through the window grow up and fly away.

The house was finished, and we moved into it on the first of May. I sent pictures before and after to Better Homes and Gardens, and they published the pictures and send me $25. Niven was as proud as I was.

The country was slowing climbing out of the Depression. My father had bought a partnership in a mill in Tylertown, Mississippi, and was beginning to make a "go of it" after all those years of struggle and hard work. Our store had grown from the little place off of Main Street to large store on Main taking in the whole block.

Niven's brother, Harry, had married Fern Kilgore and had come to work at the store. No one had put any money into the business except Niven, but Sam took it upon himself to divided the store into three parts, a third for him, a third for Niven, and a third for Harry. Then they gave Harry the lot nextdoor to their house, the house that Niven and I had saved by paying off the mortgage.

Harry and Fern built a beautiful little brick house. It did not seem fair. Niven and I had skimped and saved for years, and Harry and Fern just came in and everything was for Harry. The sad thing to me is that no one ever appreciated the sacrifice Niven and I made for them or our generosity to them. But is it not always so?

Our house was on the best street in town. Most of our neighbors were young, married couples. We began to have a little social life--not rounds of parties and lunches and dinners but we did have young friends our own age. We belonged to the country club and once a month had a party or bar-b-que with eight or ten couples. Our special friends were Mary and Ed Buster. The four of us had fun together.

Niven and Ed started a cotton warehouse business, storing cotton that the U. S. Government was buying from the farmers. Business was "picking up," and Nutt's Cash Store was growing, expanding, buying small plots of land, and raising cattle. With the money from the warehouses, Sam insisted on building a cotton gin in the exact spot his grandfather had owned one.

In Europe Hitler was coming to power. In England and the United States, young men were loudly proclaiming that they would never, ever fight in a war! Times were better and, at last, Niven bought a secondhand Chevorlet for us.

One Sunday morning, Ed Buster came over for breakfast as was his habit. The cook fif not work on Sunday morning. Niven and Ed sat at the kitchen table drinking coffee while I scrambled eggs. I turned on the radio. The music stopped! An excited voice on the radio announced that Hitler had marched into Poland!

Ed jumped up so quickly he knocked over his chair. "My God! That means war! All of Europe will be involved, mark my words! Sooner or later we will get sucked into it."

I could not understand why, if Germany and Poland were at war, that the rest of the world had to be involved. But, of course, Ed was right!

In 1939 my father sold his interest in the mill in Tylertown and built a mill in Franklinton, Louisiana. After the mill was built, he bought a large lot on Main Street and built a house. It was the finest house that had ever been built in Franklinton. It was a lovely house.

I took the children and went home for Christmas. Niven came down Christmas Eve. Frances and Jamie were there from Florida; Len and Rodney were home from school.

Niven, Len, and Rodney would lock themselves in the bedroom and play with the children's toys. This drove Nicky crazy since he could hear the little cars and electric train running.

The Selective Service Act was passed in Congress. Every male in the U. S. from 18 to 45 had to register. My father was head of the board in Washington Parish. The Japanese were buying up every piece of scrapmetal in the country. Everyday dozens of truckloads of scrapmetal, passed on the highway on its way to Japan. Many people objected to this, but no one paid any attention.

Mary, Ed, Niven, and I went to Galveston for a week end. The children were left at home with the servants. It was the first time since we had been married that we had taken a trip like that just for fun.

We had a wonderful time!

Another time we went to New Orleans with Dale and Genevieve Kilgore added to our party. I'll never forget. We had been out all night. Around seven in the morning, we came into the dining room of our hotel, the Roosevelt.

Mary, Genevieve and I had on velvet dresses with "Princess Eugenia" hats to match. At another table nearby were two elderly couples. The women were clearly outraged with us, quite plainly taking us for "ladies of the night." This pleased us enormously, and we tried to act as outrageously as possible.

After a rest we drove back home, laughing all the way at the crazy things we did.

In the Spring of 1941, my youngest brother, Rodney, married Margie Ann Bickham. Nancy was the flower girl.

December 7, 1941! The Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor and the world was changed forever.

Len came home and announced that he had enlisted in the Navy as a Naval Air Cadet. I went home to see him before he went away to training camp.

We soon felt the effects of the war. We had built the cotton gin at Sam's insistence. It operated for one year. Then the government decided to build a missile plant in Camden. The government bought all of the cotton land in the area, one hundred thousand acres. There was no cotton to gin.

Niven sold the gin to a company in Texas. It was torn down and shipped away.

Rationing everything from sugar to meat and rubber boot to gasoline was started. Farmers began hoarding their crops. One could not buy feed because the farmers were holding their crops for higher prices. Niven saw a picture in Life magazine of the farmers in Iowa with mountains of corn. He left the next day over Sam's loud disapproval. Benjamin, a young mulatto boy who worked for us, went to drive the car. Niven vowed to buy all the corn in Iowa.

That was easier said than done. The farmers refused to have anything to do with this "city slicker" with his big, shiny car and fancy driver.

Ours was a country store. All of our customers were farmers, and Niven understood them. He noticed that most of them dipped snuff. After several frustrating days, he put on an old, very old, tweed jacket he had brought along to wear hunting, rented an old jalopy, bought himself a can of Copenhagen snuff, and started out.

He stopped to talk and take a little snuff with the first farmer he saw leaning against a fence. Before the week was out, he had bought enough corn to lease an elevator. He started shipping trainloads of corn to Arkansas.

Niven was there for three months. He left around the first of March. The Monday after Mother's Day. I went up to see him for a week. I sent David to Aunt Tee's house; I left Nicky at home with his cousin, Johnny Niven, and Roberta, the maid. I sent Nancy to stay with Mrs. Nutt.

I rode to St. Louis with a friend. I missed the train to Cedar Rapids by about five minutes. I took the midnight bus. I looked out at the patches of snow still on the ground in the early morning light. Spring had come and gone in Arkansas. As we drove north spring receded with us. Later in the day, I arrived in Cedar Rapids, and it became quite warm. All of the snow melted. Within the week spring burst into bloom, lilacs in the hedges, violets blooming in the ditches. It was beautiful! Niven and I had a wonderful time.

Nicky had given me a white orchid corsage for Mother's Day. He was so proud and excited over it. I wore it to Cedar Rapids, but by the time I arrived it looked pretty sad. (I pressed it. When I sold my house in Nassau after Niven died, I found it crumpled to dust. It was my first orchid.)

Niven bought me a beautiful, purple orchid with a fan of lily-of-the valley. Everyone at the hotel thought that we were newlyweds. It was a lovely week.

When I came home, Sam "blessed me out" for leaving Nancy at his house.

He said, "My wife is not there to take care of your young un's."

It did not matter to them that my husband had been away for three months and was making more money for the business than ever before. That was no more than he should have done.

When Niven came home wearing a beautiful diamond ring, the fat was in the fire!

Niven bought a train car load of oats one night and sold it within the hour. The next morning, he saw this man's diamond ring, and the price was exactly what he made on the sale of the oats. He bought it. When I saw it, there was no way he was going to keep it unless he bought one for me. With Sam and Mat "raising cane" over it, he gave it to me.

Niven made $35,000.00 for the store in three months. That was a very large sum of money in those days. However, the only thing we heard was that Sam should take Niven to court. Mat came over to see me and complained about Niven buying the diamond ring.

I said, "Look, Mrs. Nutt, you and Sam act as though Niven is working for you twenty-four hours a day. He has no right to anything, only to make money for you, Sam, and Harry. I have no right to anything and I've had it! Niven can choose between his momma and daddy or his wife and children."

Years before, when Nancy was a baby, Sam and Mat made life so miserable for me. I never had any money. I got my groceries at the store, and everything else was charged--my clothes, the children's things. Believe me, I could not get a new dress or pair of shoes without Niven's permission. My bills went to the store to be paid. Sam usually paid them. Then he took the bills to Niven, "What's she buying lace for--?" Every item was questioned. The biggest row was because I bought three pairs of panties for myself and paid 39¢ a

pair for them. Sam hit the ceiling, "Look what she paid for these things. She can get them for 19¢, but no! She has to squander my money."

The next month when Pearl Oatmail went to Nutt's Cash Store to collect my bill, Sam said the store was not responsible for my debts.

The next time I went to the Good Luck Store, the owner told me that he could not charge anything to me because Nutt's Cash Store would not pay.

I told him, "The store is not responsible for my bills; my husband is."

I went home and told Niven what had happened, and he was very angry. He went to his father's house and told him never to interfere again. Niven came home.

Sam followed in his car and came into the house raving," I should be grateful I had enough to eat and a roof over my head."

I said, "I've had enough to eat and a roof over my head all of my life, but you certainly have never had anything to do with it."

Niven picked him up bodily and threw him out of the house.

It was too much, and I took Nancy, David and Nicky and went home the next day. Niven wrote to me and called me to come home. I wanted to go, but everytime I thought of Fordyce, my stomach would turn into a hard knot, and I would really suffer with violent cramps.

Daddy said, "Elizabeth, I'm going to take you home, and I will straighten out "that son-of-a-bitch."

Daddy, Nancy, David, and I got into Daddy's brand new Lincoln car and drove to Fordyce.

He put me out at our house and said, "I'll be back shortly."

He drove to my father-in-law's house, walked up to the door, and told Mat he wanted to see Sam Nutt.

Mat was scared to death. She said, "Sam's not here," although he was, and Daddy knew it.

Daddy said, "I'll wait, and, if it takes a week, I'll wait."

So he waited! Sam hid for about two hours. Dad sat in his car. Finally, he got out and went back to the house and walked into the living room.

He said, "Mrs. Nutt, Sam Nutt is here and if he does not come out here like a man, I'm going to find him whereever he is, and, when I get through with him, he won't be fit for man or beast."

Sam came out blustering. Dad walked over to him, grabbed him by the arm, and lifted him off the floor. He stuck his face close to Sam's and held his other fist in front of his face and said, "If you ever again, as long as you live, interfere with my daughter, I'm going to come back here and kill you. That's a promise."

He put Sam down and walked out, got into his car, and came over to our house, told me what had happened, said, "Let me know if he gives you any trouble. I'll kill the SOB." Then he left.

I did not go to our store or speak to Sam or Mat for two years. Finally, one Christmas, I relented and asked them to come over for Christmas breakfast to see the children get their toys. Aunt Nora, Sam's sister whom we all loved dearly, told me she thought it was very fine of me.

She said, "Elizabeth, I don't know how you have ever put up with my brother, Sam."

I really loved her for saying that. I felt at last someone in Niven's family understood and appreciated me.

When all of this trouble came up over the ring, I finally told Sam, "I hope I don't have to call my father."

He shut up and left me alone. I meant what I had said to my mother-in-law. Niven could either choose between them or me.

We sold out to Sam and Harry. Niven kept the Easterling Farm and all of the cattle.

Niven got a job at the missile plant. He was head of the procurement office for the cafeteria and building supply. The cafeteria served over thirty thousand meals a day. The place was crowded twenty-four hours a day. The plant never shut down, A full shift ran every eight hours, Monday through Sunday, including holidays.

I went down with Niven one night, and I have never seen such mountains of food. They had the finest of everything, but I could not eat. There was simply too much food!

J. B. looked after the farm, and Niven was there every day. He put eighty prime steers in the feeder lot. They were fed forty days to get them ready for the market. The day before they were to be sold the O. P. A. put a freeze on all beef, and we were stuck with them. All of that time and money was for nothing. It was a bitter blow.

In the meanwhile, all the servants left to work at the missile plant. Pearly, one of my maids, had never made over $3.50 a week in her life. At the missile plant she made $75.00 a week. She

brought her check to me, and I took her to the bank and opened a savings account for her. She kept $10.00 and deposited the remaining $65.00. Every week she came for me to go to the bank with her to deposit $65.00.

Violet, the wash woman, left, then Morris, the gardener left. Dorothy was the last to go.

There I was, three children, a husband, a big yard, and no help.

The laundry was the biggest problem. I did not know how to make starch! I had never even turned on my electric iron.

Every night I put the children's clothes and whatever else needed washing in the bathtub. I sprinkled the washing powder, turned on the hot water and let the things soak until the water was cool. Then I got into the tub barefooted and tromped up and down on the clothes. Then I ran fresh water to rinse and did the same thing. After the soap was out, I let the water out then hung them out to dry on the line.

Niven came in one night and found me tromping up and down in the tub. "What the hell are you doing?"

"I'm washing!"

With all Niven's faults, he always saw that I had good help. The idea of his wife doing her own laundry shocked him.

He went to the town laundry and had the owner come out to the house to give him a price for doing our laundry by the month. The fellow said he would do it for $90.00.

We had not paid four servants over $50 a month altogether. Niven was outraged!

After thinking it over, he bought the laundry.

Since Niven was still working at the missile plant so he found a partner (Lloyd Lane) to run the laundry. He and Lloyd, later, bought a laundry in Camden.

I took our clothes to the laundry one day. Mrs. Childs, a trashy woman, came in with her laundry. Everyone looked down on the Childs. They were a loud, dirty bunch.

While Mrs. Childs and I were there, the Bank's chauffeur came in with the Banks' laundry. They were the richest people in town.

I stood there and watched the two bunches of clothes being sorted out and I thought, "everybody's dirty laundry looks the same!"

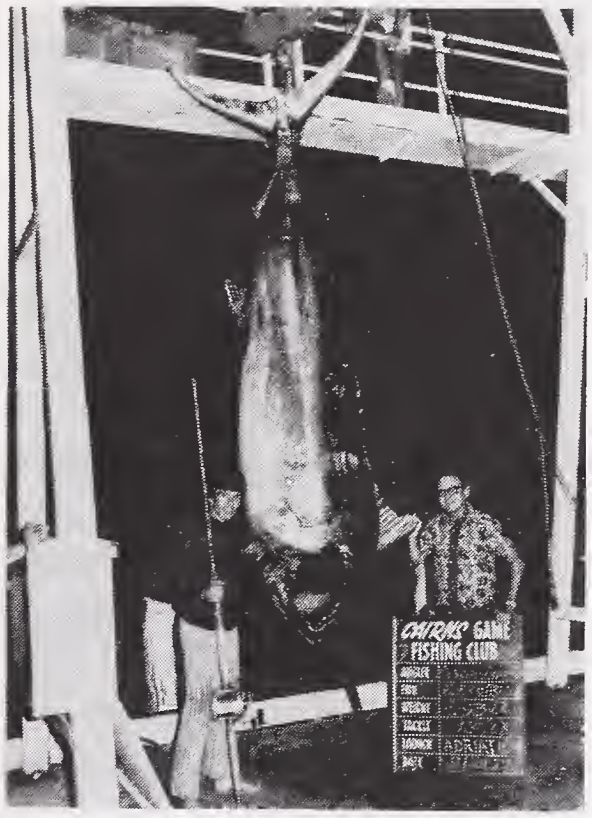
Harry, Niven's brother, was seven years younger than Niven, and he learned that his draft number had come up. He was to be drafted.

David Nutt, Francis Williams and Elizabeth Williams Nutt at Pine Ridge, Grand Bahama 1948

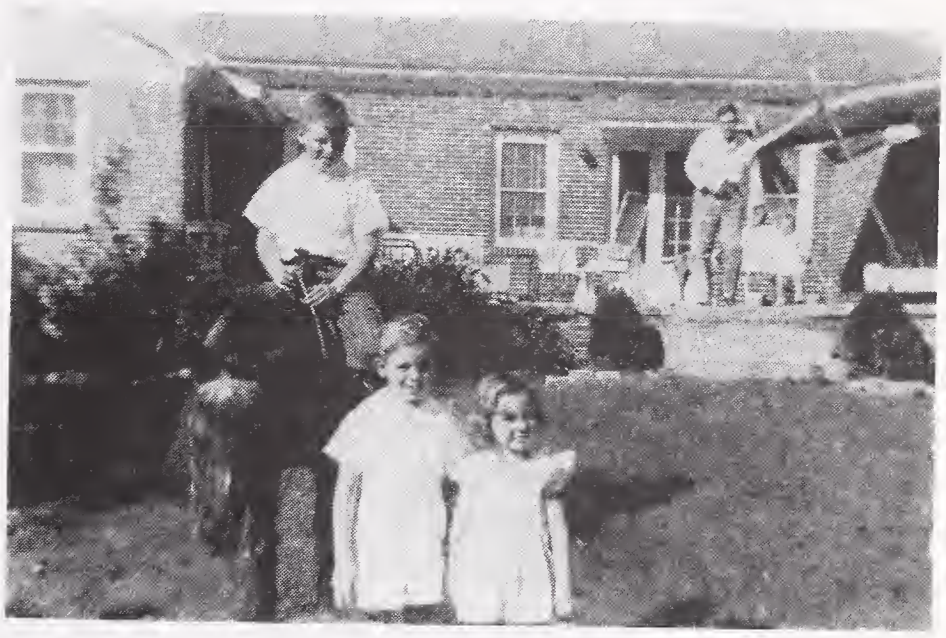
The "Mansion" at Pine Ridge. Grand Bahama 1948

The "Company Store, " Pine Ridge, Grand Bahama, 1948.

Myrtle and Leonard Williams at the Chateau Frontenac Hotel in Quebec, Canada, ca: 1947




George Williams at Cairns, Australia with his catch of the day. a 1,093 black marlin. It took 8 hours to land. 1972



Niven. Jr., David, Nancy, Harry and Martha Nutt, back of Harry's house in Fordyce. Arkansas. ca: 1942

Len Williams, Elizabeth Nutt, Frances Williams, Jamie, Bonsack, in front of Len's house in Orlando, Florida, ca: 1962

Len Williams and Don Bickham. ca: 1950

Mat came to Niven in tears and begged him to come back to the store. "Sam can't run it, Niven, you know he can't."

Niven came to me and said, "If Harry goes into the army, I have to go back."

We talked it over, and I agreed with certain stipulations.

Niven sold the laundries to Lloyd Lane, his partner.

THarry did not pass the physical and did not have to go to war. There we were. They did not need us, and Niven had sold his business.

Rodney, my brother, was a tail gunner on a B-24. He was sent to New Guinea. I got a letter from him:

"This is a terrible place. I hope I can finish my missions quickly and get out of here. I sure don't like it."

He was killed on his first mission.

My little brother! He was so happy, so alive, I could not believe it. It broke my heart. Mother, Dad, and Joanna, Len's wife, and baby Fran, spent a sad Christmas with us that year.

Germany surrendered on May 7th, 1945. Japan after the atomic bomb on Nagasaki on September 2, 1945. The missile plant closed the next day, and Niven was without a job.

We decided to leave Fordyce. Niven had been deeply hurt at the cavalier attitude his family had taken after asking him to come back to the store and causing him to sell his business.

To my great joy, Niven announced we would leave Fordyce.

He went to Louisiana and planed to buy a Western Auto Store or some business like that. He went to Franklinton and saw my father. Daddy was having a most difficult time. It was so hard to get any kind of help. Niven decided to buy two trucks and do logging for Daddy. Logging was one of Dad's most difficult problems.

We sold our home with its lovely rose garden and all the memories, good and bad, and moved to Franklinton, Louisiana.

## The Franklinton Years
## October 1945 to October 1948

The War ended on September 2, 1945, and we wasted no time after we decided to move away from Fordyce. By the first of October our house was sold and our furniture loaded in a moving van. We drove to Franklinton that night.

There were no houses for rent in Franklinton, so for the first month we stayed at my parent's house.

The children started to school. Nicky and David adjusted quickly and did very well in school, but Nancy did not like her teacher who was

rather hard on her. However, she made good grades and was one of the princesses in Waverley Club Mardi Gras.

After a month at my parents' home with my three children, Danny our dog, and a husband, I was frantic to find a place of our own. We finally found a small house for sale just down the street. It was a cheap looking little house--- and ugly! The house had a porch across the front, a large living and dining room, a small kitchen, two twelve by twelve bedrooms, a dingy bathroom, and small, screened porch off the kitchen.

Nancy and David had to share a room. We marked a line down the middle of the floor. One side was David's half and one side was Nancy's half. Nicky slept on the back porch. We had a beautiful, big lot, two hundred by three hundred feet, with a lovely, big, live oak tree in the back garden. We cleaned and scrubbed the best we could and moved in the house.

The house had possibilities. The living room was large and well proportioned with a pretty fireplace between two windows. There was a slate roof, and the house structurally was in good condition. It was rundown, but we promised ourselves to remedy that as soon as possible. We did live there a year before we could start "fixing it up."

Niven bought the trucks and started logging for my father. He was up and out in the woods before the trucks arrived. He started a rivalry between the two truckers, and it almost became a game to see who could bring in the most logs in a day.

With the war over, my sister, Jamie, and her husband, Tack Bonsack, and baby son came to Franklinton. Tack started to work at the mill.

Len came home from the Pacific. He had been in three invasions and had gone through the trauma and grief of Rodney's death. Len and Rodney were very close, and Len felt the loss deeply. The ship brought him home was so crowded that the men had to sleep in three shifts a day. Len's ship was in a terrible storm at sea that lasted for three days. When Len arrived home, he was a nervous wreck. Daddy insisted he start to work the next day. Joanna, his wife, came from Rhode Island and rented a small apartment.

Frances, my sister, who had worked with the map survey in Washington during the war also came home. (She worked on maps of Hiroshima and Nagasaki before the atomic attacks.)

We were happy to have the family together again.

My father had a secretary who resented this invasion of children. She had enjoyed the attention Mother and Dad gave her like a surrogate child. She particularly seemed to resent Niven and me.

Niven was working very hard because he was paid for the amount of logs he brought in. One day, Jessie, the secretary, brought a tally

sheet to my father and said, "Mr. Williams, I think you should look at this. Mr. Nutt is bringing in more than three times as many logs as your trucks are. I think he is padding the scale."

Dad looked at the tally sheet. It was true! Niven's trucks were bringing in triple the number of logs the mill trucks were.

All of Jessie's little innuendoes subconsciously had an effect, and Dad called Niven in and asked him about his volume of logs.

Niven was deeply hurt. He worked very hard and pushed his trucks to there fullest capacity, while Dad's woodsman was a rather lazy sort.

Niven came to me and told me what had happened.

I was enraged! "Give me that sheet."

I went to the closet and got my coat and got into it.

Niven asked, "What are you doing?"

I replied, "I'm going to see Dad! I'm getting rid of Jessie!"

I walked out of the house, I did not take my car. I walked to the mill which was only four or five blocks away.

As I walked in the office, Jessie looked up, "Oh, hello, Mrs. Nutt! What can I do for you?"

I looked at her without a word and walked towards my father's office.

"I'm afraid Mr. Williams is busy right now," she said nervously.

I ignored her and opened the door to Dad's office without knocking. Dad was talking to the woods foreman.

"Hello Elizabeth, sit down. I'll be with you in a moment."

I said, "Mr. Corken, will you excuse us, I have to talk to my father now!.

Dad's expression changed. In all my life, I never did such a thing.

"That's all, Herbert, I will get back to you."

Herbert Corken walked out and closed the door.

Dad turned to me, "What's the matter, honey?"

I held out the yellow tally sheet. I was so angry I could hardly speak.

"That woman is a scheming, lying, troublemaker. Unless you fire her, get her out of this office to-day! I'll--I'll never speak to you again! I'll never speak to you again as long as I live! You'll be dead, as far as I'm concerned!"

Dad tried to put his arms around me. I shook him off.

"How dare you accuse Niven of padding this tally? He is up at five o'clock every morning! He gets in at eight or later at night! He checks the trucks himself to see that everything is Okay! Instead of listening to that bitch, you should have gone to the log ramp and counted the logs. I mean what I've said, Dad! It's either Jessie or me! She had better not be in this office in the morning."

I walked out.

Daddy fired Jessie.

Still it left a bitter taste. With the rest of the family back home, Niven and I decided there was no future in just hauling logs to one mill. He started looking for other opportunities.

He and Dad had never had words, so-to-speak. Dad had not accused him outright of padding the tally sheets, but the implication was there and Niven learned from other sources of Jessie's little game.

Dad felt very badly about the whole thing. When a choice tract of timber came up for sale, Dad suggested that Niven buy it and put in a mill of his own.

We bought the timber and built a small mill outside the little town of Folsom, seventeen miles south of Franklinton!

Niven got together with a big contracting firm in New Orleans, Kelly-Genorus.

With the thousands of G. I.'s returning from overseas, there was a vast housing shortage. Kelly-Genorus and Folsom Lumber Company planned to do something about that.

Our lumber was pre-cut for the houses. K-G was building a house a day! The cut lumber was put in a special kiln where it was dried in fortyeight hours instead of the usual four weeks. Most of the houses were duplexes with the same floor plan. Special efforts were made to keep the houses from all looking alike, it did not look quite like a "tract development."

Niven worked very hard, and soon the mill was making money. We started to remodel our house. Daddy gave me all the lumber I needed. We added a large bedroom and bath, a big back porch, and, a garage. I put up shocking-pink shutters and added a white brick planter around the terrace. I filled it with pink petunia and white candy-tuff.

It was a darling house. In fact, there were three accidents in front of the house because people were looking at the house instead of watching their driving.

In the spring of 1947, one of our loaded trucks on the way to New Orleans got off the road onto the soft shoulder of the highway and got stuck. Niven and I drove down to see about it. Two wreckers could not move it.

The lumber had to be unloaded.

Niven stood at the side of the road for four hours while the truck was unloaded and pulled back onto the highway and reloaded. It was after six o'clock when we got there and there were millions of mosquitoes. I stayed in the car, and they were not too bad. When we finally got home, Niven's body looked like he had measles. He was already beginning one of his attacks of acute gout that struck every three or four

years and he was already on crutches. The bites aggravated his condition. The next day he was in such pain he could not bear the weight of a sheet over him. I had to put pillows on each side of him to hold the sheet up.

I had to run the mill. It was a terrible time!

Niven was in bed totally helpless for over four months. I would waken at four o'clock in the morning, gave him his bath, and changed the sheets and his pajamas.

He had such terrible night sweats. I would give Niven a cup of coffee or his breakfast if he wanted it. I dressed and was at the garage where the labor bus got our crew to take them to the mill. I did all of this by six o'clock!

If any of the men did not report for work, I had to scurry around and get someone to man the chain gang or stack lumber or load the trucks. Most of the black men who made up our crews had worked for my father. In fact, most of the black men around Franklinton had worked for the family at one time or another. We were very well-known in the countryside. If I drove to a farmhouse or a cottonfield and called across to someone in the field or house and if he could not help me that day, he would help me find someone who could work.

I put the new recruits in the car and drove to the mill. Then I checked the lumber being loaded onto the trucks.

It always wad a joke in our family, as far as math was concerned, that I could not tell time until I was twelve years old. It was true! If someone would asked me, "what is two times two," I froze! My mind went blank! But one thing that I have learned in life; what you have to do, you do. Believe it or not, I learned to check lumber.

Every piece, whether it's a 2x4, 3x6, or 4x8, has to be reduced to a 1x12, which means?? Well anyway, I could do it then, even if I can't forty years later.

With the mill singing away, and with the trucks loaded, checked and sent on their way, I got into the car and drove back the seventeen miles to check on the house.

Earline, our maid, cook, and laundress, arrived at 7:00 AM to get the children up, dressed, fix their breakfast and send them to school.

With Niven so sick the children assumed much responsibility. Nicky was a freshman at L. S. U. David was 12 years old and Nancy was 10.

Just before Niven became so ill, Nancy had pneumonia and was in the hospital for 10 days. She was very ill! Thank heaven penicillin had been discovered, otherwise we might have lost her.

The day she came home from the hospital, Niven bought me a new car. He wanted me to drive it. I really did not want to leave Nancy, but he insisted.

"She's Okay! No fever! Earline is here! Nicky is here! We won't be gone long. Come on!"

I reluctantly went.

Nancy was insulted. Here she was was, just home from the hospital, and I went off and left her!

I was not gone over thirty minutes, but for years (that is, until she had children of her own) she would throw that up to me. I went off and left her, and she was sick!

Although the mill was making money, it was a hard year in 1947. I ran the mill for nine months and we made more money that year than we ever earned. I do not think Niven ever forgave me for my success.

Niven's recovery was slow. He was totally helpless. He had to be bathed and fed. He could not move from the bed to even go to the bathroom.

Dr. McGehee started giving him penicillin. One day I came home to find that he had a reaction. His face was swollen out of all recognition. His fingers were like bananas! I was frantic!

I called Dr. McGehee. He said, "There is nothing I can do except prescribe a teaspoon of bicarbonate of soda in six ounces of water. Have him drink a glass of that every thirty minutes. Bath him with soda water."

Dr. McGehee would not come!

I followed his instructions. In a couple of hours Niven began to look like himself again.

Another time, I came home about three in the afternoon. The children had not come home from school. Earline had asked if she could leave after lunch and come back at five to prepare dinner. It was cold, and she had turned the small furnace we had in the hall up as high as it would go.

She left.

The doors and windows were all tightly closed. When I walked into the house it was like an oven. Niven was almost unconscious. In another thirty minutes, he could have died.

I opened windows and doors and turned off the heat, changed his pajamas and the bed, greeted the children and told them to take care of things, and rushed back to the mill to check out a truck scheduled to leave early the next morning. on a special rush order. My days were quite full!

Finally, Niven was free of fever and pain, and it was time for him to try to get out of bed. I begged him to just sit on the side of the bed. Finally, I got him to do this. I had to put my hands behind his head and pull him up as he did not have the strength. At last he raised himself and sat with his feet on the floor. One day he stood up and took two

steps to the end of the bed. He looked at me with tears running down his cheeks.

"I can walk! I will walk! I really did not think I ever could walk again."

It was slow, but he was trying, and soon he was on his crutches and then his cane. Finally that was discarded.

Niven was feeling wonderful! The mill was making money! We had our house finished and both of us had new cars.

---and then Niven changed.

Niven went to New Orleans and bought himself $2,500 worth of clothes! I had never in my married life paid over $30 for a dress! He bought himself a big, four carat diamond ring. He and Luke Johnson, his number one man, a huge fellow, he was over six feet six or seven inches tall, and was one of the strongest men I have ever known (he looked like Gary Cooper) started spending every weekend in New Orleans. Niven play acted with him. Luke was his "bodyguard."

Money always did strange things to Niven. It made a fool of him. I do not really know how it would have ended if we had not finished our timber tract about that time. We were having trouble finding other suitable tracts.

Then fate stepped in!

Wallace Groves had bought the lumber mills and timber concession on Grand Bahama in the Bahama Islands. He asked Mr. West, a vice-president of Georgia Pacific, to find him a manager.

My father's mill was comparatively small as lumber mills go, but Dad was well known and highly respected in the lumber fraternity. Mr. West, of course, knew Daddy and had known him for years. He went to Daddy to ask him if he were interested or if he knew of anyone who could do the job and might be interested.

Mother called me and asked Niven and me to come to dinner. There was someone whom Dad wanted Niven to meet. We dressed and went over to my parent's house.

It was September, and it was still hot. My father, Niven, Len, Tack, and Mr. West were out in the back garden sitting in the shade of the black walnut tree.

Mother, my sisters, and I were in the living room.

Liza, mother's cook, announced dinner.

Mother said, "Liza, please go to the garden and ask the men to come to dinner."

I'll never forget. We girls were all standing at our places at the table when the men trouped into the dining room.

Mr. West was saying, " ---it is the most amazing country! There are no insects! The pine trees don't have a long tap root, instead they spread out like an oak."

I wondered where on earth he was talking about.

All during dinner Mr. West talked about Grand Bahama, the clear, turquoise sea, the sea gardens, and the little railroad and engines which were the only ones in the Bahamas. I was fascinated!

That night, Niven said that Mr. West was looking for someone to take the job on Grand Bahama and that Dad had suggested him.

I was thrilled!

He said he would have to meet Mr. Grove's man, Byron Hanks, for an interview if he decided he was interested.

As far as I was concerned, I knew we would go to the Bahamas.

In due course, we heard from Mr. Hanks. He wanted Niven to meet him in New Orleans, and he would like to meet me as well. On the appointed day, Frances, Niven, and I drove into New Orleans. We dropped Niven off at the Roosevelt Hotel where he was to meet Mr. Hanks. Fran and I went shopping, agreeing to meet them that afternoon at four.

I spent most of the day going from one tourist or travel agency to another trying to find some information on the Bahamas. Most of the agencies had no idea where Grand Bahama was and tried to give me brochures on Bermuda.

I finally found a single ten by ten inch sheet folded in the middle.

There was a picture of Bay Street of Rawlson Square and the old Adderly building facing east. There was another photograph of Bay Street with Queen Victoria's statue. One picture showed the British Colonial Hotel at the end of the street.

At four we came to the hotel room to meet Mr. Hanks. He was pleased that I found some information on the Bahamas.

He said, "Mr. Nutt, you understand this is a lumber camp. Things are very primitive, but you will have at least seven servants. You will have to do a much entertaining but you will meet some very interesting people."

It all sounded so wonderful!

From that day our life changed forever. Niven left for Grand Bahama on the first of October.

We were in Franklinton exactly three years.

Toward the end of November, Niven wrote me that he wanted me to come to Pine Ridge for a few days. I flew to West Palm Beach. Carlos Chapell met me and took me to dinner at the hotel in which I was staying, the old George Washington Hotel.

Carlos was the pilot of the little "Widgen" seaplane that the Abaco Lumber Company had at charter.

He asked me what time I would like to leave the next morning. We agreed on ten AM. He said that he would meet me at the hotel at that time.

I was so excited that I could not sleep. I dressed very carefully because I knew lumber camps. Every eye in town would be looking me over, and I wanted to make a good impression.

I chose a white, Irish linen, chanel suit with navy braid, a navy handkerchief, linen blouse, navy hose, and high heeled shoes, a navy purse, short, white gloves, and a darling, white, Milan straw hat with a perky, navy bow. I felt very smart and sophisticated.

However, my entry into Pine Ridge was far from the gracious and charming first impression I hoped to make.

Carlos Chapell, the pilot, drove me from the George Washington Hotel to the airport and out onto the tarmac.

There was a little, red, single engine Widgen! It looked small to me.

Carlos helped me aboard and said, "Sit in the co-pilot's seat."

I took one look at the instrument board, and I knew I was not going to sit there. I climbed into the seat in the back with a big sack of onions, a greasy looking motor of some kind, and other odds and ends that Carlos was taking to Walker's Cay.

Carlos settled himself into the cockpit and started talking to the control tower.

I was scared to death. I had only flown two or three times before and never over water.

We taxied down the runway and took off. Soon we were flying over Bimini, and I was so thrilled over the beauty of the Bahamian Sea that I forgot to be afraid.

After about an hour, Carlos said, "There she is! Grand Bahama!"

And there she was! A flimsy-looking dock waded out into the water.

As Carlos started down, I screamed, "Where are you going?"

"I'm landing!"

Practically in tear. I said, "In the water?"

"Of course, didn't you know that this is a seaplane?"

Of course I did not! We landed in the water, and it was quite choppy.

A black man in a little dingy came sculling out to get us. Carlos jumped out of the plane into the boat. I handed him my luggage. The dingy then came around to my side. I had to climb out with the plane jumping up and down and the boat jumping up and down at a different tempo. In my short, white skirt and very high-heeled shoes it was not easy. Finally, I sat down on the wooden plank that was the seat and held onto the side of the boat for dear life.

Carlos got back into the plane and flew away. My boatman sculled me to the dock. There, a crude ladder made out of rough 1" X 3" lumber was nailed to the side of the dock. The tide was low, and the ladder did not reach the water. Hanging onto my smart, little hat, clutching my lovely, navy purse, I looked at that damn ladder.

It was not going to be easy, not with the boat bouncing around like a Mexican jumping bean. I took off my hat.

I handed it and my purse to the boatman. He handed them to one of the men on the dock.

I stood up and grasped the ladder and managed to get out of the boat and climb up where helping hands hauled me onto the dock.

One of the men said, "I'm Carlos Lowe, Mr. Nutt is in a meeting. He could not come. I will take you to the camp."

He took my suitcase. I retrieved my hat and purse and followed him to the railroad track where sat my conveyance.

It was a potshot!

For those of you who never heard of a potshot-- it is a vehicle used on railroads for the maintenance crews to travel up and down the tracks to check the roadbed, rails, etc.

This one had an engine; some of them worked by hand.

This potshot had and engine, four wheels, two slat seats, and a brake stick!

Mr. Lowe settled my suitcase between the seats and helped me. He climbed aboard, started the motor, and we took off. I clutched my hat to my head with one hand and hung onto the seat with the other.

Up hill, down dale, careening around a curve we went. Suddenly I thought, "I've done this before! This is that dream I've had so many times."

I had two reoccurring dreams since childhood, and this was one of them. I knew when I was going to have this dream, and I always felt happy. I would be flying over water, light as air, looking down, then, suddenly, I would be on the ground but still going very fast, around the curves up and down little hills. Then I would arrive at a strange place where the land was all torn up, and there my dream ended.

Then we were there in the lumber camp. The mill was on one side of the railroad and the village was on the other. A bulldozer was busily pushing up rocks and soil in front of a big square, unpainted house. There were three smaller houses, then a large building, and next to it was the commissary or company store. Another street ran back of these building with a row of small cottages. Nothing had ever been painted, and the whole effect was bleak and ugly.

My suitcase was taken to the big, ugly house. Niven came out of the other big building which was the office. I ran to meet him and gave him hugs and kisses. I was so glad to see him. He had been away almost three months.

I was there at Pine Ridge for a week. I had to go back to Louisiana. It was almost Christmas, and Niven was not coming home for the holiday. I was to come down as soon after Christmas as I could arrange it. I hated to take Nancy and David out of school. Since Nicky was at L. S. U., he was Okay.

Wallace Groves invited my parents and Niven and me to Little Whale Cay. Christmas came and went in a fever of packing, paying bills, and arranging for David and Nancy. David was to live with Mr. (principal of the Junior High School) and Mrs. Sylvest, whose son was one of David's best friends. Nancy was to live with the Johnsons in Folsom, and to go to school with their daughter, Gail.

Finally, everything was finished. Frances and I drove to Miami where Niven met us. Dad and Mother flew down, and we spent the night in Miami.

Niven sold my beautiful, deluxe Pontiac car that I had owned less than a year. Daddy kept whistling "Moon Over Miami." I never hear that song that I don't think of Dad and our time on that trip together.

The next morning we flew to Nassau to get the chartered Gruman Goose Wallace had waiting for us. We flew to the little paradise kingdom of Wallace Groves, known as Little Whale Cay.

After three days at Little Whale Cay the Goose came back and took us all to Grand Bahama. It was a wonderful and exciting time.

One morning I came out on the porch to find my father busily trying to open a coconut.

I said, "Daddy, you can't open a coconut like that. Let me call the gardener to do that for you."

Dad replied, "I'm going to open this thing if it takes all day. Dad gummit! If a monkey can do it, I can!"

Since that time, one of our family sayings is, "If a monkey can do it, I can!"

Mother and Dad were there almost one week and then went back to Franklinton. Frances stayed to keep me company. Our things from home arrived, and I was busy trying to make a home out of this impossibly ugly house.

We did not bring any furniture but did bring all of my pictures, silver, china, books, bowls, vases, figurines-all of the objects one collects that makes a house yours. I brought the things I loved.

It is not as much the shape of the room or the furniture that gives a house personality. It's the little things, the accessories.

We had to buy some furniture for the house. Niven and I went to Miami. A friend of Wallace Groves had a furniture factory. They made an inexpensive type of furniture that was very attractive. I ordered 16 dining room chairs, a very large Haitian rush rug for the living room, material for curtains, drapes, and slip covers, two bamboo sofas, four armchairs, and four table lamps.

I came back, got out my sewing machine, and made curtains and slipcovers. I had two stationary bridge tables, two coffee tables, a long side table, and four lamp tables made at the mill. They were all Parson's-type tables made of pine and rubbed with white oil paint and waxed. They looked very pretty.

I had the walls in the living room and dining room panelled. We used some lumber that was damaged and discolored, but, rubbed with white paint, it was very interesting. I worked so hard, but things were shaping up.

At this time Billy Butlin was building one of his famous vacation villages at West End on Grand Bahama.

Bill Reed, the contractor was a very interesting man. His company was rebuilding the war-torn docks at Southhampton as well as a low-cost housing project in India. He flew from one continent to another overseeing the various jobs. When he was on Grand Bahama, he came to Pine Ridge and sometimes spend the weekend.

We got to know all of the top personnel at West End. I found them to be entertaining company. One day about two months after I arrived on Grand Bahama, twelve people came from West End to Pine Ridge. They arrived about eleven o'clock unexpectedly. I was equal to the occasion. I asked them all to stay for lunch. After all, I did have seven servants and a huge freezer full of food. I had almost finished with my decorating. The panelling and tables were finished. We were building bookshelves in the living room and shelves with cupboards under them in the dining room. They were almost finished. The carpenters, were working and I had them quit while we were having lunch. It was a fun day!

The servants had worked very hard. After all our guest left that afternoon, I called the household staff and complimented them. "Since everyone worked so hard, tomorrow, after the house is tidy you may all go home until five o'clock. You have to come back then to cook and serve dinner. Ismay can make a lunch for Mr. Nutt and a picnic basket for my sister and me."

Hardly had I finished when a boy arrived with a cable.

"His Majesty's Warship, <u>The Sparrow,</u> will arrive tomorrow morning with His Excellency, The Governor, and his official party."

That meant that they would be there for lunch!

I called the servants all back and told them all the V. I. P.'s would be there. The carpenters had not gone. I asked them if they could finish up. They stayed until eleven that night and finished the bookcases and rubbed them with white paint. We did not rub the bottom of the shelves, because as soon as they were finished, I fill-

ed up the bookcases in the living room with books and the shelves in the dining room with dishes. The rooms were finished, and they were charming!

I was thrilled to entertain the Governor of the Bahamas. I had no idea how many people were in the "Official Party," and I felt that I had to include the doctor and his wife, the visiting Anglican priest, and, to top it off, besides Niven, Frances, and me, there were two men staying in our guesthouse who were having their meals with us. They were on company business, and I felt that I should include them. That started my company off with eight.

There were eight in the official party, including Wallace and Georgette Groves, who flew in from Little Whale Cay. The others were Sir William and Lady Murphy, the Attorney General, the Governor's A. D. C., the captain of the ship and the Commissioner of Grand Bahama, a charming and cultured black man, Mr. Pyfrom. That totaled sixteen people, just the limit for my formal facilities.

I put four at each of the stationary bridge tables and eight at the dining room table. There were no flowers for the house or table. I made an arrangement of small, chartreuse grapefruit and some lovely, shiny, dark, green leaves with a strong, chartreuse rib down the center.

During the lunch, Sir William asked Wallace Groves, "What is this tree I hear so much about called "poison wood"?

Wallace said, "It is very toxic. I was so badly poisoned when I was in Inaugua one time, I had to be hospitalized. I don't dare get near it; I am very allergic to it."

"What does it look like?"

Wallace started to describe it when suddenly he leaned forward and said, "My God! Those leaves are poison wood!"

Thank goodness we had almost finished lunch because Wallace became very upset, and we left the table shortly after. I am not allergic to poison wood, but for some people it is like poison ivy and can be very painful and uncomfortable.

Wallace and Georgette were very complimentary of my decorating of the house. I'll never forget Georgette's expression when she walked into the house. I must admit it had a definite charm, and she thought I had hired a fleet of decorators, but when I told her about making the curtains and slipcovers and building the furniture, etc.,

she was impressed, anyway, Niven and I paid for all of those things ourselves. It did not occur to me to charge them to the company, although the Groves were accustomed to having everything like that charged to the company.

Mr. Groves loved to bring people to Pine Ridge, and we had many famous and interesting guests. Sir Bede Clifford was one of them. He came with Wallace the first time, but he came several times after that on his own. We enjoyed having this charming and fascinating Englishman, former Governor of the Bahamas and Barbados and close friend of the Duke and Dutchess of Windsor. Bishop Burton and Commissioner Pyfrom were others who became dear friends and visited us quite often.

Wallace suggested that we buy some land and build a house for ourselves. I found a beautiful beach near Smith's Point. It was owned by a very old, black man, Benjamin Hepburn. I asked him about selling us 200 acres.

"Oh no mam, I can't sell the land! It's generation property."

This meant that it went from father to son. Benjamin had only one son, who was in the United States. He had not heard from him in thirty-five years. He also had an adopted daughter, but she had no claim on the property.

Uncle Benjamin was very poor and in poor health. I took him cans of Campbell soup and peaches, which he loved, and cans of milk and fresh eggs when we had them to spare. I kept after him to sell me the land so that he would have money to repair his badly leaking roof and to buy medicine, etc.

One day he said to me, "But the coconuts, mam, I can't sell the coconuts."

I said, "Uncle Benjamin, you can live here as long as you and Aunt Alecia live and have all the coconuts on the trees. You will have to give me one coconut a year for rent."

He finally agreed to sell.

We had sold our home in Franklinton completely furnished and Niven gave me $5,000.00 from the sale since my father had given me all the lumber and material from the mill to remodel the house. Of course from this ,$5,000, I was to buy my clothes, pay any extra expenses the children had, or any extra expense I had.

I wrote out a check for $2,880.00 or £600.0.0, which Niven cashed into 10 shilling notes. Then he and Commissioner Pyfrom went to see Uncle Benjamin, and bought the land. I was very hurt when I learned that Niven, instead of putting the land in my name or even both of our names, put it in his. I told Commissioner Pyfrom and he said, "Don't worry Mrs. Nutt, you have dower rights and he can never sell it without your consent," which turned out to be a very good thing.

Mr. Groves bought an army Jeep for us to use and Niven had the bulldozer break out a road to the beach, which was about a mile and half from the village.

Frances and I spent many happy hours beachcombing and gathering shells and lovely pieces of drift wood from the button wood swamp at the back of Mader's Beach.

On Grand Bahama there were many blacks who had never been off the island and had never seen an automobile. When we went bumping down our very rough road to the beach half of the population of Smith's Point rushed out to see us go by.

Among our most faithful admirers was a little black boy with an enchanting name, Gastly Bridgewater! Gastly was about nine or ten years old, and I had never seen him with a stitch of clothes. He used to grab the back of the Jeep for a ride of a couple of hundred yards down to the beach.

One day I said, "Gastly, why don't you ever wear any clothes?"

"Been in de sea, Mum."

"Oh Gastly, if you don't start wearing clothes, God is going to think you want to be a monkey and you are going to grow a tail."

Poor, little Gastly, he always wore a little, open shirt that came about to his navel after that.

It was a happy and exciting time. I think those first few months at Pine Ridge were the happiest in my whole life.

Frances went home.

Soon school would be out. The children looked forward to their new home.

I went to Louisiana to get Nancy and David.

Because the University year was almost over, Nicky did not come back with us.

He came a week or two later with his friend from school, Bob Atkinson and another young man they met along the way, a Doctor Grey, who would spend the summer working on Inaugua. Dr. Grey was

with us only a day or two, but shortly after Nicky got home, two young Cuban boys, Carlos Linarie and his friend George de la Torre Piater came to spent a month, .

Carlos was the son of one of our biggest Cuban customers. He often came to Pine Ridge on the company freighter, and he always stayed with us. One day he remarked that his son, Carlos, was finishing high school and would be entering Tulane University in New Orleans in the fall. He would like very much for his son to spend some time with an American family before going away to school.

I immediately asked him to let Carlos visit us when the children came home. I put the five boys in the guest house, a fancy name for the very ugly, little building that housed all the visitors to Pine Ridge who did not stay at our house with us. It had the necessities and that was all, but it was not uncomfortable. The boys had their meals with us.

After they had been there for two or three weeks, I decided to go on the company's little freighter, the Donald Roberts, to Nassau and take all the kids. I took, Tericeda Rolle, one of my maids along because we had planned to stop in Green Turtle Cay as well as Hope Town and Marsh Harbour. The Austrian doctor and his wife also came along. Tericida was to cook and help with the cleaning on the boat.

We arrived at Green Turtle Cay about three o'clock in the afternoon. I have not been to Green Turtle Cay in thirty-five years, but at that time it was one of the most charming and picturesque little villages I ever saw.

The main road was not over eight feet wide, and the houses on both sides were built right on the road and very close together. Some of them had little balconies on the second floor that leaned over the road itself.

The houses were, for the most part, built of lumber and painted white with gayly colored shutters and lots of lattice around the porches to keep out the sun. Fancy gingerbread scrolls and "dental work" were under the eves of the houses and, "eye brows", over the windows. The houses were tiny. Most of them twenty-two by twenty-two feet, divided into four rooms downstairs with a stairway to the big attic or loft as it is called in the Bahamas.

This is where the children slept. Downstairs there was a ten by ten foot living room, dining room, kitchen, and bedroom. There were no closets and no indoor plumbing except for an occasional water

faucet in the kitchen. This was the houseplan for 90% of the houses on all of the Out Islands at that time.

The road was white and some of the old men of the village were working on it when we arrived, pounding the limestone to cracker dust, then pounding the cracker dust into the road which was bordered on both sides with a cement curb. I felt as though I had stepped back in time 100 years, and I really was not far wrong!

Bliss Carmen caught the character of the Bahamians of that time in so many of his charming poems.

Mrs. Gotilieb and I walked across the island to the beach and around the island back to the village. Off the beach and road just before we got to the village was a charming cottage, much bigger than any in town, with a white picket fence and shocking pink shutters and door.

I stopped at the gate and said to Mrs. Gotilieb, "Oh this house makes me so homesick," thinking of my own house in Louisiana with its shocking pink shutters.

A woman called out, "Is that a southern accent I hear?"

She came out of a little summer house or gazebo in the corner of the garden and walked over to the gate and introduced herself. She was from Brookhaven, Mississippi! We were nextdoor neighbors! She said she was having a few people in for drinks that evening. She asked Mrs. Gotilieb and me to come. We did. Bishop Burton was there.

Her house was charming and so was she, however, there was something I could not quite put my finger on. She puzzled me. She was a cultured lady, or was she? Later when Bishop Burton was visiting us, I asked him about her.

He laughed and said, "My dear, she was one of the most notorious rum runners of the prohibition era. She and her husband had a very fast boat, and she wore a pistol at all times. No one had the slightest doubt that she knew how to use it or would hesitate to so so. "

We left Green Turtle Cay about ten o'clock that night, under a full moon.

Shortly after leaving the dock, there was a sudden shower. With that brilliant, full moon we saw a perfect rainbow.

We arrived in Nassau and stayed at the Prince George Hotel. At that time the Prince George was a most charming and popular small hotel. It was on the waterfront and the center of Bay Street. We did all the things tourist do--carriage rides, the sea gardens, the beach at Hog Island. We were there three days and had run out of things to

do and I asked Nicky what he wanted to do, and he said he would like to visit Bishop Burton. I called Addington House and asked if it would be convenient for us to come by for a few moments. We were assured that it would. There were seven of us, and we had to take two cars.

As we turned into the long curving drive up the little hill to Addington House, there it was again, deja vue, We went up the steps to the long veranda and rang the bell. The Bishop's secretary, a monk, opened the door in his long white robe. Then Bishop Burton in his long, purple robe hustled up and greeted us warmly.

He said, as he took my arm, "Perhaps you would like to see the little chapel before you come in."

He led us to the end of the veranda and opened the door on the most charming, little chapel. I felt as though I were going to faint.

I turned to Bishop Burton, "My lord! I don't know what it means, but since I was twelve years old, I have dreamed of coming here to this place. It makes me feel very strange. What could it mean?"

Bishop Burton put his arm around my shoulder and said, "It means you were destined to live in the Bahamas, my child."

At that moment I knew I would always live in the Bahamas. It was my destiny. It truly was strange! For this was the other reoc-curring dream I had since childhood.

The first time I had this dream I lived in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and I was about twelve years old. In my dream I was with a group of children, and we came up a hill to this strange house. It was pink, and the house next door was also pink with what seemed to be a tall tower.

I had never seen a pink house in my life. The houses in Arkansas were either white, or brown, or dark green, if of lumber. If brick a dark brown or deep red. The color of these houses in my dream made a deep impression one me.

In my dream we children came to the door which was opened by a man in a long robe. I never saw anything like that either. There were few Catholics in Arkansas. At that time we were all Methodist, Baptist or Presbyterian.

When we walked in, instead of being in a house we were in a church! The dream was so vivid, so full of color. It was like a vision. I puzzled over it and thought about it for days, but I never mentioned it, however, over the years, I must have had that same dream at least ten times. Each time it was the same.

I know that dreams had a profound effect on my life and my children's lives. Because of the dreams, I was determined to return to the Bahamas when we had to go back to the States because of Niven's health after only eighteen months in Pine Ridge.

The summer went by quickly. Nicky, David, and Bob Atkinson went to Cuba on the Linaries' freighter when Carlos and George went home. They were there for three weeks. Nancy and I went to Nassau once or twice.

One day Wallace Groves called and said that he was coming to Pine Ridge on his yacht and was bringing us some birds and fowls from Little Whale Cay.

What a day that was! It was like Noah descending on us with all these beautiful and exotic creatures.

There were twelve white guineas, twelve lavender guineas, twelve Long Island ducks, six white geese, two pair of peacocks, white fantailed pigeons, and a pair of Yokohama chickens, Yokohama roosters with the long, elegant, graceful tail, twelve laying hens, twelve mallard ducks and a beautiful, little, Jersey calf.

Nancy immediately named the calf Betty Grable because of her large, beautiful, brown eyes, long lashes, and curly bangs.

We bought horses for Nancy and David. Nancy had Danny, a native Bahamian pony, and David had a beautiful thoroughbred we bought in Jamaica.

Summer was over, and Nicky went back to L. S. U.

I decided I missed my children too much. I sent for a Calvert Correspondence School Course. Frances came back to visit and got them started.

About that time I had to have a hysterectomy. The doctors had been telling me this for over a year, and I knew I could not delay any longer. I checked into the Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami. Frances went with me, and Niven flew over the morning of the operation.

The operation went smoothly except for a moment in the middle of the operation when I woke up completely lucid. I could feel the doctors fingers in my stomach, but I felt no pain.

I did not want to know what was going on and I said, "Hey, I'm awake."

The doctor said, "What is this?"

The anesthetist clapped a mask over my mouth and nose. I took a deep breath and woke up in my room with Frances and Niven sitting beside me.

I was in the hospital several days and then went to the Towers Hotel where I had a small apartment. I was in Miami for four weeks. Frances stayed with me.

Nancy came one night about nine o'clock. She was only twelve years old. Some friends or workmen came to Pine Ridge in a chartered plane, and Nancy came back to Palm Beach with them. Then she took a taxi to Miami and to the Towers. That shows that children can manage very well on their own if given the opportunity. If it had been left up to me, I would never have allowed Nancy to come by herself. But oh, I was so glad to see her.

Frances went back to Louisiana, and I went back to Pine Ridge.

Things were not going so well. Niven was starting to have one of his attacks of acute gout and was far from well.

The new bookkeeper had turned out to be a real troublemaker. He wanted Niven's job. Niven made several enemies because he stopped most of the stealing of lumber and stealing in the commissary. Tuck, the bookkeeper, stirred as much trouble as he could.

Niven had an impossible job. He was forbidden to fire any Bahamian working for the company. He also had to contend with his purchasing agent in Miami who insisted on buying second-hand motors and machinery parts.

Whatever he sent to the mill was already wornout.

Niven started using parts of the mill he had sold to Wallace Groves. That upset me, and I urged him to replace each part as quickly as possible because the whole thing was being used up and there was nothing to show for it.

Another thing happened, there were many wild dogs in the woods and bush around the village. They began coming into the camp at night and attacking the sheep that some of the workers had. Niven ordered all the dogs in the village kept indoors at night.

One night the wild dogs attacked Nancy's pony, Danny. Danny bolted out of his stall and ran up on our front porch.

Niven grabbed his gun and ran out after the dogs.

Unfortunately, one of the dogs in the pack belonged to one of the Bahamian foremen and Niven shot that dog in the leg. What a hullabaloo!

Christmas came. Wallace sent $50.00 to buy gifts and candy for the children. Since it was not half enough, I paid for the rest of the candy myself.

Niven was getting more and more crippled and wasin a great deal of pain, but he was still working everyday even though lots of times he had his secretary come to the house for dictation.

Tuck drew up a list of grievances and got some of the men to sign it. Among the things listed was that I had taken candy from the Christmas candy for myself; Niven had shot that poor dog and wounded him in the leg; the mill that he had sold to the company was a pile of junk, and so on and so on.

Wallace brought the letter to Niven and asked him about each item.

Niven said, "Look here Wallace, I have been a loyal friend as well as a loyal employee. These charges are ridiculous as well as being lies. I cannot work for anyone unless I feel he is as loyal to me as I am to him."

He walked out, came home, and told me he had quit.

I looked at Niven, "I did not understand what you said."

He replied, "I said, I just quit, resigned, finished!"

Strangely enough, I was not surprised. "What happened?"

He told me, then he said, "Wallace says I am executive vice-president and manager of Abaco Lumber Company. I am responsible for everything that happens. but he has tied my hands completely. I cannot fire anyone, I have to accept all of this second-hand, worn-out junk that Bill Cross sends me instead of the new machinery I order. The place is crawling with intrigue, and Wallace listens to every lie and distortion these people can think up. I've had it, and I'm leaving!"

I lay back on the sofa. I was still recovering from my operation, and I felt very weak at times.

Just then one of the boys from the office came up on the porch and called, "Mr. Nutt, Mr. Groves would like for you to come back to the office for a few moments."

Niven got up and went out and walked back to the office with the boy.

My mother-in-law walked into the room. She had just arrived three days before for a visit, her first visit out of the United States.

"What happened?," she asked. Although I knew quite well she had been listening to every word behind the half opened door to her bedroom. She could not have chosen a worse time to visit.

I sat up and looked at her. I could not answer for a moment. Finally, I said, "Oh Matt, you know Niven has not been well. I think one of those awful attacks he has every few years is starting. He has so many problems. I think we are going to have to go back to the States."

She asked, "You mean he is quitting?"

"I think Niven should tell you. Excuse me." I replied.

I got up and went upstairs to our bedroom, I walked across to the window and looked across at the mill. My eyes filled with tears. I loved that ugly, grubby, busy, little saw mill. With a sigh, I turned away. Niven was right. He had an impossible job.

When Niven returned, he was very pale. He said, "Wallace said since I have quit, we have to be out of Pine Ridge in twenty-four hours."

"What!"

"That's right! twenty-four hours!"

I have never been more furious in my life. I walked past Niven. He asked, "Where are you going?"

"To see Wallace Groves!"

Niven said, "Elizabeth, you can't do that! Come back here!"

I ran down the steps across the living room and out the front door and walked slowly across the porch and down the path to the office.

Mr. Groves was there at Niven's desk. Laddie Gates was there with him, "Thank heaven," I thought, "Tuck is not in here."

I tapped at the door and said, "Mr. Groves, may I see you for a moment?"

"Why, yes, Mrs. Nutt, please come in."

Yesterday it was Wallace and Elizabeth.

He dismissed Laddie and motioned me to a chair, which I ignored.

"Niven tells me you have given us twenty-four hours to leave Pine Ridge."

"Why, yes, Mrs. Nutt, if he is no longer working for the company, he will have to leave."

"Mr. Groves, I have no intention of leaving in twenty-four hours. I have all of our personal things to pack. I have silver, china, pic-

tures, books, and clothes. I will have to have boxes and paper to pack these things. Will you arrange for them for me?"

Wallace was very nice. He said, "I understand. I will see what I can do."

In the end he had to charter a plane to bring enough old newspapers for us to pack eight barrels of china, silver, and bric-a-brac, etc.

The whole thing took over week. I hoped my mother-in-law would have enough tact to go back home during this most difficult time, but she had no intention of buying a plane ticket when she could get a free ride back.

Every morning she would pour herself a tiny glass of the eighty year old brandy Mr. Linaries sent me and sipped it along with her coffee and slowly most of the brandy disappeared, as she slowly sipped all day.

Finally, everything was packed. I got in the jeep and drove to the beach, to my beautiful beach. I stood there a long time, my heart felt like it would burst.

Suddenly I remembered General McArthur's departure from Corregidor and his words, "I will return."

I whispered the words, a vow of determination. I did not know how, but I knew I would return. Bishop Burton said, "You are destined to live in the Bahamas," and I knew I was.

The charted Grumman Goose came for us on the 14th of February, Valentines Day. Niven, Nancy, David, Matt, Toby (our dalmatian dog) and I rode on the little flat car behind the little engine, down to the dock with all of our baggage. We climbed down the ladder, into the dingy and out to the plane.

We flew away. Toby loved to fly!

We had dinner that night in Miami with an old friend, Plato Cox.

The next day we bought a small Ford. The five of us with all of our luggage piled in and drove to Franklinton to my parents' home.

We stopped on the way to see Bellingrath Gardens, which Matt was most anxious to see.

Niven was getting more and more crippled. He was running a fever and could hardly walk by the time we got to Franklinton.

We were at my parents house for a week. Niven rested and was feeling much better when we finally left for Arkansas.

## Hot Springs

I went from one of the happiest times of my life to a time when suddenly everything changed. The next two years were the most difficult and unhappy time I have ever known.

We arrived in Fordyce, and I spent two miserable weeks with Niven's parents. The first day we were there, Sam, my father-in-law blessed me out for leaving Pine Ridge so soon after Matt arrived. She planned to stay three months and she was there less than two weeks, he told me. (As if I could have stayed.)

Then, to my utter dismay, Niven's cousin, Stroud Harlow, had with a business proposition. The commissary at Jones Mill at a big aluminum plant that was owned by the Reynolds Metal Company, was for sale. It was seventeen miles out of Hot Springs. Stroud wanted Niven to go in with him to buy it. The building was leased. Mary, Stroud's wife, had a small inheritance from her mother and she was going to pay $12,000 and they wanted Niven to pay a like amount because the company wanted $24,000 for the stock.

We went over to look at it. Jones Mill was one of the most depressing places I have ever known. I told Niven he would be crazy to put any money in a place like that. I knew that I would never buy anything there as long as I could go to Hot Springs and shop at some of the big shops there. Any excuse to get out would be sufficient, and I knew all of the other women living there were and would do the same thing.

"Aunt Annie" decided that Stroud and Niven were not capable of running such a "big business," and she and her husband planned to move there and John, Stroud's father, would be the manager.

Annie Harlow was one of the most unpleasant women I have ever known. She delighted in stirring up trouble. She loved gossip, carryed tales, exaggerated everything. She caused a great deal of the trouble I had with my in-laws. She delighted in mischief making.

When I learned of their plans, I was devastated. I asked Niven to take me to town.

We got into the car and he said,"Where do you want to go?"

"Anywhere, where we can talk."

"What do you want to talk about."

I said, "Everything!"

He drove out of town and stopped under a big tree by the side of the road and said, "Okay., let's have it!"

I said, "Mat tells me Annie and John plan to move to Hot Springs and John is to manage the store."

Niven said, "That's right!"

I said, "Niven, if you take them over there, I'm sorry, but I am leaving you. I will never again live near Annie Harlow. Another thing, that store will not support three families. Also, you simply cannot work in a store like that. You know you can't be on your feet all day."

With that Niven said, "Just a minute." He went into a tirade that to this day I have never forgotten nor forgiven.

He bought the commissary, paid the full amount. Annie and John did not move because Mary felt as strongly as I did that they not come. Mary's money was tied up at the time, and, as it turned out, Niven was the only one to put any money up. We paid $24,000 cash, and Stroud was an equal partner.

We moved to Hot Springs and rented a house from an Army Major named Brewer on the 15th of March. I started looking for a house to buy.

I found a lovely house across the lake on Point Lookout which is one of tne of the most spectacular views in the whole state. The the front of the house was nondescript, but the back was a very attractive two story. The lot was very large, two hundred-fifty feet by seven hundred-eighty feet that went in a series of terraces to the lake where we had a very nice dock.

The landscaping was spectacular. The back terraces had been planted with thousands of Iris, daffodils and grape hyacinth.

There was a large rose garden, a bed of tulips by the drive that went into the garage. There was a beautiful hedge of Persian lilacs by the patio and a long row of pink and white dogwood on either side all the way to the lake. The price was $19,000.

When I told Niven I had found the house I wanted to buy,. he said he was not buying a house, but I begged him to come with me to look at it.

The next day we drove out there, and the owners showed us around. Niven did not have much to say, but when we left and drove across the bridge, I asked him to stop and look back. We could see the land down to the lake.

Niven said, "Now which is our land?"

I knew I had won!

Nancy and David started to school and found they were almost a grade ahead of their classmates because of the Calvert Course they had taken in Pine Ridge.

I bought furniture, and we moved into our new house.

By the first of June, Niven and Stroud had come to a parting-of the-way. Mary refused to put up her money, and Niven just walked off and left the whole thing with Stroud. We never got a penny out of the deal.

Then Niven decided to lease a very popular drive-in that was located in South Hot Springs. His buddy, Cecil Taylor, who had been M'atre de' at the Southern Club, talked him into this. He paid $16,000 for a two-year lease, and had no assurance of a renewal. Then he leased a restaurant on Park Avenue.

I learned of this when I came back after a flying visit to Franklinton. My father had a massive heart attack. He pulled through, but it left him very weak.

In the meantime, Nicky, who had been working at Jones Mill, realized he would soon be drafted, and he joined the Air Force. I drove him to Little Rock and kissed him good-bye. My heart felt like it would break.

The restaurants were a disaster! After eighteen months we had lost almost everything we had except our house and, unknown to me, Niven had borrowed $5000 on it. I was frantic.

Niven was spending most of his time at home when my brother, Len, who had just sold his business came to stay with us and take the baths.

He had been with us a week when one afternoon we were sitting out in the garden.

Len said, "Niven, you and I are going to have to find something to do. What can it be?"

Niven replied, "I don't know, but I've got to do something!"

I said, "George Roberts has been trying to get Niven to come to Nassau and put in some sort of light industry-- a battery factory, concrete blocks, bleach, something like that. They have just passed a light industry act in the Bahamas and are very anxious to have people invest there."

Len sat up. "Batteries! That's it! I wonder if they still need one?"

Niven said, "I don't know! I haven't heard from him in the past eight months."

Len said, "Let's call him and find out."

They got up and went into the house. I sat there hardly breathing. I was praying so hard. In a few moments they came back.

Len was jubilant, "He wants us to come down. We are going to put in a battery factory."

They left the next day. This was in July. We had been in Hot Springs not quite eighteen months. Niven did not come back until October.

On the 12th of September, my sister, Frances, called me. My father had a serious heart attack. He was in the hospital in Tylertown, Mississippi, and was not expected to live.

Nancy, David and I quickly threw a few things together, packed the car, and left early the next morning to drive the 386 miles from Hot Springs to Franklinton. We arrived in Tylertown about six o'clock that afternoon. I stopped at the hospital, but I knew as I walked up the steps that my father was dead.

Len came home from the Bahamas for the funeral, but Niven stayed in Nassau.

Len rented a beautiful old Bahamian house, Blair, that belonged to the Curry family. It was completely furnished with lovely antiques, beautiful oil paintings, several of them by well known artists. It had lovely old silver and china.

Years later, when the house was sold, I went to the auction and bought two silver toast covers, a beautiful little two cup silver coffee pot and a large, though rather battered silver turkey cover. I have used the coffee pot, and one of the toast covers every morning for the past twenty-five years on my breakfast tray.

Len arranged to take his family back to Nassau. Joanna, his wife, and their five small children.

The children were Frances, who was born during the war, Mike, who arrived ten months after the was was over. Then Steve and George arrived in quick succession. Baby Martha was only a few months old. They quickly settled in and loved the old house with its beautiful, large tropical garden.

I went back to Hot Springs to struggle trying to collect the rent for the Park Avenue place. I put the house on the market for sale.

Property was not moving in 1951 in Hot Springs. Sidney McMath, the new governor of Arkansas, had outlawed the gambling. Hot Springs was dead!

No one came to look at the house from September until late October. Then a woman from Hilton Head came with her son. They

liked the house, but the real estate agent told me the woman who had left her husband, made up with him and went back to South Carolina.

No one came! Every day I cleaned and polished and arranged flowers and waited for people who never came.

Shortly before Thanksgiving my mother and sister, Frances, came to stay with me for a few days. The day they arrived the real estate agent brought a couple to look at the house. They loved it and bought it on the spot. The man was one of the vice-presidents of Anhauser Busch. They wanted the house by the first of the year.

Again the full responsibility of moving fell on me. Again I sold my house furnished. There was still much to pack and a much business to attend.

I decided to store everything except our clothes. Some of our books, my sewing machine, and an a few other things I took to Niven's parents and asked to leave them there. I arranged for David, who was in his third year of high school to go to school in Fordyce to finish the year in an Arkansas school instead of transferring in the middle of the year to a foreign country. I did not know that the Bahamian school year started in January.

Mother and Frances went back home after I sold my house, and I got busy. There was so much to do. I sold our lease on the restaurant. Since only had a few more months to run, I got very little for it. After the real estate agent's fee was paid, the mortgage for $5,000 on the house taken out, the cost of moving and storing all of out crates and boxes and our living expenses paid, I had only$14,000. That was all that we had left of the $95,000 we had when we arrived in Hot Springs not quite two years before.

Since Niven did not plan to come back for Christmas, I asked Mother and Frances to come and spend Christmas with me. It was a sad Christmas for all of us. Nicky was in the Air Force, and I was sick with worry over him. I was sure he would be killed just as my brother, Rodney, was. However, I wanted to make things as happy for my mother as I could.

Poor Mother! She adored my father. For forty-three years she lived to please him. She was like a quiet, little ghost. This first Christmas without Dad.

We all missed him. We missed his whistling "Jingle Bells" and his joy in planning surprises for all of us. We missed him, and I missed Niven, too.

Mother and Frances left the day after Christmas. We took down the Christmas tree and packed the ornaments away. Mother and Frances had helped me so much with all of the packing. After they left, there was really very little to do except have all of our things put in storage and pack our clothes. Before the New Year we had finished.

Nancy, David, Toby and I drove to Fordyce where we spent the night and left David to the tender mercies of his grandmother.

Mat adored Nicky and Harry's oldest son, Sam Collins. She never cared much for her other grandchildren.

I hated to leave David although it was best not to disrupt his school year.

Nancy, Toby, and I drove to Franklinton, I had a raging toothache. The day after I arrived, I called Dr. Smith, our dentist, and made an appointment for the next day. Unfortunately, the Williams family have teeth with roots that grow so long they twist around the jaw bone. That is what this lower molar did. I sat down in the dentists chair at nine o'clock, Dr. Smith and his son-in-law, Brusier Shilling, took turns tugging on that tooth. They finally, after three hours, got it out without breaking my jaw, which is what happened to my brother, Rodney. Today the tooth would been saved.

In addition to having a very sore face, I had a dry socket. Dr. Smith gave me a shot of penicillin. I planned to leave the next day and drive to Pensicola where Nicky was stationed and spend the night there. Every four hours I had to stop and find someone to give me a penicillin shot. My face was so swollen I looked and felt awful. I had to do all of the driving eventhough Nancy was 15 and had her drivers license. I did not feel that she had enough experience; I drove.

We arrived at the Air Force base late that afternoon. Nicky showed us around, and we had dinner. It was so good to see him. I thought he looked so cute in his uniform.

The next morning Nicky met us for breakfast and took me to a clinic where I got another penicillin shot. We kissed him good-bye and left. We had to stop from time-to-time to let Toby have a little exercise. He was a very good traveler and gave us no trouble.

We spent the next night in Live Oak. I drove to the hospital for the penicillin. I was in much of pain. I had not seen Niven in three months. I wanted to look my best, and here I was, with my jaw swollen twice its size. I was really so sick. I was miserable.

We finally arrived in West Palm Beach. Niven met us there. When he saw me, he burst into laughter, and I burst into tears!

The next day we drove to Miami and put my car on the Betty K for Nassau. We also put Toby on the boat, but he broke away and jumped off the boat and raced after our taxi. We did not see him, and we lost him there in Miami. We all were so unhappy about losing him. Although I wrote to the Humane Society in Miami and put an advertisement in the Miami papers, we never heard from any of them. I only hope that he was not killed on the street and that he found a loving home.

We flew to Nassau that day.

I thought that when I came back to the Bahamas, I would be so thrilled and excited, but that was not the way I felt. It might have been because I felt so badly. I somehow knew that we had trouble ahead. How right I was!

Since we did the first of January, it was almost impossible to find a furnished house to rent. There were very few houses for rent in those days, and the ones that were for rent were extremely expensive at that time of year.

Nassau was a rich man's hide-a-way. The Season was from New Year's Day until Easter Monday.

Niven finally found a small house for us. After all, there were only the three of us. He had explained to me the difficulty. Although I was not expecting much, the house was even worse than I expected.

It was a typical, island four room house with a living-dining room, a tiny kitchen with a skimpy, cheap one yard wide cretonne curtain at the door, two very small bedrooms, fortunately, a bathroom, but no closets. It was cheap and ugly, but I was back where I wanted to be in the Bahamas.

Niven and Len had rented a building by Oakes Field and put in a small battery factory. They put a two year guarantee on each battery and were beginning to sell them quite well. At the time there were only about 500 cars in all of Nassau, and that included trucks, taxis, private, and rented cars. There were less than 200 private cars in all of Nassau. Everyone rode bicycles. There were thousands of bicycles!

There were many boats, and boats needed batteries too.

But back to our house! I went to town and bought yards of turquoise cotton broadcloth at one shilling a yard (14¢) and made curtains for the living room. I bought a large straw mat and covered

the ugly rug and made a screen of bamboo and straw matting to hide the open kitchen door. With a few pillows, pictures and plants, the living room did not look so bad.

Nancy became a friend of the Roberts girls nextdoor. Nancy insisted on going to Queen's College. I tried to talk her into going to St. Andrews, but she was growing up and developing a mind of her own. I had enough problems of my own to insist; she went to Queen's College.

Len and Niven had been in business two months when they began to realize that the market in the Bahamas would be limited. After talking to some friends from Jamaica, they decided to go to Jamaica to see about putting a plant there. They left on Easter Sunday about the middle of March.

Jamaica needed a good, reliable battery. The garage owners there were like the one garage owner in Nassau. There were only two garages in Nassau at that time and both were owned by Mr. Malcolm. He sold Lucas Batteries. Lucas was a good battery, but the builders did not put enough acid in the battery. After two or three months, they were dead and Mr. Malcolm made a profit of £6 on each battery.

Niven said everytime he drove around the streets of Kingston, he would see one or two cars stalled because the battery quit.

They talked to the authorities and made a application build in a battery factory there. They were very enthusiastic, and the license to operate a company in Kingston was granted in record time. That Niven had friends in high places helped.

Around the first of April, Niven left for Arkansas to try to collect some money owed to him on a loan he had made to a friend when he first came to Hot Springs. It was an unfortunate trip. Not only was he unable to collect any money from his friend, but he could not get any money from Stroud.

The day before he was to come home, he was at his brother Harry's house. They had a bar-b-que and Sam Collins and Harry were playing ball when Niven decided to play He fell and twisted his knee.

Whenever Niven hurt himself, it set up an attack of acute gout, and that is what happened. Niven became totally helpless. He was at his mother's home in bed from the first of April until the middle of July. Nancy and I were alone in Nassau.

Niven went to Arkansas a few days before the first of April. On the first day of April I moved to a lovely little house, Fayette, in the Grove Estate. It was owned by Mrs. Guy Baxter. My renting this house

had a profound effect on not only my life, but also on my children's lives as well.

Nancy was growing up and was becoming a very pretty girl. She was asked to be in a fashion show for Stewart's, the Neiman Marcus of Nassau in those days. After that she was in all the fashion shows in town.

After we moved to "Fayette," Frances and Mother came to see us. Gail Johnson and my brother Rodney's little girl, Ann Williams, came with them.

That year Stafford Sands had been made Minister of Tourism. He decided to have a "John Canoe" celebration in June.

Nancy and Gail went to town to see it. They were with a group of Nancy's friends, and they climbed on the roof of Solomon's Mines to see the "rushing."

Nancy saw Jimmy Albury. She had not met him, but she had heard all about him and had seen him once or twice. Jimmy was "rushing" with some of his friends. He looked up and saw Nancy.

She waved to him. He stopped and pointed to his chest and asked, "Me?"

Nancy nodded her head. Jimmy left his friends and climbed up on the roof and sat down beside Nancy. Thirty-five years later he is still there by her side.

Mother and Frances spent a month with us. Niven was still in Fordyce, and David was with him. I could not find out a thing except he was sick. He was in bed. He was better than he was the day before and he would be home next week. I would call, and he would tell me the same thing every week.

In the meantime things were getting very serious in Nassau. Malcolm became furious that these "rich" Americans had put in a battery factory and was "taking the bread out of his mouth," a phrase we were to hear several times.

No one was buying Malcolm batteries, and he was losing money. He went to the authorities and had them pass a ruling that the Empire Battery Company could only sell their batteries wholesale. Since Malcolm was the only one in town selling batteries, that finished us.

Len wrote to Niven and told him what was happening and asked him what he thought they should do.

Niven did not answer. Len came to me and said that he was selling the plant to Sir Sidney Oakes and that he was moving his family to Jamaica and taking over the plant there.

I did not know what to do. I had rented both of our cars, the Packard Convertible and the Ford. I was getting about £20 a week from the two of them. The £20 paid our expenses except for the rent on our house.

Finally, Niven called and said he was coming home.

Len wanted me to tell Niven what was happing but I said, "No, you have to tell him."

Len went to the airport with me to meet David and Niven. Niven was on crutches. Len brought him home. On the front porch of the house he told Niven that he had sold the company and was going to Jamaica and Len left. Niven went to bed.

Len and Joanna moved to Jamaica the next week. Len would have taken all the money from the Empire Battery Company if he could have. However, we had a lawyer handle it, and we got around £2000. It was a good thing because our "capital" was down to almost $5000.

I was so worried. Niven was totally helpless! No job! No business! And not much money!

Niven was in bed for six weeks. By the end of August he was feeling better and started to try to walk again. After such a long time in bed he had to learn to walk again. He started with crutches, which after a time he discarded for two canes, then one cane, then finally, he walked his own.

Around the middle of September he decided to go to Grand Bahama and see his old friend, Dr. Richter, whom he thought could help him. He was there for two weeks. While, he was there, he bought a bottling company that made soda pop.

Dr. Richter did help him. He was feeling much better than when he arrived, and he came back to Nassau looking great. He was in a much better frame of mind. He decided that along with his soft drink business he would also bottle rum.

We discussed it and decided we would call the rum "Gold Rock Rum," for Gold Rock Creek on Grand Bahama. I designed a label for the bottles with a palm tree leaning over a gold rock.

After a short while Niven started finding it very difficult to accomplish anything. He came home greatly discouraged.

"Wallace is doing everything he can to make things difficult for me," he said. "I really don't know what to do."

Things rocked along getting more and more difficult than they had been until around the middle of November, when he came home to announce that he was getting out of the business. He was fortunate in finding a buyer, his friend, Jimmy Glecko.

Gold Rock Rum is still sold in the Bahamas.

In the meanwhile I was still renting my two cars. David was working at Acme Bi Rite, the first supermarket in Nassau, and Nancy was working at the Little Theater.

Each of the children made about £3 a week. That took care of any expenses they had and gave them a little fun money. I certainly had none to give them.

I had also approached Mrs. George Roberts, who owned the City Gift Shop, about a job there. I suggested I could do the windows.

She hired me. I was to start work on the first of December. It was my first job since I was married.

Mrs. Baxter, my landlady, told me I had to give up the house on the first of December. The rent increased four times higher than the amount I was paying.

One of the people who came to look at "Fayette" while I was there was Nora Warner, the divorced wife of Jack Warner, the movie mogul. It was rumored at the time of the divorce that she was paid the highest alimony that had ever been given to anyone.

Some Texas people who had rented the house for three years called and said that they wanted it again. Nora Warner did not get it. Fortunately for me, the Texans did not plan to come until the 10th of the month, Mrs Baxter let me stay in the house for the first week of December.

Niven was still on Grand Bahama settling his business. Since we rented the house furnished there was very little moving to do.

However, the only place I found to rent was an apartment in a dilapidated, old house across from the Catholic Priory. that belonged to Mr. Lightbourn.

A very common English family lived upstairs. The place was unfurnished except for a stove and refrigerator. The living room was large, and there were two bedrooms and two small closets, a bathroom, and small kitchen. It was dirty and dismal.

The hotel at West End went bankrupt, and they were selling the furniture. I went down and bought two double beds, two chests of

drawers, two bahama beds, two cane card tables, and eight cane chairs-- four straight, four armchairs. It was all cheap furniture, but I got it for next to nothing. I also got sheets, pillowcases, and towels.

I sent for our things that were in storage in Hot Springs.

Nancy, David, and I painted the walls a powder pink in the living-dining room. II made draperies and slipcovers for the bahama couches of a very pretty English glazed chintz. When our things arrived from the States and the floors polished and the pictures hung, it was not too bad. But there was no hot water!

I started to work at the City Gift Shop. I discovered I could sell almost anything I put my mind to. The second week I was there, I sold an antique, baroque, pearl and diamond necklace that had been a gift from Queen Victoria to one of her ladies-in-waiting. The necklace had been there for three years and was £1,900, little more than $5000. When I told Mark, the manager, I was going to sell it, he laughed and said, "That will be the day!"

I sold it the next day to a rich oil man from Oklahoma.

I loved working there and I was soon doing the windows. I had such beautiful things to work use. It was such a challenge. Many times people told me they came to town just to see our windows,which were always table settings. I was lucky because there were no professional window-dressers. Our windows won all the prizes.

When our things arrived from the States, George Roberts went with me to Customs. I only had to pay £3 pounds duty. Abaco Lumber Company had paid duty on the goods when we came to Grand Bahamas.

George and Freda were such good friends. When Niven finally got things straighted out on Grand Bahama, George suggested Niven buy a few cars and rent them.

With Stafford Sands serving as Minister of Tourism, Nassau was getting more and more tourists. There was a growing demand for rental cars.

Niven bought eight little Morris Minor convertibles. We were in business.

For several months things went very well, although Niven was never able to get a work permit. He hired a local man as manager, but Niven was there every day to seeing that business was as it should be with cars washed, serviced, and ready to be rent quickly after they were returned.

I was paid £10 a week at the City Gift Shop, but with a commission, I usually had between £15 and £18 a week. Our apartment was £10 a month. We were were making a little money.

We decided to buy a lot in the Grove Estate and build a house the following year. Guy Baxter, who had become our good friend, sold us two lots for a very reasonable sum, Guy said as soon as one house was build, others would soon follow.

Niven ordered eight more cars. Trouble hit!

A Mr. Saunders, who lived down the street, decided that we were "taking the bread from his mouth." He did not even own a car, but, in his muddled way, he thought that if he could get Niven deported, all he had to do was walk in and take over our cars- just like that, not buy, just take!

He passed around a petition to get Niven deported.

The fellow was not very bright. He was always passing out petitions for one thing or another.

He made his rounds, saying, "I've got this petition, and I want you to sign it."

Since his petitions never amounted to anything, most people just signed them without even looking at them. The funny thing was many of our friends signed this petition including Allen Roberts, from whom we were buying the cars.

During the rum-running days a law was passed to protect the Bahamian rum-runners. If a certain number of people signed a petition to have someone deported, that person had to leave the colony within twenty-four hours! That was the law! It did not have to go to court and there was no redress; that was it!

Mr Saunders had the required number of signatures. He took the list to Jack Lowe, who published a weekly scandal sheet, The Herald. This was a real plum for Jack, and his presses started to hum.

I was at the City Gift Shop when Mark told me George Roberts wanted to speak to me on the phone.

George said, "Elizabeth, Niven is going to get a letter that will upset him very much. I can't talk now, but tell him not to worry. I'm not going to let it happen!" He hung up.

I was very puzzled at the words, "I'm not going to let it happen."

As I turned from the telephone, Niven walked in to take me to lunch.

I told him about George's strange message.

He said, "Come, we will go to the post office and see what he was talking about."

We got in the car and drove to the post office which at that time was across the street from Rawlson Square. I got out of the car and ran into the post office and opened our box.

There it was! A large, official looking envelope with the words, "In His Majesty Service" in the upper lefthand corner.

Niven opened the envelope and slowly read, "You are hereby ordered to depart this place within twenty-four hours--"

Niven did not finish reading the letter.

He said, "You go back to the shop. I'm going to see George."

I got out of the car just as a little black boy came running up with a Herald. In big black headlines were the words, "Nutt Deported."

I bought a paper and walked slowly, reading, back to the City Gift Shop. When I got there everyone had a Herald.

Dorothy Brown asked, "What are you going to do, Elizabeth?"

I replied, "I not leaving. The only way I'll ever leave is in a box."

It was a terrible time! No one had ever been ordered deported and had the order rescinded.

Our friends rallied around. George was very powerful in government. Harold Christy, Ronald Albury, Frank Christy, Neville Roberts and a lot of other people used their influence. For the first and as far as I know the only time, the order was rescinded.

Niven also had enemies. They made things as difficult as possible. Up to that time people who wanted to rent cars just rented them. We had not formed a company for renting cars. Niven had formed a company on Grand Bahama. Nivne was informed that he had to have a Bahamian partner if he wanted to continue in the rental business. Since we had bought our land from Guy Baxter and Robin, his son, was very friendly, Niven decided to ask Robin to act as a silent partner.

It is to bad that we did not know Robin better that we did. As soon as Niven explained things to him, Robin told him he had planned to go into the car rental business himself, which was not true. He saw an opportunity, and he took it. For some reason everyone seemed to think that the car rental business was a gold mine.

When Niven, with a rather embarrassed smile, said he did have enough cars for a full partnership, Robin informed him that if he did

not go in with Niven, he intended to buy enough cars to put everyone out of business.

This is the way that Robin Baxter became a partner. The first thing that he did was to order 30 cars for the rental company and buy a garage for himself.

They decided to call the company, Bahama Enterprises, Ltd. The rental cars were named the "Rainbow Fleet."

We wanted the Morris Minor Company to paint our cars pink, peach, pale yellow, light green, and blue. We thought purple would be a "little much." he British company frostily informed us they painted their cars black, and that was it. We were forty years too soon in our request. Now Morris paints them all colors.

Robin practically lived at our house for 18 months. He had lunch with us everyday.

We now had with 68 cars to rent, but we just made living expenses as Robin insisted that "his" garage service the cars, and the bills were exorbitant.

In 1953 we built our house in the Grove Estate. It was a modest three bedroom house , two bathrooms, a large living room, a lovely dining room, and a convenient kitchen. It was quite charming. I had a most beautiful garden.

In fact, it was one of the places where all the tour cars and buses stopped for the tourists to take pictures. It was quite common to see 6 to 8 cars parked outside the gate and to see people hanging over the wall taking pictures.

Nancy was still working with the Little Theater and Little Theater was featuring her in many plays. She played the young girl in "Country Girl," with Niles Asther, a very famous leading man in Hollywood, who starred with Greta Garbo, Joan Crawford, Betty Davis, etc.

Nancy was the darling of all the famous stars that came to Nassau in those days and was offered a screen test by Harry Cohn, the president of Columbia Pictures.

The producers of the Little Theater in Nassau also had the Little Theater of Lynn Fontaine and Alfred Lunt fame in New York. They urged Nancy to go to Marble Head and join their group there.

Nancy seemed wise beyond her years when she said to me, "Mother, I always thought I wanted to be an actress, but these people are not happy. They are really the most insecure people I have ever known. Even when they get to the top, they have to struggle to stay

there. I think I'd rather marry Jimmy and have a family and live a normal life."

David finished Queen's College in January and got a job at the British Colonial Hotel as assistant night auditor. When the night auditor went on a three-day drunk and David took over. David soon was officially made night auditor.

A night auditor was manager of the hotel from midnight until morning. Although David was only eighteen years old, he handled with skill and diplomacy the various crises that occurred. Mr. Nefsger, the manager of the hotel, told us he was very pleased.

Shortly after we moved into our house, I received a letter from Nicky.

He was in the hospital in California after he contracted infectious hepatitis while he was at Otis Air Force Base in Massachusetts. Instead of going to Japan (Korea), he was hospitalized for nine months in California.

He wrote, "I have met a very nice girl. She is a nurse. She is sweet and has a great sense of humor. We laugh at the same things. I think I love her. At least I feel differently about her than any one I have ever gone with. She is Irish and Catholic."

Before I could answer his letter, I received another letter from him, "I am engaged! Marion and I plan to be married in Boston the day after Christmas. I am taking lessons in Catholicism! Do you mind?"

I wrote to him that her religion was not important. The main thing was that she had a good, wholesome, character. And that they loved each other.

David wanted to go to Cornell University, to the hotel school there, but he waited too late to apply and he was turned down as the quota was filled.

He decided to go to New York and get a job at the Statler Hotel and go to New York City College at night. He and his dad went to New York.

David had excellent references from the manager and assistant manager of the British Colonial Hotel.

Lila Wallace, one of the founders of the Readers Digest wrote to her friend, Joseph Benns, who was manager of the Waldorf a part of the Statler Chain.

David had been particularly helpful to her. She told me that she appreciated it and was delighted to give him a recommendation.

After looking at David's references, Mr. Human, the personnel manager, said, "I'm very sorry, but we do not have anything for a man with your references at this time."

David was crushed. He had decided that he would work at the Statler. He walked slowly out of the personnel office.

Niven said, "Okay, lets have a cup of coffee, and you will feel better."

They went into the coffee shop and sat down at the counter by a man dressed in the hotel uniform. He had several service stripes on his arm.

Niven started to talk to him.

When he heard that David wanted to work at the hotel he said, "That's no problem if you want a job and don't mind being an elevator boy."

David replied, "That's fine with me."

He was there for a year. He workied all over the hotel. When he left to go to school at the hotel-sponsored School of Hotel Management at the University of Mississippi, he was offered the job of Stores Management. David turned it down.

Nicky and Marion planned to be married on the 26th of December in Melrose where her parents lived. I went to New York for a week before the wedding and spent three days with David. I then traveled to Melrose to meet my first daughter-in-law. Iattended the showers and the wedding which was held in a beautiful Catholic Church.

Marion was a beautiful bride and, of course, David, the best man, and Nicky, the bridegroom, looked very handsome to their proud mamma.

There was a lovely reception after the ceremony.

I left the next morning for Nassau. Marion and Nicky arrived the following day.

They spent a week with us. Their main concern was to have Marion get pregnant, and she could get out of the Air Force when Nicky did. His four years in the Air Force were almost over.

It took time, six months, in fact, before Nicky wrote us, "Well, Dad, after the end of March, next year, you will be sleeping with a grandmother."

Nicky's tour of duty ended. Marion was pregnant, and they came back to Nassau.

For four years Reynolds Metal Company had held Nicky's job as a manager's assistan. Just before he got out of the service, we

received a letter from Jay Hutchenson, Nicky's former boss, asking when Nicky would be free to come back to work for the company.

Nicky wanted to stay in the Bahamas. The problem was what could he do? It was not easy for a foreigner to start a business in Nassau in spite of the Light Industries Act. The only thing a foreigner could do without too much red tape was farming. Nicky decided to grow strawberries, lettuce, and celery. Robin Baxter suggested using the lower garden at "Grove House," a piece of land roughly about 200 X 300 feet, as an experimental garden. It was just a block-and-a-half from out house and behind Elsie Baxter's house.

Nicky got all the information he could on the cultivation of strawberries, lettuce, and celery. He ordered the plants, and planted the seed and soon the strawberries were blooming, the lettuce and celery were growing, and he was in business.

During this time Nicky and Marion were with us.

The strawberries were beautiful and big and red. The lettuce was firm and crisp. The celery was cut and banked to bleach. He worked very hard, but the profits were small. (I never planted celery there. NRN)

One day I decided to have chicken for lunch. I had not had chicken for almost a year. The only chickens one could buy were from Hatchet Bay, and they were not good. But I bought the chicken and brought it home. It was Awful! Tough, stringy, and it tasted like cardboard!

I was so angry. I love fried chicken, chicken salad, and chicken soup. I said, "I wish one could get good chicken here. I can't understand why someone does not give those Hatchet Bay people some competition!"

Nicky said, "Great! That's what I'll do! I'll have a chicken farm!" That is how it started. (This is not when or why I went into the chicken business. NRN)

He and Robin decided to use some land at Orange Hill for their farm. They started out to grow two-hundred chickens a week. The chickens were kept in small cages off the ground.

Nicky and Marion moved out to Robin's house, "Retreat." However, as usual, Robin took advantage. He had several big parties and used over one hundred chickens which would have been fine, but he did not pay for them. He decided they should have other birds and ordered quail, chukkers, and pheasants which played havoc with the budget. This was Nicky's livelihood; Robin was a playboy. (The Pheasants and Chuckas belonged to Harold Christie and we were well paid for their board. NRN)

Early one morning the phone rang. It was Robin. He said, "Looks like you are going to be a grandmother, Elizabeth. Nicky has just taken Marion to the hospital."

I was so excited. I rushed into our bedroom and said, "Niven, wake up! Marion has gone to the hospital to have the baby."

Niven said, "There is nothing I can do." He turned over and went back to sleep.

I said, "I'm going to the hospital!"

He did not answer.

Before I could finish dressing, the phone rang again. This time it was Nicky.

He said, "It's a boy!"

I started to cry.

He was the most beautiful baby

There is something so special about one's first grandchild. The others come along, and they are loved and welcomed, but there is never the high excitement and pure joy that attends the birth of the first grandchild. The baby was christened Niven Robert Nutt, III. I adored him!

Within three months Marion was pregnant again.

In the meantime, Niven and Guy Baxter, Robin's father, had become very close friends. They had taken several trips together. When Mr. Baxter became ill, Niven suggested to Robin he should take his father to Miami to the doctor, but Robin could not be bothered. Niven took him, and the doctors discovered cancer.

Elsie Baxter was in England. She and Guy had lived apart for thirty years. She lived in the Grove House; Guy lived at Orange Hill.

Elsie told me that one time she went to England to see her father who was ill and stayed seven years!

They had a strange relationship. Mr. Baxter would call for Elsie in a taxi three or four times a week. They would go out to dinner and then to the Savoy Theater to the movie. They quarrelled from the time that they met until the show was over and he brought her home.

I'll never forget the first time I met Mr. Baxter. I was living at Fayette. Mrs. Baxter said, "I would like for you to meet my husband. I will call him and ask him when it would be convenient for us to come out."

I thought this was rather strange. However a day or two later, Elsie called him and asked if we could drive out to Orange Hill to see

him. Off we went. Mr. Baxter was charming. He made me a rum punch and showed me his stamp collection.

Mr. Baxter had several young colored boys who worked for him. They were in the kitchen off the living room playing with some type of bell. I found the noise quite annoying.

Elsie suddenly exclaimed, "Why don't you make those boys behave! I would never permit my servants to behave in such a manner!"

Mr. Baxter yelled, "Why don't you tend to your god-damn business! Nobody asked you to come out here!"

I was shocked, I had never heard anyone speak to his wife like that. I took a little, nervous sip of my drink and sat it down. I said, "I think we had better go."

In a chorus of protest, Mr. and Mrs. Baxter insisted that I stay and behaved as though nothing had happened!

I went out to dinner and the movies with them once or twice.. They argued or quarrelled from start to finish.

Elsie returned from England while Niven and Guy were in Miami. The doctors told Guy his cancer was terminal, He did not have long to live. He made out his will. He left his entire estate to Niven. He showed it to Niven. Niven was shocked.

He said, "Guy, you can't do this. You have a wife and son. They inherit your property, not me!"

He tore up the will. The estate was worth over three million dollars which in 1956 was a great fortune.

Mr. Baxter died in early March. Shortly afterwards, Sam, Niven's father, died. Niven went home to find that Sam had left everything he owned to Harry and his children. That was all the property that we had saved for him by assuming the mortgage and Sam's interest in the store. Niven had worked so long and hard to save and build up that store.

Harry was a good man, but he never did anything more than work at the store. He was always taking days off to go hunting or fishing. His mother and father thought that was fine. In Sam and Matt's mind Niven could never do enough. I really don't know how we lived through it all.

Niven was deeply hurt and very bitter. However, Harry felt that his father had been unfair, and he and Niven divided some of the stocks and bonds that Sam had inherited from his sister, Nora Austeel. We got about $8,000 in the end.

Our rental car business was doing very well, but Robin's garage bills kept the company drained. We made living expenses, but that was all.

In June of that year Nancy and I went to New York.

Nancy was 18 years old. She had done much modeling. She decided she would like to got to New York to Powers Modeling School. She broke her engagement with Jimmy. She said, "Mother, Jimmy and I are the same age, but he still has a lot of growing up to do. I love him, but I want to do this too."

Off we went to New York and checked in at the Barbazon Hotel for Women.

Shortly after we arrived there, Nancy received a letter from Jim Kimberly of Kimberly and Clark. Nancy had been his timekeeper at the stockcar races in Nassau.

He wrote, "They tell me you want to be a model. If you are really serious, let me know and I will tell the manager to give you every assistance. After all, I do own fifty-two percent of the company (Powers School) and it will be the first time I have ever asked him to do this."

Jimmy called everyday. Robin came to New York and took us out to dinner and to plays.

A friend of mine had given me a letter to a friend of hers in New York. It turned out that Charlotte Wilkinson was a top-flight fashion authority in New York.

She had been an Editor of Woman's Wear Daily, and fashion coordinator for Bloomindales. At that time she was having fashion shows for the trade. She fell in love with Nancy and took her to one of the big trade fashion shows.

All of the best fashion photographers were there. They all made a big fuss over Nancy and offered her jobs. It was too easy. There was no challenge. Anyway, she missed Jimmy, and he was calling daily begging her to come home.

She went home.

In October of that year Niven had another attack of acute gout. These attacks seemed to occur every three or four years. It had been four years since his last attack. This was the longest, the most severe he had ever had. He was totally helpless for almost five months From the onset of the attack to the time when he finally was able to try to get into a wheelchair, then to use crutches, then two

canes, and finally, one cane, it was a whole year. It was another terrible year of crises and disappointment.

With Niven ill, Robin took off during the height of the season for a six weeks tour of the Caribbean. The garage bills for the rental cars kept coming, more and more out-of-reason. I was nursing Niven and trying to look after the business and working at the Island Shop doing the windows and fashion co-ordinating three days a week.

After Nancy came back from New York, Jimmy's father gave him a beautiful, double lot on Skyline Drive. He told Nancy to plan any kind of house she wanted, and he would build it for them as a wedding present.

Nancy was busy studying houseplans and looking at interior decorating magazines. In the end she showed a remarkable talent for architectural design. She planned a charming three-bedroom house, which they started to build in January of 1957. They planned to be married in November of that year.

In the meantime Robin, who for years had tried to be more than just the "big brother" Nancy regarded him, decided it was a lost cause.

He came into a great deal of money after his father's death. He squandered the money in the most reckless fashion. He still continued his unreasonable bills from the garage until finally Niven refused to pay them.

Robin wrote Niven a letter saying that he wished to dissolve the company.

Nicky and Marion were still at Robin's house.

The situation was terrible, Robin had the whole house torn up. He built a second story on the house, and then incredibly he started tearing out the downstairs, shoring up the new second story. This was the first house, that I had ever see, that the second floor was built before the first floor.

Poor Marion was in the last weeks of pregnancy with Brian. Little Robbie was not yet quite a year old.

Brian was born on April 1, 1957, which made him one year and four days younger than Robbie. Brian was a darling baby, but he was the opposite of Robbie who was very placid. Robbie had slept in his little bassinet until he was almost four months old. Brian was so active I had to go town and buy a proper crib for him before he was two weeks old. He was a very precocious child.

Marion was extremely nervous! With two babies so close together, the house torn up, the constant noise of hammers and electric saws, the dust, the confusion, and the fact that she despised Robin and did not trust him. She was very unhappy.

They finally able to found an apartment on West Street. They moved there.

I insisted that Marion learn to drive a car and encouraged her to make some friends among the young American couples who lived in Nassau. She had been so isolated at Retreat. She and Nicky seemed much happier than before. Marion was pregnant again.

My mother and Frances came to spend Christmas with us that year. David came home from Mississippi State. In spite of the fact that Niven was so ill, it was a happy Christmas.

I had a friend in Nassau, Madam Owen, a Greek woman who designed and made the most beautiful dresses I had ever seen. She had 16 young girls whom she taught to do the most exquisite embroidery and beading. Her dresses were all originals, one-of-a-kind, and sold for hundreds of dollars. The Kennedy women were her customers as well as many of the titled Europeans who wintered in Nassau. Her gowns were similar to those Hartnell made for the Queen.

Madam Owen and I became good friends. She wanted very much to have a window in the British Colonial Hotel but had never been able to get one. I promised to see if I could arrange one for her. I went to see Mr. Nefsger, the manager and, I must have been very persuasive, for he built a window for her. I papered it with gold paper. Madam Owen did not have a car and, once a week I changed the windows for her. That Christmas she gave Nancy the most beautiful dress.

I had watched six girls working on this dress eight hours a day for six weeks. It was of the finest white, Swiss organdy, with seventeen yards around the skirt. It looked like something for a fairy princess. The dress, which was priced at $1,600, had not sold. She gave it to me for Nancy. When Nancy dressed for the New Years' ball, with an emerald green velvet sash and a long, emerald velvet stole, her little, brilliant tiara in her hair, her long, white gloves. She looked to her mother's doting eyes like a fairy princess.

I thought Jimmy would burst with pride!

Around the end of April, Niven and Robin wound up their business. Niven kept eighteen cars. There we were back where we started five years ago. At least we were free of debt.

For some years the government had been encouraging people to develop government land. The government sold the land for £25 an acre with the understanding that £50 be spent developing the land, £25 in trees and £25 in buildings. Nicky and Robin planned to apply for some land, which Robin did. He asked for 1,000 acres, not in the company name, but in his name, Robin Baxter!

Because of his experiences with Robin, Niven told Nicky to make an application for some land, and he would pay for the improvements. Nicky made the application and was granted 20 acres on Gladstone Road. Niven was deeply hurt when he learned that Nicky had not made the application in both of their names. (Dad was supposed to make an application for 20 acres himself. I made out the application but he never submitted the application to Crown Lands. NRN)

I said, "Well, now I guess you know how I felt when you took my money and bought the land on Grand Bahama in your name, not mine or ours. He was shocked that I felt like that!

Little Susan Mary, Marion's first daughter, was born right on schedule, April 3. Robbie was two, Brian, one year, and here was this beautiful, tiny, baby girl. Marion had such easy births (if any birth can be easy) with the boys, but she had a long and difficult labor with little Susie. She was such a tiny, beautiful little doll! However she left her mother feeling weak and rather depressed for several weeks.

I certainly could not blame Marion. Their little apartment with no yard at all. It was directly on the street and was no place for children. They were in the house all day. It became imperative for them to find a bigger place, with some yard in which the children could play.

Madam Owen was going to move to New York to be with her daughter. She suggested that they take her house on East Street across from the eastern entrance to the old Victoria Hotel. They did.

Robin, true to form, wrote Nicky that they were no longer in business and for him to turn over all the books and records to Robin's lawyer. Nicky was distraught, but he was also furious. He wrote to Robin that the books would be audited where they were kept by a chartered accountant. As it turned out, Robin owed Nicky money. Nicky collected by acquiring some of the beautiful Baxter furniture--

a handsome, mahogany dining room table, eight chairs, a beautiful, Chippendale concave sideboard, and several other small pieces.

Nancy and Jimmy were married on November 29, 1957, at 3:30 PM at the Kirk. Mr. Poad, who married Jimmy's mother and father so many years ago, married them. It was a beautiful wedding.

Nancy's wedding gown was a white, French, silk, file sheath with a big bow in the back. The material fell to the floor to form a short train, all beautifully embroidered. It was designed by Nancy and made by Madam Owen! Her cousins, Ann Williams and Fran Williams, were attendants. Ann, Maid of Honor, Marcia Brown, whom David dated and Margie Carey, Billy Albury's girlfriend (now wife) were bridesmaids.

Nancy was distressed that Marion could not be in the wedding. She wanted her very badly, but Marion was pregnant.

The girls wore pale yellow organdy. Ann's dress was chartreuse organdy. They carried white daisies. Nan's bouquet was of pale yellow orchids with lily of the valley. The church was decorated with baskets of yellow gladiolus and baby's breath. Jimmy's little cousin, Cici Monroe, was flower girl in a dress similar to Nancy's gown.

Mother and Frances came down for the wedding. It was an exciting time!

Nancy and Jimmy received so many beautiful and expensive wedding presents. Their house was finished. Mr. Albury gave Nancy $18,000 to buy furniture for their house. The furniture was all installed, the curtains hung. Nancy's new M. G. sports car, Mr. and Mrs. Albury's gift to Nancy was waiting in the garage.

There is one thing I would like to mention about Nancy's wedding. It was the only wedding I ever saw where all the men cried!

Niven walked down the aisle with Nancy on his arm. He had big tears rolling down his cheeks.

Frank Gallager, who sang, was so overcome he had to stop singing in the middle of "Because."

Dear Mr. Poad had to stop a couple of times when he choked up!

I did not cry!

The wedding reception was held in the ball room of the Emerald Beach Hotel. There were more than 1,200 people at the reception. The shopkeepers told my mother they had sold more clothes for Nancy's reception than they had ever sold for a wedding!

It was very exciting, but when it was all over, I felt that I should thank God on my knees that I only had one daughter. I don't think I could have lived through two weddings!

David, who had transferred from Mississippi State to Florida State, came home for the wedding. Billy Albury was Jimmy's best man. David, Nicky, and Jimmy's other brother David Albury were groomsmen.

Off Nancy and Jimmy went on their honeymoon. They were gone three days and came home.

Niven said, "The nesting instinct is too strong. They could not wait to live in their lovely new house and swim in their lovely new pool and drive their lovely new cars. Lucky, lucky kids!"

Shortly after Nancy and Jimmy were married, Wallace Groves came out to our house to see Niven. For years, ever since we had left Grand Bahama, Wallace Groves had been trying to buy the land we owned on the Beach there. I flatly had refused to sell.

Groves told Niven quite frankly that if he did not sell him the land, he would take it. I still did not want to sell, but Niven said, "Look, Elizabeth, I can't fight Wallace Groves. He has too much money, he is totally unscrupulous. He has every lawyer in town on his payroll, as well as having the Chief Justice and Etineen DuPuch in his pocket."

I reluctantly agreed to sell. Wallace paid us $27,000 for the land.

Fortunately the land sale could not have happened at a better time that it did. Nicky and Robin had come to a parting of the way. Nicky was so worried, but he did have the land on Gladstone. I told him something I have always believed. That often the worst things that happen turn out in the end to be the best things!

To look back a few years later one can often say, "Thank God!"

I remember so well the day the check came. Niven and I had talked it over and of course there was nothing to do but put Nicky in the chicken business. I remember hugging Nicky and saying, "If you are successful, it will all be yours, because you made it so." (Dad put $20,000 into the farm. $8,000 was for fifty percent interest and the remainder was a $12,000 note at 6% interest. The note was paid off in less than three years.)

However, I did not agree with Niven when he gave Nicky controlling interest in the farm. (The farm did not became a limited company until the 28th of March 1964.) When it was there were 1,000 shares, Dad held 498 and I had 499. Because of legal reasons there had to be three other shareholders with the understanding that Dad and I each owned fifty percent of the company. These other shares were held by Dad's lawyer, Gerald Cash, and two other members of Gerald's firm. NRN)

The land was cleared and chicken houses built and a processing plant was installed, twelve weeks later, the first chickens were ready for the market. (I started working and clearing the farm with the £1,400 that I had after leaving Orange Hill Farms. This was the 1st of October 1956. The first chickens came off the 15th of March 1957. It took twelve weeks from getting the baby chicken to having a three and one-half pound live chicken then. NRN)

And that year Marion had Johnny. Another beautiful little boy. He was named John Rodney for my young brother who was killed in the war.

All the children looked like Niven or Marion's family, but Johnny looked like my family. He looked like Rodney, at least to me, and today, his little son, John Mark, looks like Rodney.

I worried so about Marion. She had four babies in three years. She was a devout Catholic. At that time the Catholics were very much against any form of birth control except "rhythm," and that did not work!

Within the next two years she had Michael and Julie-- six children in all.

They are all great children. They are smart, intelligent and much better than the average child is today. I love them all and feel very proud of them. I'm glad she had six children!

In the summer of 1958, David went to Deal, New Jersey, as assistant manager of the Sun and Sand Hotel.

Niven bought a car and drove to New York to see David. He left the car with David. Just before the season ended, I went to New York for two weeks. I spent four days there. Then David and I drove back to Miami.

We went to West Point to see Harry's son, Sam Collins Nutt. We spent a night in Washington; we took a week to drive home. It was a lovely trip, a wonderful time!

Shortly after I returned home, my mother wrote that the worst had happened. The government was auctioning the mill for taxes. I had been expecting something like this for the past two years

The sad thing was that mother gave up all of her rent houses which she did not have to do. If I had been there, I would have never permitted, it regardless of the consequences.

Fortunately, Frances had started teaching art in the high school in Covington. She drove back and forth from Covington to Franklinton each school day.

Nancy and Jimmy had a beautiful, baby girl in the spring. She was named Rachel Elizabeth. She looked so much like Fran Williams,

Len's daughter, did when she was a baby. When I saw some pictures at my mother's house of Fran as a baby, I was quite indignant. I thought they were of Rachel and Nancy had not given me one!

She was a beautiful, happy baby, and Niven adored her.

Nicky and Marion moved out to a perfectly awful place on Blue Hill Road. It belonged to Mr. Lightbourn. However, the children had a big yard for playing and that was a bonus.

The farm was doing very well. Niven and I planned to help Nick and Marion build a house. The farm was marketing 3,600 chickens a week at this time.

That year Niven made a deal with Hubert Pinder of Airlandsea to rent all the cars through him, but it was the same old story. Niven was no judge of character. I liked Pinder's wife, but I was not sure about him. The whole thing was a fiasco! Here again the worst things happened for the best because Niven decided to sell the car rental business and I thought that was what he should do.

The farm was growing, and Niven loved it. He could help Nicky in many ways.

Robbie and Brian loved to come to my house. Robbie was especially happy. He looked at me with those beautiful, blue eyes and said, "My Mimi." I loved him!

The year 1960 began a new decade!

Nancy, Jimmy, Nicky, Marion, Niven, David and his date, Marsha Brown and I all went to the Emerald Beach to celebrate the New Year. Phillip and Dorothea Brown, Marsha's parents, and their son, Brian, joined us. It was a lovely New Year!

I was a founding member of the American Women's Club, and the International Garden Club. Both clubs tried to get me to run for president, but I refused!

In the spring I read an article in Readers Digest written by a man who had suffered from gout for many years. The doctors forgot about gout. Niven's Aunt Nora always told Niven he had gout, but the doctors all said, "It's arthritis, and there is nothing I can do. Take aspirin."

The article described Niven's condition exactly. Then said there was medication to control the disease and medicine to ease the pain.

I showed the piece to Niven and told him I wanted him to get a test for gout. He said he would never go to a doctor again. We had spent thousands of dollars, and they had never done a thing.

I said, "You get this test or I am leaving you. If you can get this kind of help, you have got to at least try it. It's only a simple test."

We drove to Arkansas, I took the magazine with me along with some more information I found and gave it to Niven's brother, Harry.

"Make him go to the doctor," I said.

After a few days in Fordyce I went to Louisiana to visit my mother. Niven stayed in Arkansas.

A few days later he called me. "I went to the doctor."

"What did he say?" I asked eagerly.

Niven laughed, "Dr. Scott said I had the worst case of gout he had ever seen."

It was a good thing that he finally had the right diagnosis. I know that with the next onset of the disease that came every three or four years, he never would have gotten out of bed again. As it was, he never had another attack of acute gout.

In May Nancy had her second child. A boy. Nancy and Jimmy called him Jay. She had a difficult time. In the end had to have a cesarean. It took her a long time to get over this. She could have died.

David worked at the Nassau Beach Lodge Hotel since he finished school, but he said he did not want to work in a hotel.

As he said, "If the season is bad, the manager is blamed. If the season is good, the owners take the credit. Also, very few hotel people have good marriages. The work is too demanding. One is on duty 365 days in the year, twenty-four hours a day if one is a good manager."

David resigned. He and Jimmy formed an import company, but it never really got off the ground. He started to work at the farm.

My mother sold her house in Franklinton. She and Frances moved to Covington. It was so hard for Frances to have to drive back and forth everyday. They bought a beautiful lot near the country club on the old Sheshan Estate. They had a lovely house planned and started building immediately. The house was finished in August 1961. I took Robbie and went home to help Frances and Mother move. The house was charming.

Niven had always been difficult, but in 1961 he became erratic. I never knew when he would explode into a rage or go into a sullen mood when he would not speak to me for days. I was desperately unhappy.

David was twenty-seven in 1962. He was engaged to be married to Jackie Lowe. Mother and Frances came down for the wedding. Niven was late for the wedding and refused to go to the reception. He tried to keep Mother, Frances, and me from going. I finally made him stop the car. We got out and took a taxi to the Lowe's house. It was a beautiful wedding and a lovely reception at Jackie's parents home.

I planned to go home with my mother and sister for two or three weeks. Niven refused to speak to me or give me any money for the trip. Nicky gave me some money, and I went to Louisiana.

When I came home, Niven was very cool. I hate a quarrel, but I had taken enough, so I lit into my husband and read him a "riot act," something I had never done.

He listened to me in amazement and total silence.

He went to Arkansas a few days after that. When he came home he was like a different person-- for a time.

In the summer of 1963 Niven went to Arkansas.

At Niven's insistence, when he and Nicky built the farm, the office was just the table where the bill were written in the covered processing area. With the farm growing as it was, it was imperative to have a proper office. Nicky and Niven discussed building a new office but had done nothing about it.

While Niven was in Arkansas, Nicky built a small clapboard office.

It was a very modest little office, but Nicky tried to make it as comfortable as he could for his father.

There was an easy chair and a sofa and also a small lavatory. Nicky was so thrilled to have such a lovely surprise when his father returned.

To our amazement Niven was absolutely furious with Nicky for building this office without his permission. As usual, he took it all out on me. He ranted and raved. When Nicky bought three small tables, very cheap little things, he went wild.

After trying to quiet him down to no avail, I said, "Niven, do you realize you are treating Nicky exactly like your father treated you?"

With that he started cursing me.

I had never heard such words.

He lunged forward, seized me, started shaking me violently and shouting, "How dare you say such a thing? Say you are sorry!"

I was not sorry; it was true, and Niven knew it. He started to choke me-- not hard, at first, -- but then hard when I refused to apologize. I gasped that I was sorry. He never did really hurt me, and it was the first time he had ever done such a thing, but I ran across the room.

Stopping at the door, I said, "I will not live with you another day."

I went to my room and closed the door. I made up my mind I would see a lawyer and get a legal separation.

Later that day I went to see a doctor who was Niven's friend. I told him how erratic Niven was behaving. He said that Niven was taking some medication that he had given him several months before and in very rare cases it affected certain individuals like that.

I was glad to know what had caused this personality change, but I did not feel I could continue to live with Niven.

I did not see any of the children that day, but Niven went to Jimmy and told him that he thought he should get and apartment. He was afraid he would hurt someone if he did not live alone.

Nancy went out to see Nicky, and to my surprise that night our three children came to our house.

Niven was in his room and Nicky went in and asked him to come in the living room so we could talk.

Niven refused and attempted fight Nicky. Nancy went to Niven's room and finally calmed her father down and he came into the living room. He was a badly shaken man.

I told the children, "There is nothing to discuss. I can't go on like this. I'm leaving Niven, and I'm going to get a legal separation."

Niven said, "I'll leave. I don't want you to leave your home."

I said, "Very well."

I got up, went into his bedroom and packed his clothes. I called the boys, and they got the cases and put them by the door. We all looked at Niven without a word. He got up, picked up a suitcase, and walked out. David put the other cases in the car.

He took the worst cottage at Little Orchard.

He saw the doctor and quit taking the medicine.

He said he was sorry, but I ignored him.

He would come home for coffee and would sit in his car for a long time. I ignored him, but I did not see a lawyer.

After three weeks he moved back home.

I refused to look at him or speak to him. I acted as if he were not there. I had never in my life acted like that.

Niven sometimes did the most awful things. Although I tried to talk to him about how it made me feel, I always kept waiting on him, bringing him coffee, finding his pipe, taking off his shoes and laying out his clothes.

He had been sick so much that I got into the habit of doing everything for him, suddenly, I was not there.

When he came home, I was not there as far as he was concerned.

He bought me gifts.

I ignored them.

He even shaved his head thinking he could make me laugh.

I ignored him.

He found an old hat and put it on. Fortunately, Niven had very thick hair, and it grew very fast. Finally, he could stand it no longer. He went to Nancy. He broke down and cried talking to her.

Nancy called me, she said, "Mother, all of this trouble you and Daddy are having is killing me. Daddy is here now. Won't you please come over and see if you and Dad can work something out?"

By this time I was getting tired of the situation. I said, "Allright, I will come."

I was still sitting at the phone when Niven rushed in. He took me in his arms and started kissing me and crying. We got in the car and went back to Nancy's house. She called Nicky. He and Marion were there. The children were going to help us solve our problems. However, we never brought the subject up. The episode was over. There was nothing to discuss!

David and Jackie had little Ted in late May. Nancy had Kim Christina in October of 1963.

I had a school for flower arranging shortly after we organized the International Garden Club.

I thought I would have ten or twelve people. Almost sixty signed up. We opened it to the members of the Nassau Garden Club and the Carver Garden Club. I had to hire the I. O. D. E. Hall.

As a result, I was asked to do the flowers for Queen Elizabeth at Government House. In this endeavor, I was well assisted by various members of the three garden clubs. We spent a great deal of thought on the arrangements for the Queen's bedroom. For Prince Phillip we used nasturtiums and pale, yellow calendula. We later learned that she spent the night in Prince Phillip's room.

When President Kennedy, the Prime Minister of Canada, and the Prime Minister of England met in Nassau for the famous Caribbean

Council, I was asked to do the flowers for the English Prime Minister MacMillan's dinner for President Kennedy, and later for President Kennedy's lunch for Prime Minister MacMillian.

I used my own silver entree dish. It mysteriously disappeared. I'm quite sure I know who took it.

I received a check and an apology from the White House but I do not believe any of the President's party were the culprits.

That year Niven and I finally remodeled the house. We glassed in the back patio and enlarged Niven's bedroom. We built a large bathroom for Niven with an enormous sunken tub. It was three feet deep and six feet long by forty inches wide. -- A small swimming pool!

He had a whirlpool; now it is called a whirlpool bath. He also had a steam or sauna bath.

We put a pretty black iron rail around the tub so the grandchildren would not fall into it. There were steps down into the tub.

For me there was a new laundry room and a lovely little studio off of the patio with its own bathroom.

We bought beautiful, new furniture for the family room. Nancy and Jimmy, who were also remodeling their house, gave Niven all of thier old bedroom furniture, a beautiful French Provincial king sized bed, a dressing table, and a chaise lounge. Everyone that came to our house raved about it. It really was very attractive, but, most of all it was comfortable and liveable.

The farm was doing better and better than before. Every year we would build new chicken houses an do some improvement on the farm. By 1965 with the new houses we had built, we were raising 120,000 chickens at one time. It took from eight to ten weeks to raise a bird to market size.

Little Sandra Lynn was born on April first, our second little April the first grandchild. David and Jackie were so proud of their children.

Frances and I took a lovely trip together. We drove to New York to the World's Fair. Then, we drove to Bar Harbour, Maine, on to Toronto, and back by Niagara Falls, where Rodney and Margie Ann spent their honeymoon.

On March 22, 1964, my mother died very suddenly.

She was active and happy until the day she died of heart failure.

Niven and I flew to New Orleans where we met Len. We rented cars and drove across the lake to Covington. I could not believe she was gone.

I could not grieve for my mother. She was eighty-two years old. Death came quick, no pain the doctors said. It was what she wanted. I could not grieve for her. I grieved for myself. My sweet, gentle, loyal, mother, I missed her so much.

Niven's mother had died just a month before my mother, but she had been very ill for months in a nursing home. The last time Niven went to see her, she thought he was Sam.

It was much better to go as my mother did, but, oh, I missed her!

That spring Nancy and Jimmy bought a beautiful beach property at Spanish Wells. They built a darling beach house with two bedrooms, two baths, a living room, a long glassed in porch, and a kitchen.

I flew up there with them several times. I loved it.

When I worked at the City Gift Shop, Helen Pinder, who also worked there, talked about Spanish Wells.

She had a house there, and she used to say, "One day I'll move up there to stay. It's a funny little place. You either love it, or you hate it. If you love it, its a real love affair."

I had no idea at the time I would ever even go to Spanish Wells or much less have a love affair of my own with Spanish Wells.

Things were going too well. On the sixth of September, 1965, the Hurricane Betsy swooped down on us. We lost between 60 and 80,000 chickens and five houses.

Fortunately we had insurance that paid us $80,000. We were able to upgrade the farm with new houses and a feed mill.

When every thing was finished the farm looked very impressive with the new houses and two forty foot tanks and a sixty foot elevator.

Niven was so proud of it, however, his attitude towards Nicky worried me. He loved Nick. He was very proud of him, but I think he was jealous of him. I remember one time he said to me, "The trouble with Nicky is that he is smarter than I am," and, with his usual wit, added, "and that's too damn smart!"

The year 1966 began beautifully. Niven and I met Nancy and Jimmy in Miami and went to the Orange Bowl Parade. Nan and Jimmy went back to Nassau, but Niven and I stayed. Bear Bryant was in Miami with his famous "Crimson Tide" to play Nebraska.

Alabama won. It was a great football game, I came home the next morning, but Niven stayed and spent the whole day with Bear. He said it was very exciting with all kinds of celebrities from governors of states to movie stars, dropping in to congratulate Bear.

In February, Niven went to Arkansas for about ten days and Harry came back with him. Niven and Harry had a deep affection for each other.

In June, Frances, and Jamie came for a visit. Niven was not feeling well, but he was surprisingly gentle. We had a lovely dinner party, and we all went out to dinner several times. Jamie went home, and Francis stayed.

Niven said he had such a pounding in his ear. I urged him to go to Miami and to get a really good physical. To my surprise, he agreed.

Niven went to Miami for a few days. Frances and I went to Grand Bahama. Niven was to be in Miami for a week, but he came back in three days. I had gone to Grand Bahama and was not at home when he got there.

The doctor said he had high blood pressure, gave him some pills, and said come back in two weeks.

Niven never had high blood pressure before this time.

He took the pills. They were too strong, and he started having heart attacks, but he continued to take the pills. I wanted to call the doctor, but he absolutely forbade me to call him.

He quit taking the pills, and the attacks stopped. At the end of two weeks, we went back to Miami. He started taking the pills again.

Niven had an appointment with the doctor at two o'clock the next afternoon, but the next morning when we got up, he had a terrible heart attack. He was so white that he looked like he was made of stone. Our hotel was just across the street from the doctor's office. I ran across the street and got the doctor. He called an ambulance, and we went to the hospital. Dr. Zola told me Niven's condition was very grave, and I should call my children and tell them of their father's condition.

Nancy and Jimmy were at Spanish Wells. They had gone fishing and did not come in until late that evening. David and Nicky came over to Miami on the first flight after I talked to them, but they had not been able to get in touch with Nancy.

Niven was in the intensive care ward, and they did not let any of us see him. At 10 o'clock that night the Dr. said he was better and

Niven R. Nutt, 1912

Jennifer and John Marc, 1986

Julie and Tom Byrne, Jean Manning, Tom's brother, Susan Borden, the best man in back, 1989

John Marc Nutt, 1986

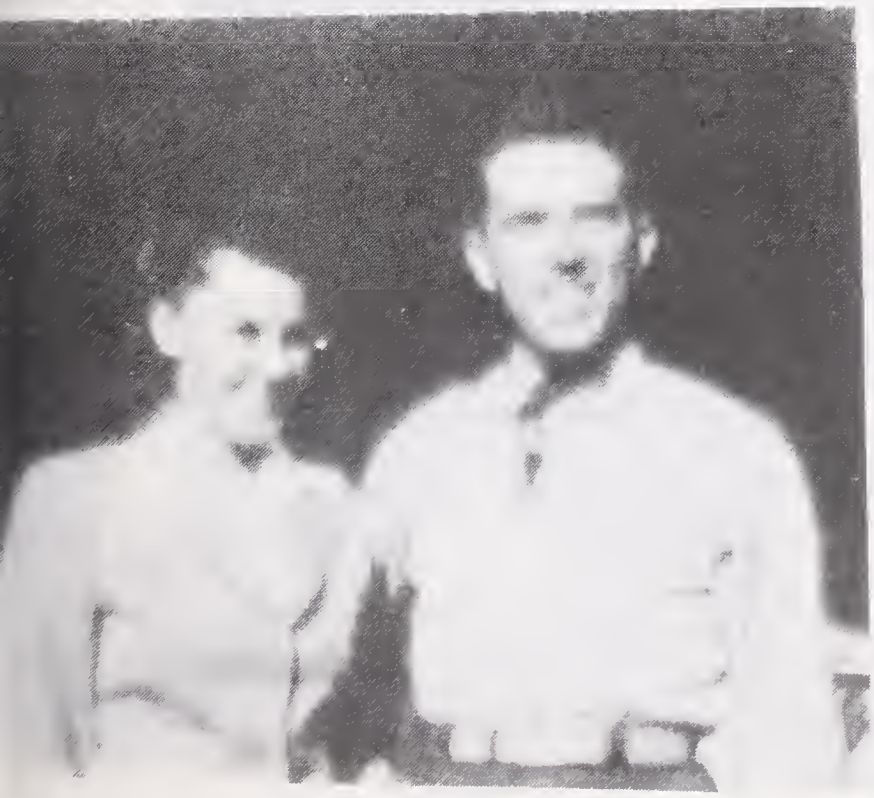
John Dickerson Hammond, Robert Henry Hammond, Mary Elizabeth Hammond Moore Jesse Hammond. ca: 1930

Henry Lamar Hammond, Garland Eugene Hammond, Paul Hawkins Hammond. 1988

Bernard Wilson Moore, ca: 1922

John Grady and Pernaty Frances Harris Hammond, 1865

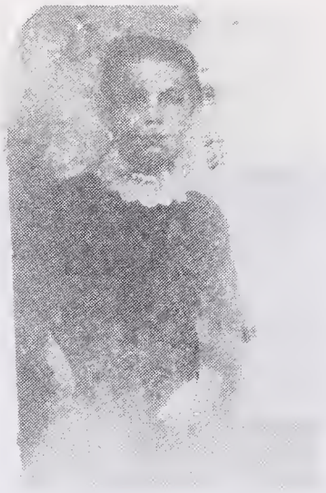
John Dickerson Hammond, Robert Henry Hammond, Jesse A. Hammond and Mary Elizabeth Hammond Moore, 1930



William H. and Margaret Moore, ca: 1950

Elizabeth William (Nutt), ca: 1925.

Corrie Ellender Hammond, ca: 1867

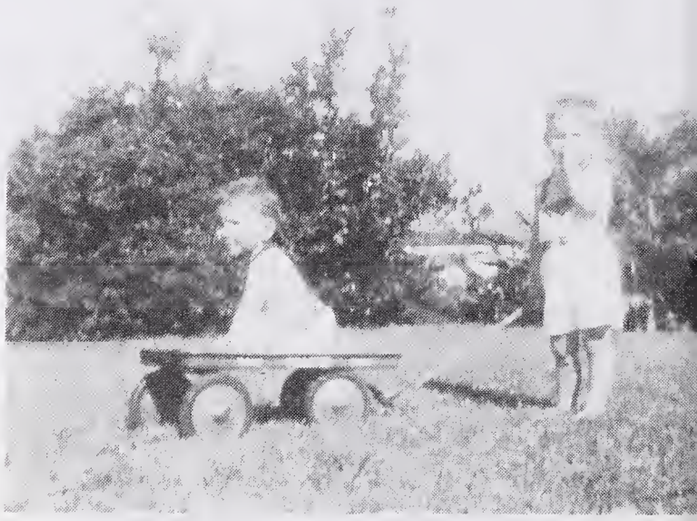


Sarah Francis Edwina Hammond, ca:1870

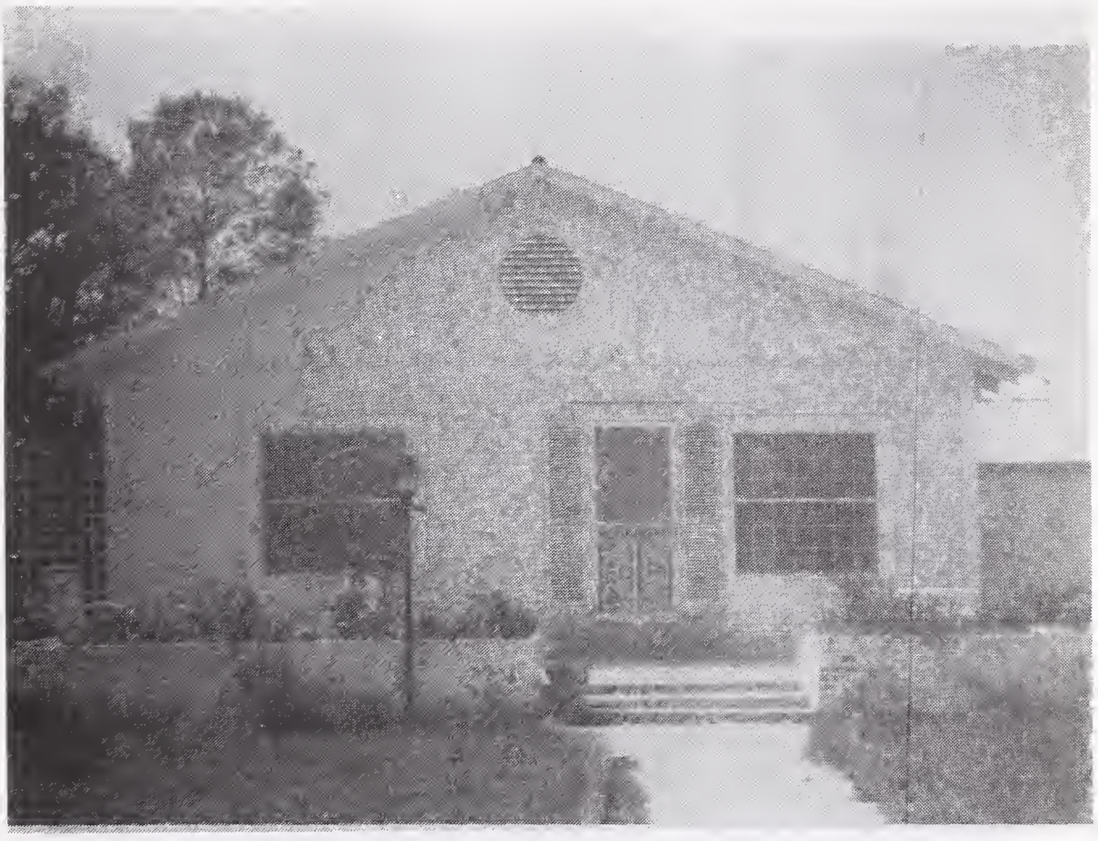
Lenora Virginia Hammond King, ca: 1890

Alica Annetta Hammond McNiel, ca: 1890

Buena Vista Hammond Rowe, ca: 1881



Brian and Robbie Nutt, 1959.



Niven Nutt's House in Franklinton, Louisiana. Outstanding with the pink shutters and door, 1946.

Niven Nutt's house in Hot Springs, Arkansas. This house was on top of a hill overlooking the lake in both the front and the back, 1950.

Top row L to R: J. A. Hammond, Marion Hammond, Len Williams, Sr., Francis Hammond, Lewis Smith, James Smith, Phal Moore, Jim Moore, Bernard Moore, Jamie Massengill, Margaret Kleinpeter (Skinner), (Fiedenwald), Chick Kleinpeter, Hammond Moore. Second Row, L to R: Gordon Smith, J D. Hammond, Jack Kleinpeter, Myrtle Williams, Frances Williams, Claudia Smith, Len Williams, Jr., Elizabeth Hammond Moore, Billy Massengill, Flora Sholars, Betty Sholars, Sophia Kleinpeter, Judy Moore, Hammonds Wife. Bottom Row, L to R: Leta Smith (Speer) (Newton), Elizabeth Williams (Nutt), Jamie Williams (Bonsack). ca: 1914.

was laughing and joking with the nurse. I have never forgiven myself for letting the hospital staff refuse to let us at least see him and say good night. Believe me, it will never happen again.

Niven died in his sleep at 2:30 that morning. The doctor called Nicky, but they did not tell me until the next morning.

Nancy and Jackie came to Miami that morning. Jimmy could not come because his visa had expired.

Niven had a young friend, Frenchy Wyche, in Miami. I do not know what we would have done without Frenchy. He made all the arrangements. We had a very sweet service that evening at the funeral home.

Some old friends, Winnie and Bob Miller, from our first years in Nassau were there. They were in Nassau and had lunch with us on Friday. Bob came on the same plane with us to Miami.

Dr. Zola said Niven had no pain at the last, but Niven had lived with agony for years.

He looked so handsome with a little smile on his face. I felt the end was peaceful.

This is from my diary, January 3, 1967:

"This is very hard to write. Niven is gone. He has been dead almost six months, and I still can't believe it or accept it. I feel like I am crying inside all the time. We had been married thirty-eight years, six months and one day.

Life with Niven was not easy. He has made me so unhappy at times I really wanted to die, but he could make me very happy too.

He was always exciting, and he never bored me. He had a wonderful sense of humor.

He was affectionate and told me he loved me almost everyday. And I loved Niven.

I love him; I feel only half a person. When I think of him, remembering him, it's like remembering myself.

I did not realize grief could be so painful, physically painful, but my heart really aches, and I get sick-at-my-stomach still, after six months.

Niven had a split personality; he was like two people.

I grieve for the one I loved."

Shortly after Niven died, I bought a little fisherman's cottage in Spanish Wells where Nan and Jimmy had a house. It got me away from the awful loneliness of my house in Nassau. I still missed my children although they had all been married for several years. With Niven gone, the house was too empty.

The children were so sweet and thoughtful, but no one needed me, and I need to be needed. I think that was Niven's greatest hold on me. He needed me!

I loved Spanish Wells. I loved my little house, and I have a good time there. One morning after Niven had been dead almost eighteen months, I went to town. On impulse, I went into Curry's Travel Agency and booked a cruise around the world!

I could not believe what I had done.

And then began a new life.

I really have had my youth after I was sixty years old.

I have traveled extensively and visited friends all over the world from London to Toronto to Australia to Chile.

I have been to every continent and to the North Cape on the longest day of summer and watched the sun touch the horizon and then start back up again, to Russia, South Africa, China! It has been a full and exciting life. Now at age seventy-eight years, its still exciting. I have a wonderful life.

I just returned from a lovely visit to London with Nancy and Jimmy and then I went to Toronto to visit very dear friends. I spent a month and was entertained royally.

My friends, Don and Dot Giffin, took me to my first hockey game and I sat in the Giffin box, which is where all the VIP's such as Queen Elizabeth and Prince Phillip sit.

It was fun, of course.

Jimmy rented a limousine with a chauffeur when I was in London to take me to Bath for lunch at the beautiful Cresent Hotel.

In early June my sister, Frances and I spent a month in Boston at Nicky and Marion's beautiful apartment.

I am planning a trip to Europe next summer with friends to spend two weeks on the Danube, then on to Russia with some young people who have asked me to go with them.

And why not?

Thus my life is full.

I love my house in Spanish Wells which I built fifteen years ago after I sold my house in Nassau and my first little home in Spanish Wells.

I have a guest book and I entertained people from all over the world.

I have given all the parties I want.

Niven would never let me entertain and I love to have parties--not big bashes, small groups, eight to ten, sometimes twenty-five -- at the most thirty-six.

Everyone loves my parties.

People call me the Queen of Spanish Wells.

The farm has been very successful. Nicky and Marion have a beautiful house at Lyford Cay where I have an apartment.

Nancy and Jimmy have a house at Lyford Cay. It is a beautiful house that Nancy designed.

David and Jackie, after spending five years in Australia where their last two children, Sharon and Niven, were born, came back to Nassau. They have a very comfortable house out East. David works at the farm.

I have thirteen grand children and nine great grand-children and only five of the grand children are married. So I should have many more great grand-children. Now seven of the grand children are married and at least two more great grand-children are on the way. NRN.

That is the reason that I wrote this small book. I wanted my great-grandchildren and my great-great-grandchildren to know something about me and how and why the family came to the Bahamas and who we are.

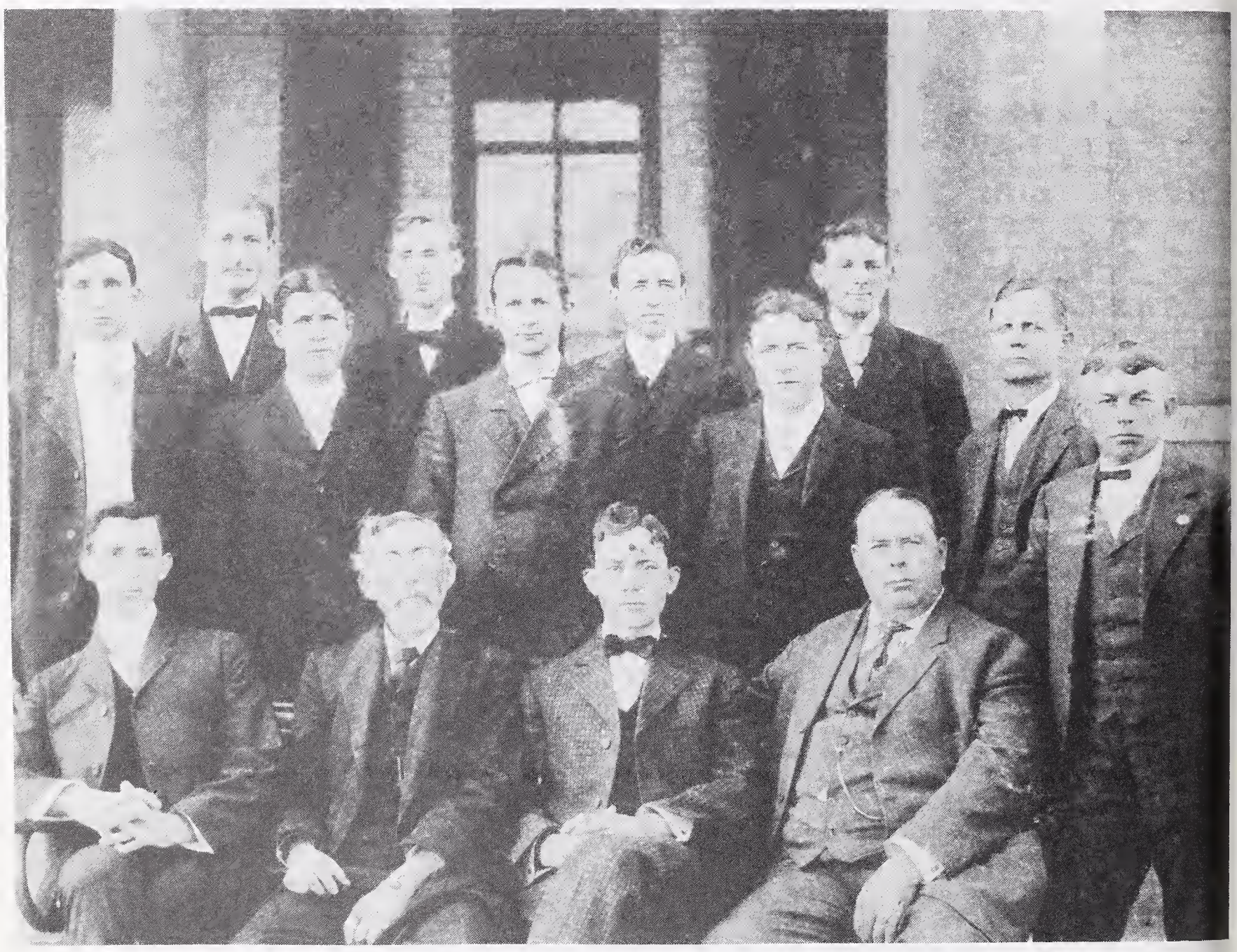
A fortune teller once told me, "You will have great honor through your children and your grandchildren. Your great-grandchildren will make history! She was right about everything else, so I'm expecting great things from you all!

"GOD BLESS!"

(This was written over three years ago. It is now October 25, 1989. Mother was 82 on the 22 of August and is in reasonable good health. She is currently at her condo at Altamonte Springs.

I bought her the Condo in Altamonte Springs, downstairs from Frances in 1987. She is spending more and more time there. She took all of her best furniture and things from both Spanish Wells and the apartment at Shamrock to Altamonte Springs. That condo is filled to the brim with her treasures. NRN)

## This is a picture of J. R. Moore's Sunday School Class in Lake Providence, Louisiana in 1909



A. S. Hill, James T. Reed, C. H. Hill, Richard Bell, J. R. Moore, Instructor, Robert P. Kennedy, Selden W. Turner, W. L. Huggins, J. W. Trieschman,George R. Fox, J. W. Pittman, Adolph W. Thowski, T. G. Wood, T. W. Havis

## Moore

**AB2. Myrtle Moore,** b. Benton, Arkansas, on the 27th of January, 1882, d. March 22, 1964, at Covington, Louisiana, m. Leonard Williams (ABA) November 6, 1907, in Minden, Louisiana.

Her wedding invitation read:

**Rev. and Mrs. J. R. Moore**
**Request the Honor of Your Presence**
**at the Marriage of Their Daughter**
**Myrtle**
**to**
**Mr.. Leonard Williams**
**on the Morning of Wednesday the Sixth of November,**
**Nineteen Hundred and Seven**
**at Ten O'Clock,**
**Methodist Episcopal Church South,**
**Minden, Louisiana**

Grandmother loved gardening. She had her compost heap from which Grandad got his worms for fishing. Her backyard garden was always beautiful. She interspaced the flowers with eatable items. She had fig trees, a black walnut tree, parsley, banana plants, Etc.

**AB2A. James Robert Moore**; b. in Macon County, Alabama, on December 3, 1848, d. Murfrosboro, Arkansas on April 14, 1914. He married Mary Elizabeth Hammond (AB3) Febuary 6, 1873.

The South Carolina Department of Archives and History has a record showing that James Moore was a private of Company C, 4th Battalion, South Carolina Cavalry. He enlisted at Columbia, South Carolina on January 29, 1882 at age twenty-three (He was barely 14 years old). This company subsequently became Co. E, 2nd S. C. Cavalry on August 22, 1862.

"Papa Moore" was the Presiding Elder in the Little Rock Conference in Arkansas and in the Shreveport Conference in Louisiana of the Methodist Church.

He was also the President of the Board of Centenary College, Shreveport, Louisiana; Mansfield College, Mansfield, Louisiana; and

Henderson-Brown College, Arkadelphia, Arkansas, (now Henderson State Teachers College).

In the Methodist church history (Arkansas) the following quote was attributed to the Rev. James R. Moore, presiding Elder at Camden, Arkansas, in 1897. This was in response to a proposal by a lady that she be allowed to become a Methodist preacher:

> "A call to the Ministry carries with the government of the church, the administration of the ordinances, the feeding and overseeing of the flock of God. That a Woman should do these things is plainly repugnant to reason, propriety and common sense, and a perversion of the word of God. It is blasphemy."

Mary, a servant of Sophia and W. W. Moore was born December, 1832. She had a son, Sam, born in 1853. Sam and Papa Moore grew up together. Sam was taught Latin and Greek by W. W. Moore along with Papa Moore. Sam became the head waiter at the Palmer House in Chicago. He and Papa Moore corresponded all of their lives.

Papa Moore bought an interest in the firm of Hunt and Rankin of Murfrosboro and was a senior partner the year before his death. He had served 38 years as a minister.

His obituary reads:

## Rev. J. R. Moore passed away

Remains interred in Murfreesboro, Cemetery Wednesday Afternoon.

Rev. J. R. Moore, senior member of the firm of Hunt, Rankin and Moore, after a lingering illness died at his home in this city Tuesday morning at 2:46 o'clock.

Rev. Moore was 65 years old when he died. For 38 years of his life he served as a minister of the gospel, and was for many years presiding elder of the Methodist Church in Arkansas and Louisiana.

He moved to this city in the early part of last year from Louisiana, buying an interest in the firm of Hunt and Rankin, which he maintained at his death.

For several months Bro. Moore had been under treatment of doctors for heart disease, but with his advanced age and general run down constitution all

treatment that could be given him could not save his life.

The remains of Rev. Moore were interred in the Murfreesboro cemetery Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock.

In the death of Rev. Moore, Murfreesboro loses one of its most respected and best citizens and he will be sadly missed

Deceased leaves a wife and seven children to mourn his death, to wit: Mrs. J. R. Moore, Murfreesboro; Mrs. John Sholars, Rayne, La.; Mrs. L. D. Smith, Stephens, Ark.; Mrs. L. Williams, Mrs J. H. Kleinpeter, Pine Bluff, Ark.; Mrs. T. A. Massengale, Mew Orleans, La.; Messrs, W. H Moore, Lake Providence, La. and B. W. Moore of Murfreesboro.

This is the obituary that was in the WESTERN METHODIST of August 20, 1914.

Rev. J. R. Moore departed this life April 14, 1914. He was born in Chambers County, Alabama, and reared in South Carolina. He joined the army in his fifteenth year, sometime during the third year of the Civil War. After the close of the war he attended Waford College in South Carolina. He moved t Arkansas in 1869, landed at DeVall's Bluff and taught school at various places in Lonoke County. On February 6th, 1873 he was married to Miss Mary Elizabeth Hammond, to which union was born ten children, three of whom died in infancy.

He leaves a wife, five girls, two boys and a sister to mourn his departure. He was converted and joined the M. E. Church, South, in 1874. He was licensed to preach and admitted on trial in the Little Rock Conference in 1877 and served in this Conference until 1900, when he was transferred to the Louisiana Conference. Bro. Moore served as secretary of the little Rock Conference fourteen years, having been elected in ten minutes after he was admitted into full convention. He was for a while president of the Board of Trustees of Hendrix College, and to the Board of Trustees of Arkadelphia Methodist College (now Henderson Brown.)

That college owes a great deal to J. R. Moore for what it is.

He was president of the Board of Trustees of Mansfield College, La. he was three times elected and represented the Little Rock Conference in the General Conference. He was among the great preachers of Southern Methodism. He moved to Murfreesboro March 11, 1913. He had been a sufferer of heart trouble for fifteen years and toward the end suffered severely, but never

complained. Just a day or two before the end he called for his Bible, turned to 2nd Timothy, 1:12 and said: That has been my stay all these years. Even in his delirious moments he was reading the Bible and preaching.

On Easter Sunday night as I sat by his bedside, suffering as he was he prayed one of the greatest prayers I ever heard. He prayed for the church he loved; for all the preachers, for all his friends and loved ones, "specially they of his own household." Sent his love to all the preachers. "Committed his Spirt to the Father and closed his prayer. He was conscious until a few hours before his Spirt took its flight to the home above. A truly great man has gone.

He was laid to rest in the Murfreesboro cemetery a 6 p. m. Wednesday, April 15, 1914, followed to his resting place by a great concourse of people who loved him and lament his going.

I have the notes of a great sermon he had prepared t preach on Easter, our God arranged otherwise.

Our Presiding Elder, W. M. Hays, F. P. Doke of Ashdown, and M. K. Irvin of Nashville were present and took part in the services.

By request the writer and Bro. J. L. Johnston conducted the services.

The same gospel he had preached so long was the consolation and stay of his soul as he went peacefully and triumphantly through the valley and shadow of death.

One of the most beautiful an triumphant deathbed scenes I ever witnessed came a day or two before the final departure. When a visitation of angels hovered near and with whom he talked until we could almost imagine we could hear them as they communed with him. After they had gone he turned and said: "They are gone now, but they have promised to come back for me soon."

They did return and accompanied him to the home of the soul.

May the blessing of the God he loved and served rest upon his family and may his God be their God.

J. R. Dickerson, Pastor.

He and Mama Moore had ten children.

1. Thomas Godfrey Moore, b. 1873, d. in infancy.

2. McKenzie Moore, b. 1875, d. in infancy.

3. Flora Moore, b. October 7, 1876, d. February 24, 1967, m. John Scholars in Monroe, Louisiana in 1903. He died January 29, 1943. They adopted two daughters.

3-1. Betty Sholars; b. March 22, 1911, m. Edward E. O'Nellion Sept. 28, 1929. He was b. Sept. 1, 1907. They had eight children.

3-2. Claudia Jean Sholars; b. December 8, 1918, d. February 16, 1977, m. C. O. Boyce June 6, 1936. They were divorced in 1939 after having one daughter.

She worked as a secretary until she had a serious illness in 1961.

4. Claudia Pegues Moore; b. December 16, 1878, d. November, 1957, m. Lewis Smith and lived in Stevens, Arkansas. They had three children. James, Gordon, and Leta.

5. Fanny Moore, b. 1880, d. in infancy.

6. Myrtle Moore, See AB2.

7. Sophia Moore; b. September 16, 1884 in Arkadelphia, Arkansas, d. December 25, 1976, m. John Hiram Kleinpeter (d. August 16, 1972) of Baton Rouge, Louisiana, on the 5th of July, 1911.

7-1. John Hiram Kleinpeter, Jr.; b. in Garyville, Louisiana, June 9, 1912, m. Maria Juanita (Nita) Hascheck, June 24, 1938.

7-2. Margaret Kleinpeter; b. in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, November 16, 1916, m. (1) Vernon Skinner on 8 August 1934. He died in 1950. They had two children, m. (2) Aaron Friedenwald, July 9, 1955. He died in 1970.

8. Jamie Moore; b. June 30, 1886, in Arkadelphia, Arkansas. m. (1) Averett Massingale of New Orleans about 1910. m. (2) Ned Hoag of Buffalo, N. Y. about 1923. Ned died May 10 1958.

8-1. Billy Massingale, d. about 1972.

9. William Hammond Moore; b. August 14, 1888, d. March 13, 1967, m. (1) Julia Brooks in 1912. She died January 1931. m. (2) Emma Lou Harrell, b. September, 1891. No children by either marriage.

10. Bernard Wilson Moore; b. January 30, 1891, d. 1976. He lived in Fort Smith, Arkansas, m. (1) Phal Dixie Bell, b. 1892, d. 1948. m. (2) Eula Freeze.

10-1. James Robert Moore, b. in Murfresboro, Arkansas on November 20, 1915, d. November 21, 1965, at Poteau, Oklahoma, his home for 17 years, m. Gail Hobbs about 1938.

10-2. George Bernard Moore, b. Memphis, Tenn. June 24th 1918; m. Elaine Camille LaFaye , September 23, 1954, in Shreveport.

Retired as Air Force Lt./Col. in 1965. He entered banking and retired from The Bank of America as a Trust Officer in 1982. He received degrees from Arkansas Tech University, Mississippi State University, and the University of Arkansas Law School.

10-3. William Hammond Moore; b. Alexandria, Louisiana, December 5, 1921, d. 1976, m. Margaret DeLois Scuh (d. 1980) about

1943. Bill was a Captain for National Air Lines and lived in Miami Springs, Florida, for 20 years.

10-4. Elinor Ruth Moore; b. St. Louis, Missouri, July 10, 1923, d. 1981, m. Joseph O. Engle, later divorced. She lived most of her life in Irving, Texas.

**AB2A2. William Woodard Moore:** b. Wadesboro, South Carolina, m. Sophia Elizabeth Pegues (AB2AB) in Camden, South Carolina on May 21, 1845. She was born in the Chesterfield District of South Carolina on April 10, 1819. She died in Timmonsville, South Carolina, October 18, 1890.

William had an academy for young ladies in Timmonsville, South Carolina. During the Civil War their house was used as a hospital by the Union Army.

His obituary reads:

> W. W. Moore was born in Anson County, No. Carolina, September 7, 1821, and died at the home of his son-in-law, A. W. Durant, Landrum, S. C., September 24, 1896.
>
> When about fourteen years old he was converted and joined the Methodist church, under the ministry of Rev. Kenneth Murchison, which was the beginning of a long and faithful Christian life, growing in grace and love to the end. He was many years a devoted Sunday school superintendent, and most of his life a faithful steward. He looked on duty as a privilege, not as a task, hence to serve his church and God was his delight.
>
> He was happily married to Miss Sophie Pegues, in Camden, South Carolina, May 21st, 1845, which marriage was blessed with four children, three daughters and one son, who is now an honored member of and presiding elder in the Little Rock Conference, Ark.
>
> Bro. Moore's life in many respects was far above the average-read Matthew v: 3-9 and you have the features of his character as seen in his life. Yes, loyal and patriotic to church and State; a good citizen, a true friend, a loving husband, a tender and devoted father; hospitable to all, and especially did he delight to welcome to his home God's ministers. Cheerful and happy he spent his days, even in old age and affliction; always ready to forgive the least or greatest wrong, and grateful of the least kindness bestowed by man, counting daily his blessings from God.

> Tenderly and lovingly did his daughter Nettie, with her husband, consider it their great privilege to care for him and receive his benedictions during his last days. We do not wonder at such a life when we know how he loved and studied his Bible, and kept in sweet and constant communion with God. Heaven's richest blessings upon the loved ones left behind! May we all live as he lived and meet him in our Father's house.
>
> D. Authur Phillips

1. Sarah Annetta Moore, b. in Macon County, Alabama on May 13, 1846, d. in Tallahassee, Florida, on October 3, 1939. m. May 17, 1892, to Mr. A. Wrightman Durant, a widower, of Landrum, S. C. by Rev. W. B. Duncan in Timmonsville, S. C. They had no children.

2. James Robert Moore, see AB2A.

3. Fannie C. Moore, b. in Macon County, Alabama, on April 5, 1852, d. unmarried, November 8, 1879, in Timmonsville, S. C.

4. Harriet Berenice Moore, b. La Place, Alabama, on October 21, 1855. She lived in Tallahassee, Florida, but died in Hawkinsville, Georgia, on July 10, 1902. She m. Isaac J. Wilson on January 30, 1877. They had nine children. Robert, Clyde, Issac, Evans, James French, Harry, Fannie, Theodora, and Nettie.

The following is from the files of George B. Moore:

The Camden, S. C., newspaper, Camden Journal in its issue of 5/28/1845 reports the marriage in Camden of "Mr. William W. Moore of George Town, S. C. to Miss Sophia E. Pegues of this place." (Publisher of that paper since 1831 was Thomas W. Pegues, brother of Sophia Pegues.)

The 1850 U. S. Census of Macon County, Ala., 10/26/1850, p. 231.

| | Age | | Value of Real Estate | Where born |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| W. W. Moore | 28 | Farmer | $1800 | North Carolina |
| Sophia E. | 28 | | | South Carolina |
| Sarah A. | 4 | | | Alabama |
| James R. | 2 | | | Alabama |

William W. Moore is shown as owner of two groups of slaves listed some pages apart in the census.

(1) Group of 5 Adult Males, 4 Children Aged 8-12.
(2) Group of 21, all ages, but 17 were under 40.

The 1860 U. S. Census of Darlington District South Carolina p. 108 8/2/1860

| Name | Age | Occupation | Value of Real | Value of Personal | Born |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| William W. Moore | 38 | Schoolmaster | $4140 | | N. C. |
| Sophia E. | 38 | | | | S. C. |
| Sarah A. | 14 | | | | " |
| Jas R. | 11 | | | | " |
| Mary F. | 7 | | | | " |
| H. R. | 4 | | | | " |

The ditto marks under "place of birth" were by the census-taker and were in error. All the children were born in Alabama.

The census shows W. W. owning two separate groups of slaves:

One group of four consisted of females ages 60, 22, 17, and a 7 year old boy.

The other group of five, consisted of females ages 25, 14, 10, and 5 with a 6 year old boy.

The Moores do not appear in the 1879 census of Darlington or Macon.

The 1880 U. S. Census of Darlinton County, South Carolina, p. 357.

| Name | Age | Occupation | Born | Parents Born Father | Parents Born Mother |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Moore, William W. | 58 | Census Agent & Farmer | N. C. | Virginia | Virginia |
| Sophia E. | 59 | Wife | S. C. | S. C. | S. C. |
| Nellie | 30 | Teacher | Ala | N. C. | S. C. |

Nellie's (Harriet Berenice) age appears to be in error: She was born in 1855 according to family records-- 1856 per the 1860 census.

There exists this much of a chronology of William W. Moore:

Born in 1821 in Anson County, North Carolina, of parents born in Virginia.

Joined Methodist Church in Wadesboro, in 1835.

May 1845: Single in Georgetown, S. C. (Could he be teaching there?)

May 1845: Married in Camden, S. C.

1846 through 1855 farming in Macon County, Alabama.

Prior to 1860 until death, schoolmaster and farmer in Timmonsville, South Carolina, except for a one year period of the Civil War when he served as a lieutenant in the Confederate Army.

The South Carolina Department of Archives and History has a record showing that William W. Moore was a Lieutenant of Company H, 21st South Carolina Infantry. He enlisted at the Darlington District of South Carolina on January 20, 1882 at age forty and resigned on May 1, 1862.

William W. Moore, in 1850, at age 28 is the listed owner of 26 slaves, at a time then the market value of slaves was $3,000 to $6,000 each. It is a mystery how he accumulated this financial status in such a short time.

In speculating about William W. Moore, it is appropriate to consider his wife's family, especially Sophia's mother, Sarah Elizabeth Pegues.

Sarah was born in 1786, daughter of Thomas Godfrey and Nancy Hicks Godfrey. She grew up in the near vicinity of Society Hill, Darlington Country, S. C. In approximately 1807/8 (1st child born 10/2/1808) she married her cousin, James Hicks Pegues, of Chesterfield County, S. C., and thereafter they lived in Chesterfield County. James was moderately successful financially, he had slave holdings of 11 in 1810, and 9 in 1820. His mother owned 64 slaves in 1820. Their children were:

Thomas W. Pegues, 1808 - 1878, Publisher of Camden Journal from 1829 to 1837 and from 1840 to 1878, he spent from 1837 to1840 in Macon County, Alabama.

Enoch J. Pegues

Richard H. Pegues, 1812-1847, d. in Macon County.

Mary S. Pegues, b. 1819

Sarah Ann Pegues, b. 1820, m. Dr. Miles Osborne of Anson County, North Carolina, in Macon County in 1839.

Sophia E. Pegues, b. 1821, m. William W. Moore.

Harriet G. Pegues, b. ca 1828

James Hicks Pegues died between 1825 and 1830. At some time in the 1830's Sarah moved to Macon County, Alabama, and set up farming.

In The Ellerbe Family History by Dr. W. Ellerbe, Gateway Press, 1986 it is stated that "Sarah 'Sally' Hicks, wife of William Peques died in Alabama in 1840." If this is correct, she was probably living with

Sarah Pegues, which would help explain how Sarah got the funds to start a large-scale farming operation in Macon County.

Macon County was Indian country. No white settlement allowed to 1832. Son Thomas lived in Macon County from 1837 to 1840. Her move must have been between 1832 and 1839. You wonder at the circumstances under which a widowed lady would move her fourdaughters to the frontier and begin farming. There is in eastern Macon Country a village named Society Hill which the Alabama Historical Society believes was named for the town in South Carolina. It seems possible that Sarah may have named her plantation Society Hill.

Sarah Pegues died 9/16/1842. Her will, dated 8/22/1842 makes cash gifts of $50 to each of her three sons and makes no further provision for them. She gave her married daughter, Sarah Ann Osburn, a slave boy, "George". To each of her three unmarried daughters, Harriet, Mary, and Sophia she gave a slave girl and a heifer yearling. She directed her executors to sell "All of my lands, slaves and cattle." She directed that proceeds of sale be used to purchase a "Suitable tract of land for the exclusive use of her daughters." (Presumably her executors were selling a plantation and buying a house in town for her daughters.)

She directed that this property and whatever other assets were on hand be distributed equally among her three unmarried daughters when Harriet arrived at age 18.

How did Sophia Peques and William W. Moore get together? She grew up in Macon County, Alabama, and he was living in Georgetown, S. C. when they married in May, 1845. William was born in Anson County, N. C. Sophia's grandmother, Nancy H. Godfrey, lived in Union County, N. C., which spun off of Anson County. Sophia's brother, Thomas, was established in Camden, S. C. Sophia had relatives in Chesterfield Country.William and Sophia were married, May 21, 1845; Their first child, Sarah Annette, was born May 13, 1846, in Macon County. William and Sophia must have gone almost directly from Camden to Macon County.

It seems a real possibility that their affairs unfolded as they did because William was from Macon County too. Their marriage in Camden was a convenience because William was working in Georgetown. They went back home to Alabama.

There is no evidence for that thought, there is only speculation.

The U. S. 1840 census of Macon County, Alabama, list on p. 27:

W. W. Moore (Not our William Woodard)

1 male 15-20 years
2 males 20-30 years
1 male 50-60 years
1 female 15-20 Years
1 female 30-40 years
25 Slaves.

None of this household appears in the 1850 census of Macon County and I can't find them anywhere in Alabama, Miss., S. C., or N. C.

## Letters of

## Bernard W. Moore
## Brother of Myrtle Moore Williams

This is a letter to Paul Hammond, Grandson of John Grady Hammond and Pernaty Francis Harris.

Fort Smith, Arkansas

May 14, 1971

Dear Paul,

Some time back when Bill, his wife and son, Billy were here, we talked about our family background. There were many interesting events in those old days that I had learned after talking with Mama and some of the older members of the family that Billy was interested in. He asked me to write a record of those things so he would have some knowledge of his family history, not so much about the kind of people he sprang from, but the little personal things that occur in the history of people in their daily lives. None of them would be included in the family tree, but they did have a marked and unmistakable evidence of the sort of people we came from. I am attaching as copy of the letter I wrote him. I have no idea as to whether it is all true but, to the best of my knowledge and what I have heard over the years, it is.

When Bob Moore, Jim's son, heard about it he wanted a copy so I wrote him one, then George; my son, wanted a copy and later Ruth, my daughter wanted one. I wrote Dee, Bill's wife and asked her to send copies to all those interested. She made enough for me to send one to all my grandchildren.

I knew that Jamie was visiting Sophia in Baltimore so I wrote them a long letter and attached a copy of the letter I had written Billy and asked them to add anything they knew so it could be added to what I knew. Today I received a letter from Jamie and this is what she had to say:

"Papa's mother was named Sophia Pegues. He family were French Huguenots, and she was a direct descendant of the the famous Godfrey family of France.

Mama often talked about Julius Harris, Joe Harris, Sis and Nancy Harris and George Harris (Mama's Uncle) who married Narcisse an orphan girl reared by Grandma. They live in Argenta (now North Little Rock). (*)

Grandpa Hammond had a brother, Alex, who lived in Palestine, Texas. Sophia thinks that Sis and Nancy were Grandma's sisters.

Grandma also talked about "Puss" but don't know who she was. "Later she added, "I'm sure Paul Hammond at Gilbert, Louisiana could give you a lot more information." And that, Paul, is what I wish you would do. Just sit down and write everything you can think of, and know, about the Hammond family so it can be added to what I have written. When I get all the information about our family then it will be possible to write a fairly accurate history, and you will get a copy.

Some of the things of interest would be where, and when if possible, Uncles Jesse, Henry and John were born and as much of their boyhood as you have knowledge. Also Aunts Nettie and Nora. I do not know either Grandpa of Grandma Hammond's given names. There is so much, Paul that needs to be filled in and time is running short. Sophia, Jamie and I are all that is left of our side of the family and I will be 80 next January, so you can see how little is left.

I am not certain when was the last time I have seen you, whether at Jim's funeral or Barbara's wedding, but either would have been a long time ago.

My kids are so scattered. After 26 years in the Air Force, George retired as a Lt. Col. He was rated a minuteman missile expert and trained possibly 30% of the men operating them today, received the Distinguished Service Medal. He lacked one semester graduating from the University of

Arkansas in law (on the Dean's list) and at present is Assistant Trust Officer in the Bank of America at Riverside, California, but would like to come back to Arkansas.

Bill has been a pilot for National Air Lines for 20 years (he has over 25,000 hours flying time) and has enough seniority to where he can select the flights he likes best. At present he is flying the big DC-8's. Makes some flights to the West Coast, but, for the most part makes what they call turn-around trips: leaves Miami at 9 AM flies to N. Y. or Washington and back home at 3 PM.

Ruth was here for a short visit with Gail about three weeks ago. As you probably know, she and Joe have been divorced for some time.

Mary Ann was 17 in January and little Joe is 2 years younger. Both are brilliant students. On the honor roll and all that stuff, and Ruth seems to devote much of her time to their activities, which are many. We see Gail and her kids fairly often. They are all considerate and a fine bunch.

It looks as if Jamie's operation for a breast cancer was just a whistle stop. Evidently she has completely recovered with no bad after effects and is on the go again. She is one amazing woman.

As one of my doctors told me after a complete check-up, they will probably have to knock her in the head when Judgment Day comes.

Let me hear from you.

Fondly,

B. W. Moore
3915 South "N" Street
Ft. Smith, Arkansas 72901

(*) (I never told Bernard because I did not think it would make any difference, but the Harris Family referred to were really Hammonds. "Uncle George" was George Dickerson Hammond, brother of John Grady Hammond.) Paul Hammond, Gilbert, Louisiana.

Following is the famous "Letter to Billy:"*

Dear Billy, Thursday, February 13, 1969

So far I haven't heard from you after sending what I could find about Eula's kin, but expect to some day. I have had a few occasions to look into the family history of people and find that they always

refer to the ones who have done well, never to the horse thieves or cattle rustlers who were hung or shot. I have found this to be the case in what little I know of both sides of my family,m and yours, for that matter. But it is interesting to learn something of what they did and where they came from. As the youngest of ten children it was my good fortune to be closely associated with my parents when they were well up in years.

Old people, as you are learning from me, talk more about the past that the present, and from them I learned may interesting things about their parents and families or fore fathers, that would never be included in a family tree. I thought you might be interested in some of the things that they told me.

One of my mother's nieces had a record of the Hammond family, which I saw and was to get a copy of but never did and there is no chance to get it now. I do remember that the history of the Hammond family extends back in English history several centuries. One is listed among the first settlers at Plymouth Rock and another as an officer under Washington in the Revolutionary War.

William Penn was connected with the Hammond family. Just how I don't remember, probably by marriage. Anyway he is in the family tree. My knowledge of the family is what Mama has told me in her many talks about it. Grandpa was a fairly prosperous farmer and Mama was born on his farm in 1853 near Selma, Alabama. When the Civil Wars started he, like so many others, mortgaged his farm to buy Confederate Bonds and then went in the army. He was wounded in the arm and captured fairly early in the war and sent to the infamous Elmyra, New York prison and was there when the war ended. The hospital was badly over-crowded and the prisoners were treated more like animals than humans. Grandpa's arm had become badly infected and they decided to cut it off, as that would be the least trouble, but among the prisoners was a young doctor and he finally persuaded them to let him try to cure it, which he did.

In the mean time, Grandma was having a pretty tough time trying to provide for her little family, I am not sure, but believe there were two younger boys. However, those of the neighbors who could, gave her as much help as possible. Finally all of the stock, both horses and cattle, were taken for the army and she was left with on old mule. They did have a good wagon which Grandma hid out in a brier patch and it was not taken.

All over the South they had organizations called the Home Guards, but they were a sorry lot and stole

and plundered from everyone they could. Mama always referred to them as the Black Guards and despised them. Once when they were coming through the country, Grandma took Mama out and put her in the wagon with plenty of cover and kept her there for three days until the Home Guard had left the country. I have heard her tell many times what a terrifying experience it was to her out there by herself at night. Grandma was afraid of what might happen to her buxom, pretty young girl.

When Grandpa was released from prison at the end of the war he had not seen a razor or shears since he wad been there and his body was covered with lice. They gave him a very little money, some old clothes and told him to get home the best way he could.

His trip back was one nightmare after another. It was soon evident that what little money he had would not provide food very long and he found no sympathy from the northern people. To them he was a Southern Rebel and an enemy although the war was over. Not until he reached Tennessee did he find any help. Some were willing to give him food, but because of his long hair and ragged clothes, none were willing to bring him into their homes.

(As we look back over the history of this country and the wars won, we find that the United States has been magnanimous toward every foe it has defeated except the South which it still wishes to crush. Look at them: Spain was defeated to secure the independence of Cuba, Mexico was defeated so that a large number of people could live in peace. In world war II, Germany and Japan posed the greatest threat to a free world. Both were soundly defeated, yet today, thanks to the help of the United States, Japan and West Germany are prosperous countries and we feel no animosity towards them, but the South continues, after a hundred years, to be the enemy.)

When Grandpa got within two miles of his home he stopped at a small creek and sent word to Grandma where he was and to bring some shears, a razor, plenty of soap and a can of coal oil along with such clothes as she had for him. She didn't recognize him at first and only after he talked to her did, or was, certain who he was. Because he was so filthy and covered with vermin he would not let her come near him.

He cut his long hair from his head as best he could and then shaved his beard and all other hair on his body he would reach to get rid of the vermin. Then he soaked his head and rubbed his body with the coal oil to likk the lice, then bathed for a long time in the creek with the soap she had brought. It

was only then that he was willing for her to come to him. (I never learned just how he got the money to make the trip to Arkansas. He had mortgaged his property to buy Confederate Bonds, but somehow he did.) He did raise a crop in Alabama and the following year started to Arkansas with his family and meager belongings in a covered wagon. Mama was 13 years old when they started.

On their way west they met a Mr. Hartje and his family and the two families traveled together as both were going to Arkansas. The Hartjes had a daughter, Sally, 4 or 5 years younger than Mama but the two girls became close friends and were as long as they lived.

When they got near the Mississippi River they learned that it was in full flood and 40 miles wide. There were no levees, and it would be late summer or fall before they could cross so they stopped near Holly Springs, Mississippi, which is near Memphis, and made a crop that year. Then in the fall they crossed the Mississippi River near Memphis and came on West. Grandpa decided to settle near Hazen, Arkansas. I don't know what happened to their original property or why they left it. I do know that Grandma lived for many years after Grandpa passed away and when I was a very little boy she lived with us and my memory of her is very clear.

I do remember that she always took my side when I was about to get a licking and saved my hide many times. Mama lived with us quite a bit while we lived in Russellville and I always went to Little Rock with her on Saturdays. I frequently took her to Conway to spend the day with Mrs. Hartje and she always came home full of their childhood days and it was then I learned so much of her family.

My knowledge of the Moore family does not go back very far. Most of it I learned from Mama. Papa, except on a few occasions, talked to me very much about it, or never did (sic). His father was, living with us at Pine Bluff when I was born but I don't remember him. But from him, Mama and the older girls learned much about Papa's boyhood life. A niece, who was very wealthy and lived in Tallahassee, did get a history of the Moore family but I have never seen a copy of it. (*)

I did learn that one grandmother, how far back I don't know, was of the French Aristocracy (sic) and when her family came to America was disinherited because she married beneath her family. Her husband didn't turn out too bad as he later became Governor of North Carolina. The niece had a jeweled snuff box and bracelet which had belonged to her. In those years it was very fashionable for young ladies to use snuff. Early in

her married life Mama used it but after Papa joined the ministry she gave it up. Altho (sic) Papa chewed tobacco as long as he lived, but he thought I was extremely foolish to smoke cigarettes.

I have always been sorry that I never learned about Papa's family beyond his own father. Grandpa was considered wealthy as he had large land acreage, a big two story southern home and slaves near, I think, Sumter, S. C. Papa, the oldest child and only boy, was born in Alabama. His mother went there to be with some of her folks for the occasion, and returned to South Carolina home as soon as she was able to travel. She was a frail little woman and did not have enough milk to feed Papa. Fortunately one of the house slaves gave birth to a boy the same day Papa was born. His name was Sam. She nursed both Papa and her own son. The two boys grew up together and their feeling, regardless of the differences in color, towards each other was like brothers and (Papa) kept in touch until "Uncle Sam" as we knew him died. I do know that they corresponded and Uncle Sam at times sent Papa money as he knew preachers didn't make much money. Uncle Sam prospered and became fairly well to do and before he died bought part of the plantation that Grandpa had owned, and where he was born.

When the Civil War began Grandpa mortgaged his property and bought Confederate Bonds and money. He once told Mama he had a trunk full of it but it was lost when Sherman's Army burned the home.

Grandpa joined the Confederate Army and I have no knowledge of his army career. Papa was a student at Wofford College and went there for two years. (It still is an active school. Within the last year or so I saw where Wofford College had scored high in a basketball tournament. Myrtle went to see it during some trip and sent me a picture of the only building at the time Papa was a student there.)

Papa quit school and joined the army. He was 15 at the time but told them he was 17, and being a tall boy was accepted. He was a courier for General Joseph E. Johnson. Once he was shot in the leg, his horse killed and he was captured. He was weak from loss of blood but the man taking him back of the lines made him run and kept sticking him with his bayonet. When they reached a small branch, Papa asked him to let him have a drink of water out of the creek which he did. After papa had drank the man put his gun besides the tree and got down to drink. When he did, Papa got the his gun and shot him and finally worked his way back to his own company. He was on a mission when he was told that General

Johnson had surrendered his army and the next day learned that General Lee had surrendered at Appamattax (sic) and the war was over. He kept riding west and, as he said, "Never did surrender." He came to Arkansas and stopped near where Mama's family were settled. He lived with a Mr. Johnson. He worked on the farm, split rails to build fences with and later worked in his store. They sold whiskey. It came in 50 gallon barrels and the customer bought his own gallon jug to be filled from the barrel. Papa once told me that on some days he filled so many jugs that the fumes made him half drunk.. There were two colored men on the place that Papa often hunted coons and possums with at night. The hounds would tree the game and if it was a small tree they would cut it down and let the dogs kill the coon or possum, but they always brought it home as that was a big part of their meat for the table. One night the dogs treed something in a big tree. They carried pine knots for a light so they shined the animals eyes and papa shot him with an old muzzle loading shot gun. By the time the thing hit the ground there was not a man or dog in sight. It was too big. Later Papa went back, alone, to see what it was and said it was the biggest panther he ever saw.

During the summer of 1910, I went to Hazen and ran the soda fountain for two of Mama's brothers. One of them, Uncle John Hammond, was quite a checker player and as I remember now it seems that he spent more time playing checkers than he did looking after the drug store. But men from all over the county came to play with him. Some of them were men of Papa's age and knew him when he first came to Arkansas and they told me many things about him that they thought was funny, and he must have been some what of a rounder and was into just about everything. I remember one old man telling about a big picnic what was held in the neighborhood near where he lived. In those days a picnic was one of the major events of the life of the community and everybody came, bringing huge baskets of food so there would be plenty to eat for all. Of course, all brought their dogs along and the place was alive with them. Everything was going fine and the local boys and girls were having a great time together until a young city dude showed up. He had on a white linen suit, a wide flowering neck tie and tan button shoes. Soon all the local girls had eyes only for him and the local boys were left out in the cold.

We all know the nature of dogs. Once one finds a nice bush or post where he can heist his leg and give it a shot. Sooner or later all of the dogs at the

picnic will come by and add to its glory. Papa had noticed a little bush that had been generously favored by the dogs so he took out his pocket knife and cut it off near the ground and picked it up at the bottom. Then walking over to where the Dude was talking to some girls he casually let the bush brush against the Dude's pants. The dogs lost the bush but soon found that the favorite place was the Dude's pants and when they could find him standing still would cock up their leg and let him have a shot or two. It was just too much and he had to leave the picnic.

(This reminds me of the three colored gals who were pregnant and went to the doctor for their first examination. He looked over the first one and said, "Well you are in good shape. When are you expecting?"

"The 15th of May." she replied.

He examined the second one and she was expecting the 15th of May. He found the third one in good shape and said, "I guess you are expecting May 15th."

"Naw sir!", she said, "May 25th., I wasn't at the picnic.")

As papa was much better educated than most of them they persuaded him to take over the little school and teach.

Mama was one of his pupils, as was Joe T. Robinson, who later became U. S. Senator from Arkansas and was the vice-Presidential candidate when Al Smith ran for President. He taught for a while after he and Mama married and I had a small ledger, which was lost, where he kept his accounts, both what he received and what they spent. They were paid for the most part in produce from the farm; corn, meal, molasses, meat and other things such as fire wood. One year he had written with pleasure that he had received $157 in cash. Among the things listed which they bought was sugar, coffee, cloth, shoes and SNUFF for Mama.

After Papa joined the ministry he advanced rapidly. In those days the Presiding Elder, (We now call them District Superintendent) could license a man to become a Methodist Minister. His (Papa's) license came from Dr. Andrew Hunter, a big name in Southern Methodism. Dr. Hunter was almost elected U. S. Senator and would have been but he said we would not accept the nomination under any consideration. Among the men Papa licensed to preach was Dr. Steel, father of Dr. Marshall Steel who was for many years pastor of the big and wealthy Highland Park Methodist Church of Dallas. He is now President of Hendricks College at Conway, Arkansas. The elder Dr. Steel was an uncle of Percy

Steel, who's wife was an aunt of your dad's. At one time when the General Conference was electing a Bishop, Papa came within six votes of getting it. The big Texas delegation swung it to a Texas man.

Papa was very strict and once told me had just as soon have the Devil in the house as a deck of playing cards, and thought dancing was sinful.

He was far more strict with me than he was with Hammond and I was afraid of him until I was a grown man. If I ever got into trouble of any sort he would have been the last person in the world I would have gone to, and that is the wrong way for a boy to feel towards his dad. Somehow, I always felt that any of my boys would come to me if they needed help. I feel certain that you and Bill are pretty close. There is no man in the entire would who is more interested in you than he is.

Well, Billy, there you have it. Now you know what sort of folks that you came from. I hope you can improve on it.

Lots of love,

Pappy.

(I never did tell you what happened to Grandpa's home in South Carolina. It was in the path of Sherman's "March to the Sea" and was burned after every thing of value was carried off.)

*I have called this the "'Famous' Letter to Billy" because I had heard from several different persons that there was a long letter giving the history of the Moore and Hammond family, "out there." Paul Hammond sent me a copy of the letter, and I didn't realize that I had the elusive "letter," finally, for several months.

(*) I am sure that Uncle Bernard was speaking of Cousin Fan. The information that she had was for joining the DAR. Julian, her son, sent me copies of the material that she had, and it was information going back Claudius Pegues, Sr. b. 1719 (AB2ABA3.).

Following is additional information that I have received from George B. Moore. His address is 1280 Echo Trail, Watkinsville, Georgia 30677:

## Moore

William W. Moore was born September 7, 1821 in Anson County, North Carolina. (Obituary) Presumptively his parents were in that county for some period prior, and should appear in the 1820 census.

At about fourteen, he was converted to the Methodist Church by the Rev. Kenneth Murchison.(Obituary) This would have been 1834/35. Rev. Kenneth Murchison was stationed in Wadesborough, Anson County, retired at the end of 1835. (Archives, United Methodist Church) There is a presumption that one or both parents lived in Anson County in 1830, and should appear on the census rolls of 1830. William W. Moore states (1880 census, Darlington County, S. C.) that he was born in North Carolina, and that his father and mother each were born in Virginia.

The 1820 Anson County census lists the following Moores:

James, Sr.
James, Jr.
James (of Thompson Creek)
John L.
William
Moses
Dickerson
Reddick
Spear

The 1830 census of Anson County lists the following:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James #1 | William D. | Moses |
| James #2 | Reddick | Tabitha |
| Robert R. | Spear | Dickerson |
| Enoch D. | John D. | Shadrac |
| | | Lucy |

The only Moores appearing on both the 1820 and 1830 census rolls are:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| James | Moses | Reddick |
| James | Dickerson | Spear |
| | | Lucy (?) |

Of these:

Moses is in the 1850 census, is age 70 then, and was born in North Carolina.

Reddick, in the 1830 census, has a household consisting of 60-70 year old husband and wife, and a 10-15 year old female.

Spear, in the 1830 census, has tow sons under ten, his wife is under 30, all too young.

Dickerson, married one of George Hammonds grand-daughters. This family is well documented. Willam W. is not a son.

The only candidates as parents of William W. would appear to be one of the James', or Lucy as widow of one of the other possible 1820 list, John L. and William.

The family structures of the various 1820 James Moores are:

James Moore, Sr.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1 Male | b | 1810-1820 |
| 1 Male | b | 1802-1810 |
| 2 Males | b | 1795-1802 |
| 1 Male | b | 1774 |
| 1 Female | b | 1805-1810 |
| 1 Female | b | 1795-1804 |
| 1 Female | b | 1774 |

From the ages, it is apparent James Moore, Sr. could not be the father (b. before 1774) nor his wife (over 47 in 1821) be the mother of William W.

James Moore, Jr.

(When someone is listed as Jr., there must be a Sr., in the family and it seems likely that James, Jr., would be the son of the James, Sr., listed above.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 5 Males | b | 1810-1820 |
| 1 Male | b | 1776-1794 |
| 1 Female | b | 1810-1820 |
| 1 Female | b | 1776-1794 |

With six children born 1810-1820, a marriage ca: 1809 seems likely, with parents born ca: 1785-1790.

James, of Thompson Creek:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 3 Males | b | 1810-1820 |
| 1 Male | b | 1776-1794 |

The James (#1) in the 1830 census

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 3 Males | b | 1825 |
| 1 Male | b | 1820-1825 |

| | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 Female | b | 1810-1820 | 2 Male | b | 1800-1810 |
| 3 Female | b | 1805-1810 | 1 Female | b | 1800-1810 |
| 1 Female | b | 1776-1794 | | | |

The James #1 family is not one of those listed in 1820

The James (#2) in the 1930 census:

| | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | Males | b 1825-1830 | 4 Males | b 1810-1815 | 2 Females | b 1820-1825 |
| 1 | Male | b 1820-1825 | 1 Male | b 1790-1800 | 1 Female | b 1815-1820 |
| 1 | Male | b 1815-1820 | 1 Female | b 1825-1830 | 1 Female | b 1790-1800 |

This family could be that of James, Jr. of the 1830 census but not that of James of Thompson Creek.

Lucy Moore as a candidate (1830) as widow of 1820 John D. Moore of Willam Moore.

Family compositions

| 1830 Lucy | | 1820 John D. | | 1820 William | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 Male | 1820-1825 | 4 Males | 1810-1820 | 2 Males | 1810-1820 |
| 1 Male | 1815-1820 | 1 Male | 1795-1802 | 2 Males | 1805-1810 |
| 2 Male | 1810-1815 | 1 Female | 1810-1820 | 1 Male | 1776-1794 |
| 2 Female | 1815-1820 | 2 Female | 1795-1804 | 1 Female | 1810-1820 |
| 1 Female | 1800-1810 | | | 1 Female | 1795-1804 |
| 1 Female | 1780-1790 | | | 1 Female | 1776-1794 |

It appears that Lucy could be the widow of William, but not of John.

It thus appears, solely on census data that the ancestry of William W. Moore could be either:

James Moore, Sr.
↓
James Moore, Jr.
↓
William W.

**or**

William and Lucy
↓
William W.

Lucy Moore does not appear in the 1840 census. What appears to be the family of James Moore, Jr., with the Jr., again removed, does appear. A new James, Jr., appears in 1840, of an age to be a son of the original James, Jr., (the new James, Jr., born in 1810). The

original James, Jr., does not appear in the 1850 census. The second James, Jr., does, as a 38 year old farmer with a son named Wilson and a daughter named Flora.

It is still an open question as to William W.'s ancestry. I would tend to the James, Sr., → James, Jr., line because William W. appears to have gone to college and that would probably have been more likely with a living father than a widowed mother.

# Hammond

This name, in its many variations, is often met with in ancient history long before surnames were in use, and its possible derivation and meaning may be of interest to some of those who bear it in its more modern form.

It is found written Aman, Amallnf Amon, Ammon, Haman, Hamant, Hamont, Hammon, Hammons, Hamond, Hamonde, Hnymall, Haymond, and later almost universally as Hammond, although there are still some Amans of French or Norman descent and a few Hamants, Hammons and Haymans of English and Irish origin.

It appears among the very earliest surnames found in England, where it was introduced as a family cognomen at the time of the Conquest by some officers of the invading army.

"Ammon or Hammon—A name given to Jupiter, worshiped in Libya. When Bacchus was conquering Africa, he is said to have come with his army to a spot called, from the vast quantity of sand lying around, by the name of Hammodes. Here his forces were in great danger of perishing from want of water, when a ram appeared on a sudden and guided them to a verdant spot, or oasis, in the midst of the desert. When they reached this place the ram disappeared and they found an abundant supply of water. Bacchus therefore, out of gratitude, erected on the spot a temple to Jupiter giving him at the same time the surname Ammon, or Hammon, from the Greek sand in allusion to the circumstances connected with his appearance, and the statue of the deity had the head and horns of a ram. The oasis is the Oasis of Ammon, and the fountain is the famous Fons Solis.

The temple of Ammon, like that of Delphi, was famous for Its treasures, the varied offerings of the pious. Plutarch says that the name of Ammon is the Egyptian name for Jupiter. This god was particularly worshipped at Thebes, called in the sacred books Hammono, "the possession of Hammon," and in the Septuagint (Ezek. C. 21), the City of Ammon. Jablonski derive~ the word Ammon from Am-oein—shining. According, however, to Champollion the younger, the term in question (Amon), denoted in the Egyptian language "secret, concealed," or "he who reveals his secret powers." The Greek etymology of the name Ammon is fanciful and visionary, and only affords another proof of the constant habit in which that nation indulged, of referring so many things to themselves with which they had not, in truth, the s1ightest connection.

Many other significations are found for the name in ancient history: Amon—faithful, true; Haman—noise, turmoil. Hamon Gog the multitude of Gog, &c.

At a later date we find the Roman General, who was among the invaders of Britain and from whom the Port of Southampton derives its name. His feat of valor adds no particular lustre to the name, however.

In the settlement of the estate of Thomas Button, Bishop of Eseter, in the year 1310, is mentioned a lot of "loculiponchi and Hamondes," six in number, which were sold. The word is used here in its Saxon, meaning " something which protects and keeps safe."

The name Hammond as a family name appears in England from the date of the Conquest (1066). It is found with a large variation of spellings often exhibiting three or more different forms in the same document. The name appears to have been generally spelled Hamond or Hamonde prior to 1700, but is often found written Hamon, Hamont or Hamant in the text of a document, when the signature is Hamond or Hamonde. The same individual does not seem to have always spelled his name in the same fashion, and it is not until some years after the emigration to America that we find anything like uniformity of spelling, even in the same family. After the emigration the large majority of the families of the name adopted the uniform spelling of Hammond, but there are a few who still adhere to the names Hamant, Hamond and Hammon.

"Hammond. Among the many of his own kin who accompanied the Duke of Normandy on his invasion of England were two brothers, sons or grandsons of Hamon Dentatus: Robert Fitz-Hamon, the renouned conqueror of Glamorganshire, and Haimon, called "Dapifer," from his having received the offlce of Lord Steward for the King. The latter died issueless, and the former left four daughters only, three of whom devoted themselves to conventual lives, and the fourth, Mabel, married Robert Fitzroy, Earl of Gloucester. Hamon Dentatus appears to have had at least two other sons, Ricbard, of Granville, and Corbeil, ancestor of the Granville family, illustrious in the ranks of the peers and landed proprietors; and Creuquer, as he is styled in the Battle Abbey Roll, who inherited the Barony of Chatham from Robert Fitz-Hamon and many of the Kentish estates of Hamon Dapifer. Creuquer, or Crevecoeur, had his manors erected into a lord-ship, called by way of distinction, "Baronia-de-Creviquer," and from Chatham being its head, bis descendants generally wrote themselves "Domini de Cetham." We find these honors in the reign of Richard I. in possession of Haimon de Crevequer, who died in 1203, leaving Robert Haimon his heir.

Haimon joined the confederacy of the Barons under Simon de Montfort against Henry III, and was among those who in consequonce lost their estates. From him lineally descended Ralph Heyman, or Hayman, of Sellinge, County Kent, ancestor of the Heymans of Somerfield, extinct Baronets, and Roger Hayman, who, to avoid religious persecution in Queen Mary's reign, fled into Devonshire, where he established a line represented now both in Somersetshire and in Ireland.

The present chief of the Irish portion of the family is Matthew Hayman, Esq., of South Abbey, Goughal, a magistrate of Cork."

"Grenville, Richard, surnamed de Grenville, from one of his lordships, Was a younger brother of the renowned conqueror of Glamorgansllire, Robert Fitz-Hamon, and derived in direct descent from Rollo the Dane.

"Accompanying his royal kinsmen to England, he fought at Hastiogs and participated in the spoils of victory. He inherited also the Norman honors of his house, and was Earl of Corbeil and Baron of Thorigny and Granville."

In the annals of the Conquest no name is more frequently met with than Hamon. The sons of the renowned Norman, Lord, Hamon Dentatus, wbo rebelled against William and overthrew King Henry at Vales-dunes. It may not be out of place to quote briefly from some of the accounts of

this, our illustrious Norman ancestor. "In the same company was Hamon, Lord of Thorigny, Lord, too, of the Steep of Crenilly, where a vast fabric of later times has displaced his ancient 'donjon,' and where the adjoining church bears witness to the splendors and bounty of the generation immediately following his own. Some personal peculiarity entitled him to bear, in the language of our Latin chroniclers, one of the most glorious cognomenia of old Rome, and Hamon *Dentatus* became the forefather of men famous in British as well as in Norman history. One royal chronicler in his zeal, speaks of the rehel by the strange name of Antichrist; but as in the case of Thurstanof Falaise, the stain was wiped out in the next generation. His son, Robert Fitz-Hamon, was destined to set the seal to the work of Offa and of Harold, to press down the yoke forever upon the Southern Cymry, and to surround his princely fortress of Cardiff with the lowlier castle of his twelve homagers of the land of Morgannog."

'The expression is very strange, but it is so taken by M. Le Comte and I see not what else it can mean.

Many pages of Freeman's History of the Norman Conquest are dlevoted to the exploits of Hamon.

Robert Fitz-Hamon seems to have taken a very active part in proclaimiug William King, and the large estates given him were but a fitting reward from his sovereign. In describing the battle which decided the conquest Freeman says, "William now sprang on his horse's back, and now ready for battle, he paused for a moment at the head of his host. His gallant equipment and bearing called forth the admiration of all around him, and a spokesman for their thoughts was found in Hamon, the Viscount of the distant Thowars. He spoke, no doubt, the words of all when he said that never had such a knight been seen under heaven, and that the noble Count oul(l become a noble King"

[n speaking of the Council which proclaimed William King, he says: "The military council was strongly in favor of William's acceptance of the crown, but the decisive answer was given, not by any of William's native subjects, but by one of the most eminent of the foreign volunteers, Hamon, Viscount of Thowars, a man, we are toid, as ready of speech as he was valient in fight, had on the height of Telham, been the first to hail the Duke as a future King."

Green's Conquest of England also devotes much space to the Hamons. Katherine S. Macquoid, in her "Through Nornmandy," p. 407, describes the ancient fortress or castle of Hamon in Creully, which is still in existence. She also givesa very entertaining account of the early Lord and his sons.

The name is also found in the far north. In the "Story of the Volsungs," edited by H. H. Sparling, which is translated from the Icelandic, is mentioned in the mythology of the north; "Hamund," son of Sigmund, son of Volsung, son of Resis, son of Sigi, son of Odin or Wodin.

## Hammonds in England

The tracing of early family history and geneology in England is attended, with many serious difficulties, owing chiefly to the vandalism of our Puritan ancestors, who in their misguided zeal for the cause of Protestantism destroyed churches, burned records, and sent whole ship

loads of valuable papers and documents to the Netherlands to be used in paper making. The few remnants which escaped their fury are mostly collected in the British Museum, and while the amount deposited there seems large to the casual observer, it is but a tithe of what existed throughout England prior to the time of Queen Elizabeth. It is when the family historian and geneologist attempts to follow the line of his ancestry back beyond this period that he begins to realize the great dearth of records, unless his ancestors have been numbered among the nobility, when some records of them may be found in the Herald's College. Even if such be the case, he may still find great difficulty in making all of the connections, and finally be obliged to give up the attempt, or frame a record from patchwork, supported by small items of circumstantial evidence, and such records of wills, administrations and court records as may be found. The oldest parish registers, with few exceptions, now in existence, do not date back beyond the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and but few of the records to be found in any of the parishes or manors of England are of an earlier date. Comparatively little worthy of attention prior to this time is found outside of the British Museum. With this situation confronting the would-be family bistorian and geneologist, he must needs gather from the fragments such stray items as he can find, and arrange them in as orderly a manner as possible for those who shall come after him. But a disconnected and fragmentary record of the Hammonds can be found from the time of the Conquest down to the time of Henry VIII. There were a few notables in the family who have left some trace behind them, but it would be the work of an ordinary lifetime to collect and arrange the little that remains.

The earliest known seat of the family seems to have been in the County of Norfolk, and from ther.e they seem to have spread over Suffolk, Essex, Yorkshire and other counties. Hanmon de Cleme was lord of a manor in Norfolk, which was invaded by a band of men, who seized the corn and threshed it, and cut down timber and carried it away in the year 1270.

The earliest record of the name of Hammond which is known to exist in Suffolk is the following indenture given on p. 296 of the History of Long Melford, by the late Sir Wm. Parker, Bart.

'"We, Alexander le Turner, of Melford, and Johane, his wife, have granted to Adam Grencleve all rights and possession of half an acre of arable (land) in Melford, lying between the. land of John Cole and Adam Scoyle, one head abutting on land of John de Melford, and the other on the "way" leading to the house of John Hog, and the aforesaid half acre of arable lies between pasture formerly of John Fairhead and the land of the Rector of Melford."

The witnesges are "John Peytenyh, John Neel and Richard Hamond."

" Given at Melford the Sunday next before the feast of St. Dennys."

For the next three centuries the Hammonds continued to increase and spread all over this section of Suffolkshire, until there were many hundreds of the name living within a radius of ten miles around Melford.

Thomas Hammond was Lord of the Manor of Cresseners, County Suffolk, from 1661 to 1586. His wife was Aune, daughter of John Cawston, Esq., of Hawkedon. (In his will Feb. 8, 1660, he spells the nalne Caustone.) He died in 1686, and was succeeded by his son, Thomas Hammond.

He was the Thomas Hamonde who was witness to the will of Christopher Browne, of Hawkedon, in 1668. (Bonds Hist. Watertown, p. x. 120.)

John Hammond, of Ubbeston, County Suffolk, was Lord of the Manors of Nevills in Ellingham, and of Dunston, County Norfolk, and also owner of the manors of Ubbeston and Walpole, County Suffolk, from 1541 to 1588. He was succeeded by his son, John Hammond.

John Hammond, L. L. D., of Bury St. Edmunds, died in 15s0. His wife was Agnes Nowell, sister of Alexander Nowell, Dean of St. Paul's. His widow married Arthur Jenney, Esq., and his eldest son and heir married Ursula Jenney, daughter of Arthur Jenney, Esq., by his first ~wife. This son, William Hammond, "died a soldier beyond the seas in 1622."

Thomas Hammond, L. L. D., of Bury St. Edmunds, brother of Dr. John Hammond, married Anne Ward, daughter of Edward Ward, Esq., of Mendham, County Suffolk. He was under collector of tithes and subsidies. He died March 11, 1599, leaving an only son, Thomas Hammond, aged 7 years at the time of his father's death. This son entered Cambridge University, but seems to have left without taking a degree. He is mentioned as Esquire in his grandfather Ward's will in 1632. From his uncle, Sir William Ward, are decended the Wards, Earls Dudley. Another brother of Dr. Johu Elnmlnond's was Henry Hammond, a wealthy clothier of Bury St. Edmunds. Still another brother was Edward Hammond, of All Hallows on the Wall, London, who with his brother Thomas purchased St. Paul's Hospital, Canterbury, in 1597. lle died in London in 1630. Still anothcr brotller was Matthew Hammond, the ancestor of the Hammouds of ~Ufford, County Suffolk. Thomas Hamrnond, of Wetherden, County Suffolk, who died in 1601, had two daughters, Diana, who marricd John Deynes, Esq., chief constable of Coddehnlll, Gounty Suffolk, and Susanna, who married John Winterhood, Esq., of Alveley Hull, Assington, County Suffolk. His only son, Thomas Hammond, died unmarried.

The Hammonds of Lawshall were nearly all agriculturis, some of them, however, quite wealthy for the period in which they lived. Some appear to have beeu landed gentry, but nearly all of these left a family of younger sons, who held lands as tenants under the Lord of the Manor. Of this family was Major General Sir Thomas Hammond, Lord of the Manor of Whepstead, County Suffolk, who died leaving a widow and one daughter, both of whom died soon after.

"The nllllor of Whepstead was held by Bury Abbey, by gift of Theodred, Bishop of London, and was granted to Sir William Drury in the 31st year of Henry VIII. It afterward passed through various families to the late Major General Hammondl, who repaired and modernized Plumpton Hall, a large mallsion, which is now occupied by a farrmer, and has been recently sold by the trustees of the late Sir Thomas Hammond" It is now owned by Wm. Robert Beven, Esq., a London banker.

Sir Andrew Snape Hammond, of the ship Roebuck, who was active in the war against the colonies in the Revolution, And mention of whom is often found in American Archives, was of the Suffolk branch of the Hammond family.

Hammond of Holley Grove Berks, Dec. 10. 1783. Sir Andrew Snape Hamond created a Baronet

His father, Samuel Hamond of Blackheath, in Kent, died 1715; married (?) Meadows, had Robert, who died 1775, aged 70 years. He m. Susannah, daughter of Robert Suape, and had three daughters.

"Arms—Argent, a chevron sable, charged with two escollops. argent, between two pellets, each charged with a martlet; argent in chiel and a rose, a wreath of oak leaves all over, within a bordure engrailed vert. Crest—Out of a naval crown, an eagle's head and neck, sable."

(Gazateer and Directory of Suffolk County, 1855.)

## DR. JOHN HAMMOND

Perhaps the most noted English family, with the possible exception of the family at St. Albans, County Kent, is that of Dr. John Hammond, court physician to King Jnmes I., and Henry, Prince of Wales, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. He was eminent in his profession, and was the ancestor of many men eminent in English history. His eldest son, John Hammond, the author of "Leah and Rachel," published in London in 1656, came to Virginia in 1634, remaining there nineteen years, then removed to Maryland, where he remained two years before his return to England. His work, "Leah and Rachel. the Fruitful Sisters," was a description of the colonies of Maryland and Virginia. Another son of Dr. John Hammond was Major General Thomas Hammond, of Cromwell's army, the father of Col. Robert Hammond, Governor of the Isle of Wight, to whom King Charles I. surrendered.

Col. Robert Harnmond was one of Cromwell's most trusted offlcers, and after Cromwell had secured control of the government, he appointed him Governor of the Isle of Wright, and he took up his residence at Carrisbrook Castle, where the King went with his attendants to surrender to him, probably having decided upon that course owing to the fact that Col. Robert Hammond was a nephew of his favorite chaplain, Rev. Henry Hammond, D. D. (See Palfrey's Hist. of New England, Vol. 2, p. 107.) A collection of letters between Col. Hammond and the Committee of Lords, &c., published in London in 1761, and which contains some characteristic letters from Cromwell to Col. Hammond, is full of interest.

Another son of Dr. John Hammond was Rev. Henry Hammond, D. D., one of the most noted English divines, born Aug. 18, 1606. At the age of 13 years he was sent to Cambridge, where he was educated at Eton and Oxford, and he became a Fellow of the University in 1626. His father died about 1616, and left him without the advantage of his advice and great influence, but by great perseverance and by means of his great natural talent, he rose rapidly and soon secured Court favor. In 1633 he was presented with the Rectory of Penhurst, in Kent, and in 1643 became Archdeacon of Chichester. He soon became the favorite Court chaplain of King Charies I, who proclaimed him the most natural orator he had ever heard. He followed the King to the Isle of Wright nnd remained with him during his confinement in Carrisbrook Castle. In 1648 he retired to Westwood, the country seat of Sir John Packwood, where he spent the remainder of his life in literary labor. His most celebrated work was "Annotations and Paraphrasis on the New Testament," published in 1653; another work was "Whole Duty of Man." His collected works were published in four volumes, and a volume of his sermons was published

some years later. He died in 1660, and was buried in the Church at Hampton, where Humphrey, Bishop of Sarum, caused to be erected a fine monument of white marble bearing the name, "Henricus Hammondus," and a long inscription in Latin. He was notod for his piety, great charity and liberality. He never married.

Rev. Mark Noble, the eminent English author, says in one of his works: "This ancient and knightly family were greatly divided in their religious and political opinions."

In England there were "Cavaliers" and "Round Heads," Catholics and dissenters. Many of the "Cavaliers" came to V'irginia and Maryland, while the Hammonds of new England, so far as is known, all derive from Puritan or "Round Head" ancestry.

Probably the most noted and widely known family bearing the name in England has been that of St. Albans Court, Nonington, Co. Kent. So far as is known but one of this family has ever made his home in America. This was Edward Hammond, who came to Virginia in 1636 and introcluced the culture of silk worms. Some of his letters are still extant with the family at St. Albans Court.

This family, which was probably of Suffolk, or Norfolk origin, traces its ancestry back to John Hamon, a tenant to the Abbot of St. Albans temp. under Henry VIII, who begun the purchase of the Manor of St. Albans.

His son, Sir Thomas Hammond, completed the purchase in 1551. Sir Thomas, knighted in 1548, married Katherine, daughter of John Skelly, Esq., of Patersham, in Sussex, and had six sons and two daughters.

The eldest son, Sir William Hammond, knighted in 1608, married Elizabeth, daughter of Anthony Anchor, Esq., of Bishopsbourne, by Margaret, his wife, daughther of Edward Sandys, Archbishop of York~. He had three sons and five daughters. His sons were Anthony, Edward and William.

'Sir William died in 1616 and was succeeded by his son, Anthony Hammond, Esq., of St. Albans Court, who married Anne, daughter of Sir Dudley Diggs, of Chilham Castle, Master of the Rolls under King Charles I.

He had four sons and some daughters. His sons were first William, his successor; second, Dudley; three, Anthony Hammond, of Somersham Place, Member of Parliament and Commissioner of the Navy during the reign of Queen Anne, and known as Silver Tongued Hammond. He married Jane, daughter of Sir Walter Claryes, Bart., and had issue, first—Thomns Hammond, Esq., of Somersham Place, who married Elizabeth Adams, and died in 1758. Second—James Hammond, the elegaic poet, M.. P. from Truro, born in 1710, died in 1742. Third—Edward Halnmond, of the Royal Navy, who died at sea.

~William Hammond, Esq., eldest son of Anthony Hammond who succeeded him at St. Albans Court, was born in July, 1752; married in December, 1785, Elizabcth, eldest daughter and co-heiress of Osmond Beauvicr, D. D., of Canterbury. He was succeeded by his son, William Osmond Hammond, Esq., born in April, 1790; married in July, 1815, Mary Graham, eldest daughter of Sir Henry Oxendon, Bart., of Broome Park, by whom he had three sons and three daughters. He was J. P. and C. L. and High Sheriffin 1846.

William Osmond Hammond, Esq., was succeded by his eldest son, William Oxendon Hammond, Esq.

The Arms were issued to Sir Thomas Hammond in 1548, by Barker, Garter King at Arms, under King Edward VI, and are as follows:

"Argent on a a chevron sable, between three pellets, each carged with a martlet of the field, as many escallops, or, with in a bordure engrailed, vert.

Crest--A hawks head, collared gules, rays issuing, or. The motto is, "Pro Rege it Patria" (For King and Country)

This Coat of Arms, with the exception of the Crest, is very similar to the arms of the the Hammonds of Suffolk and Norfolk, and may be taken to indicate a colose family connection with those families.

This is the Coat of Arms used by some of the Hammonds in America, but it is not that to which, if any, many of them can lay any claim whatever by right of desent.

A Coat of Arms and Crest exhibited by an American citizen, descended brom Revolutionary ancestry, is at best but a harmless divesion attended with more or less bad taste, but the Arms, if any, to which the families mentioned in the following pages can lay any shadow of a claim are either the very ancient ones described below, are those of some one of the Suffolk families of more recent date.

These ancient Arms are the earliest recoded to the name in the Herald's College.

The shield is Norman, or heart shaped. Argent, a chevenron sable, charged with three escallops, argent; between three pellets, sable, charged with a martlet, argent, within a bordure engrailed. Gu.

Crest—On a helmet and wreath of three colors, a lions head, erased. Gu.

The motto is " Tentanda Via Est," meaning, "A way must be tried."

The Arms of Hammond of counties Suffolk and Norfolk, as furnished by H. G. Somerby, Esq., in 1852, are as follows:

"Or, on a cheveron sable, three Cornish claughs, argent. "Crest—An elephants head, argent, ducally gorged and eared. Or."

The following named are found in the "Royal Kallender and Annual Register" for 1778:

Court of Exchequer.—Appraiser, Richard Hammond, Esq. Navy Offlce.—Chatham Yard, Master Attendance, N. Hammond. Captain, R. N., commissioned Dec. 7, 1770 Andrew Snape Hammond. Lieutenant, R. N., commissioned April 27, 1747, W. Hammond. Paymaster to Out Pensioners, Thomas Hammond.

Copies and abstracts have been secured of about two hundred early Hammond wills in Suffolk and Norfolk, many of which are extremely interesting, but space has not allowed of the admission of but few of these in this work. Court and other early records of Suffolk have been thoroughly searched for Hammond evidences, which must be excluded for the same reason.

The Parish Registers of Lavenham and surrounding parishes have also had careful attention and the gleanings from a few of these are given below. In most cases these records have been examined for many years after our ancestors had settled on American soil, and some of these are very interesting in showing families and descendants of those who remained in England. The similiarity of family names in the few

generations after the emigration will also be noticed, particularly so in the family at Great Waldingfield, not over two miles south of Lavenham.

**AB3. Mary Elizabeth Hammond;** b. In Randolph County, Alabama, on September 2, 1852, d. Stevens, Arkansas, April 16, 1949, m. James Robert Moore, (AB2A) February 6, 1873. Known as "Mama Moore."

**AB3A. John Grady Hammond;** b. August 15, 1825, in Anson Co., South Carolina, d. Prairie County, Arkansas, May 16, 1877. He is buried in Watson Chapel Cemetery. m. Pernaty Frances Harris (AB4), July 18, 1851.

**1. Mary Elizabeth Hammond, See AB3**

2. Sarah Frances Edwina Hammond, b. August 25, 1854, d. April 12, 1877.

3. Buenny Vista Hammond, b. February 6, 1857, d. July 21, 1881, m. John J. Rowe on December 25, 1880.

4. Carrie Ellender Hammond, b. May 7, 1859, d. August 16, 1868.

5. Jesse Aurelius Beauregard Hammond, b. October 3, 1861, in Randolph County, Alabama, d. May 14, 1939, in Pine Bluff, Arkansas, m. Mary Gertie Bowman, February 16, 1898. She died June 23, 1940, at Pine Bluff.

5-1. Jessie Mae Hammond, b. December 7, 1898, at Hazen, Prairie County, Arkansas, m. Robert Henry Lewis on December 30, 1931, at Pine Bluff, Arkansas. No Children.

5-2. John Bowman Hammond, b. June 5, 1900. m. Martha Beulah Atkinson August 4, 1931, at Pine Bluff. Martha was born September 21, 1910. They had one daughter, Linda Jane, born February 17, 1949.

6. Robert Henry Hammond, b. May 24, 1866, d. July 20, 1948, m. (a) Melissa Daisy Hawkins on April 2, 1902, in Hazen, Arkansas. She was born February 9, 1875, and died August 1, 1903, (b) Nancy Olive Jessup on June 23, 1920, at Hazen, Arkansas. She was born February 15, 1884, and died November 15, 1953.

Robert was a pharmacist.

6-1-(a). Paul Hawkins Hammond, b. June 14, 1903, at Hazen, Arkansas, m. Ruth Holland Revel on July 8, 1926, at Dubach, Louisiana. Ruth was born January 13, 1905, in Jonesboro, Louisiana and died in Gilbert on May 12, 1983. She is buried at Oakley Cemetery in Gilbert. They had been married for 56 years.

Paul owned and operated the Hammond Drug Store in Gilbert, Louisiana until 1966. He sold the store but continued to work as a

pharmacist until about 1980. Then he cut it to one day a week. He quit in 1982. He and Ruth had one daughter, Paula Inez Hammond, who is also a pharmacist. She was born May 8, 1917, at Hazen, Arkansas.

6-2-(b). Henry Lamar Hammond, b. March 18, 1922, at Hazen, Arkansas, m. (a) Lillian Frances Olson, September 17, 1947, at Jamestown, New York. Lillian was born September 30, 1923, in New York and died April 9, 1976, in San Antonio, Texas. They had two daughters, Kathleen Virginia and Paula Jean. m. (b) Mary Jo Johns on October 7, 1978, in San Antonio, Texas. She was born in Kansas City, Mo. August 25, 1923.

Henry retired from the U. S. Army as a Colonel.

6-3-(b). Garland Eugene Hammond, b. June 5, 1924, at Hazen, Arkansas, m. Ruth Marie Fredricks of Houston, Texas, in Houston on April 7, 1951. Ruth was born September 18, 1920. They have two sons, Tod Fredricks and Tim Fredricks. Garland is a CPA.

7. John Dickerson Hammond, b. March 3, 1869, in Prairie County, Arkansas, d. May 28, 1943, in Little Rock, Arkansas, m. Eva Pearl Robinson, June 16, 1897. She was born on May 23, 1877, in Prairie County, Arkansas. He was a pharmacist.

They had eight children all born in Hazen, Arkansas.

7-1. Marion Ruth Hammond, b. January 26, 1898, d. September 25, 1973, m. Hugh Lynn Tisdale at Sheridan, Arkansas on September 30, 1923. He was born on January 25, 1895, in Des Ark, Arkansas. He died at Little Rock on May 2, 1956. They had no children.

7-2. Frances Elizabeth Hammond, b. March 23, 1900, m. Edward Lee Waggoner on February 11, 1923, at Hazen. He was born in Nebraska, September 25, 1898, and died December 11, 1976. No Children.

7-3. Chester Robinson Hammond, b. December 18, 1901, d. February 12, 1946, m. Naomi Priest at her home in Ward Arkansas on November 16, 1929. No children.

7-4. Robert Chalmers Hammond, b. July 8, 1903, d. April 1904.

7-5. Pearl Hammond, b. May 19, 1905, m. Leonard Ward Reid at Little Rock on May 5, 1928. He was born at Beebe, Arkansas on February 12, 1904, d. December 20, 1951. They had one son, William Dickerson Reid, b. October 27, 1931, at Beebe and d. at Brinkley, Ark. on May, 3, 1946.

7-6. Myra Hammond, b. July 14, 1909, m. Luther Henry Roberts on December, 14, 1929, at Beebe, Arkansas. He was born in Beebe, d.

March 22, 1981. They had one son, James Hammond, b. Beebe, March 20, 1937.

7-7. John Henry Hammond, b. October 1, 1911, d. July 1912 at Hazen.

7-8. Evelyn Hammond, b. December 11, 1913, d. 14 September 1979. Never married.

8. Alice Annette Hammond, b. August 26, 1871, d. 1907, m. John T. McNeill, June 29, 1898.

8-1. Perry Moore McNiell, b. May 20, 1899, at Hazen, m. Bernice Cornelia Moore. She was born at Whitewall, Tennessee, July 10, 1903. They had three daughters, Alice Annette, b. August 21, 1930, in Little Rock and Jane Hurt and Jean Moore, twins, b. in Little Rock, July 23, 1935.

8-2. John Simon McNeill, b. ca: 1900 in Hazen, m. Ethel Thompson in Little Rock. John is deceased. One son, Jack McNeill, of Little Rock.

8-3. Harris Hammond McNeill. Harris married Ruth Rolland of North Little Rock. They had one daughter. He later married Ora Protho of Little Rock. They had two children. Harris died in Little Rock.

9. Lemora Virginia Hammond, b. August 14, 1875, d. May 7, 1904, m. Thomas Oscar King on May 29, 1901. He was born November 27, 1872, died February 17, 1947. They had one child that died in infancy.

The 1860 census of Randolph County, Alabama.

| | Age | | Value of Real | Personal | Properties |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| John Hammond | 35 | Farmer | $500 | $500 | |
| Pernata | 24 | | | | |
| Mary E. | 7 | | | | |
| Sarah H. | 5 | | | | |
| Buena | 3 | | | | |
| Caralinda | 1 | | | | |

No slaves reported.
(from the files of George B. Moore)

**AB3A2. Joel Hammond,** b. November 15, 1798, in Anson County, North Carolina, d. ca: 1849 Chambers County, Alabama, m. Elizabeth Grady (AB3AB).

1. Patrick W. Hammond, m. Lucy James Bendall, daughter of Dr. John S. Bendall, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Lucy

was born in 1818 and died June 21, 1839. He is buried in Wadesboro, N. C., East View Cemetery.

2. George Dickerson Hammond, b. ca: 1838 in Alabama, m. Narcissus Moore, b. ca: 1846 in Alabama.

2-1. John H. Hammond, b. 1867 in Mississippi.
2-2. Joel R. Hammond, b. 1869 in Arkansas.
2-3. Arthur B. Hammond, b. 1871 in Arkansas.
2-4. Ida B. Hammond, b. 1873 in Arkansas.
2-5. James Hammond, b. 1878 in Arkansas.
2-6. Minnie L. Hammond, b. 1880 in Arkansas.

3. Alex Hammond.
**4. John Grady Hammond, (AB3A.)**
5. Unity Hammond.

**The 1850 census of Chambers Co. Ala. 12/13/1850, p. 412.**

| | Age | |
|---|---|---|
| Elizabeth Hammond | 41 | Value of Real Estate $1700 |
| Unity | 21 | |
| Judy | 20 | |
| Eliza | 19 | |
| Mary | 18 | |
| Jane | 17 | |
| Nathaniel | 15 | |
| George | 13 | |
| Henry | 11 | |
| Alexander | 8 | |
| Patrick H. | 6 | |
| Margaret | 1 | |
| John | 26 | |

The census shows John to be owner of 12 slaves (Probably his mothers slaves)

(from the files of George B. Moore)

**AB3A3. George Hammond,** b. February 25, 1750, in Richmond County, Virginia, d. Anson County, North Carolina on September 21, 1837, m. (a) Sarah Dickerson at Chesterfield County, Appomatox River, Virginia in 1773, (b) Unity Smith (AB3A2B) in Anson County, February 24, 1788.

On October 24, 1774, George Hammon was at the sale of the estate of Francis Moseley conducted by his widow, Margaret Moseley. Among other buyers at the sale other than George Hammon were

William Pickett, George Wilson, James Auld, John Smith, Thomas Wade plus many more.

When the Revolutionary War was declared, 1776, he was living Anson County, N. C. He stated that he volunteered about 1777, serving as a private under Captain Patrick Boggan, John De Jarnett, and Colonel Thomas Wade.

George and Sarah Dickerson Hammond had three children before Sarah died, October, 1871.

George then married Unity Smith, February 24, 1785. Ten children were born to George and Unity Smith Hammond between the years 1786-1809. Unity died in December, 1831.

November 14, 1834, George Hammond filed a pension application with the United States Government in which he stated his Revolutionary War service. This is listed in the National Archives in Washington D. C. under:

**Hammond, George**
**R 4 - 553**

He gave his residence as Anson County, North Carolina and age as 84 at the time of his application in 1834.

His pension was not granted because he did not complete his application by furnishing proof of six months service. He apparently did not consider it worth the effort he would have had to have made to fulfill the requirements of the Pension Law.

He was 84 years of age; he owned considerable property which he was to leave to his children. His second wife had already died, (1831), thus, ending the need for a widow's pension to be claimed on his service.

On September 21, 1837, George filed his will in Wadesboro, Anson County, North Carolina. The will was probated in July, 1840.

## THE WILL OF GEORGE HAMMOND

In the name of God Amen. I, George Hammond of the County of Anson and State of North Carolina, being in health of body, mind and memory, thanks be given unto God; Calling into mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to die, do make and ordain this my last will and

testament that is to say principally and first of all, I Give and recommend my soul into the hand of Almighty God that gave it and my body I recommend to the Earth to be buried in Decent Christian burial at the Discretion of my Executor; nothing Doubting but at the general resurrection I shall receive the same again by the mighty power of God. And as touching such worldly Estate wherewith it has pleased God to bless me within this Life, I give Demise and Dispose of the same in the following manner and form.

Item 1st. I give my son Joel Hammond twenty acres of land more or less between the old survey and Wilson Allens. Beginning at Wilson Allen's Lower Lower line on Merrits branch and then down a strait course to the old line then with the old line up the crick to Laurence Morris and my own corner with the Moores line to said Allen's line, Also two negroe Men, Vis. Ralph and Frank.

2nd I give my son Lemuel Hammond a Tract of land Beginning at a Stake by a Hickory the 3rd corner of said old grant and runs No 6 East 61 chains to a stake by 3 black Jacks pointers then So. 84 Et. 18 chains and 80 links to a black gum then So. 30 East 11 chains and 40 links to a Maple in Merritts branch then up the various course of said 16 chains and 50 links to Joel Hammonds corner one red oak and Spanish Oak pointers then with his line South 14 Et. 18 chains to a stake in the Edge of the old road post oak and small red oak pointers then south 571/2 ET 5 chains and 50 links to a post oak then So. 74 Et. 16 chains and 10 links to a black Jack then So. 12 Wt. 18 chains and 60 Links to a post oak Joel Hammonds corner in the back line then with the old line No. 84 West thirty eight chains to the Beginning containing one hundred and fifty eight Acres. Also five negroes viz. Charles, Jery , Tempy, Rachel, and Richmond.

3rd I give my son George S. Hammond a certain tract of Land Beginning at a Maple in Merritts branch Lemmuel Hammonds corner and runs with his line North 30 Wt 11 chains and 40 links to his corner black Gum then with his other line No. 84 Wt 18 chains and 80 links to his other corner in the back line 3 black Jack pointers then with said line No. 6 Et 19 chains to the 4th corner of said Tract 3 black Jacks pointers then So. 84 1/2 Et 9 chains to the corner of a tract conveyed by John Dabbs to George Hammond Snr. Then with the line or lines of said Tract about 24 chains to Wm. Littles corner stake one pine and black Jack pointers then with his line South 88 Et 22 chains and 50 links to his beginning of a 100 acres tract then with his line East 25 chains and 50 links to Little Brown Creek then up the various courses of said branch 15 chains to the Mouth of Merritts branch then up the various course of said branch fifty six chains to the Beginning containing one hundred and sixty seven acres; Also I give him five negroes vis. Joe Henry Hagar Anson and Martha

4th I give my son Armsted L. Hammond four negroes viz. Ellis Chiney Mary and Isaac

5th I give my son Francis D. Howard one negroe boy Ralph with what I have heretofore given him

6th I give my Daughter Sarah Sturdivant one negroe woman Lucy and her Increase to the heirs of her body.

7th I give my daughter Elizabeth Gilman one negroe woman Racheal and her increase and to the heirs of her body

8th I give to the seperate use and Benifit of Martha Bennett During her life and after her death to her children A Tract of Land I bought of Alexander Culpepper Lying on Little Brown Ck and bearing date Jan 17th 1835 Also ten acres and half conveyed from Lawrence to Myself Also five acres more or less

conveyed from John Dabbs to myself Also one negroe woman named Dolpha and her increase

9th I give and Bequeath to James Gordon in Trust for the Sale and seperate use of heirs of Unity Gatewood and her children During her natural live and after her death to her children the following negroes, viz. Hannah, Charlotte, Charles Little Hannah Ceasar Amy Randol and Harriett.

10th I give my grandson Patrick Hammond for the love and affection I bear him one negroe boy Named Jasper

11th I give my Sister Elizabeth Boggan a Tract of Land Lying on the waters of Jones Creek that I bought of Richard Boggan containing two hundred acres.

12th All the Balance of my Estate not given away to be sold by Executor after paying all my Just debts and to be Disposed of in the following manner Vis. One third I give my son George S. Hammond the other two thirds to be Equally Divided between my four sons John Hammond Joel Hammond Lemuel Hammond and Armsted Hammond

13th I had heretofore given my son John Hammond What I expected to have Given the reason why I left him as above

14th Winifred Means William Hammond and Thomas Hammond children of my first wife I have heretofore given them what I intended for them.

15th I give my Grand Daughter Unity Hammond, daughter of Joel Hammond one bed and furniture which he took on with him

16th I give my Grandaughter Eliza Gatewood one bed and furniture

17th I give my Grand Daughter Nancy Bennett one bed and furniture

18th I give Sam Boswell for his services in the family one bed and furniture and one cow and calf. I do hereby make and ordain my friend James Gordon my Executor to this my Last Will and Testament revoking all others

Witness my hand and Seal his
Sept 21st 1837 George X Hammond
Witness: Thomas H. Baker Mark
Stephen H. Gaddy

Codicil

I George Hammond do make this Codicil to be taken as part of my Last will and Testament as follows that is to say Whereas I have by my said will given to Patrick Hammond my Grandson a negroe Boy named Jasper. Now I do hereby revoke and make void said legacy to my grandson Patrick Hammond and I do hereby give and bequeath unto my Great Grand Son Hampton Hammond Son of Patrick Hammond the negroe boy Jasper of which I have given him by my said will In writing thereof I have to this Codicil annexed to my said will set my hand and seal.

## July Sepeans 1840

These the last will and testament of George Hammond was duly proven in open Court by the oath of Thomas H. Baker one of the subscribing witnesses and also the Codicil thereto

From the minutes
W. D. Boggan C. C. C.

1. (a) Winifred Hammond, m. (?) Means.

2. (a) William Hammond, b. 1777, d. April 30, 1855, m. Eleanor (Nellie) Boggan. Eleanor was born in 1776 and died October 11, 1848, buried in Wadesboro, N. C., East View Cemetery. She was the daughter of Captain Patrick Boggan.

In 1783 an act was passed to establish a town on Captain Patrick Boggan's land at the crossroads leading from Salisbury to the Cheraws and from Mask's Ferry to Camden. The town was christened New Town, but the name was soon changed to Wadesborough. There were 140 lots of one-half acre each. The cost was £2 per lot. A stipulation was that a house of 360 square feet or more with a brick or stone chimney must be built within two years of purchase or the lot would be forfeited. Patrick Boggan gave each of his seven daughters a house and land at the time of their marriage. The oldest house in Wadesborough is the one that he built for Eleanor when she married William Hammond.

William was appointed court clerk for Anson County in 1809 and was the court clerk for many years afterward.

In 1813 William Hammond was listed with Thomas Godfrey, Lawrence Moore and several other men as a charter member of the Kilwinning Lodge No. 64 of the Ancient Free and Accepted Masons.

2-1. Flora Dickerson Hammond, b. 1797, d. December 13, 1817, evidently never married, buried in Wadesboro, N. C., East View Cemetery.

2-2. Hampton Boggan Hammond, b. April 4, 1806, d. Oct. 14, 1883, m. Rosa E. (?), b. July 29, 1813, d. December 28, 1864, buried in Wadesboro, N. C. , East View Cemetery.

Their son, William May Hammond, b. August 25, 1837, d. April 8, 1908, buried in Wadesboro, N. C., East View Cemetery. He was a private in the Anson County Guards, Co. G., 14, N. C. Volunteers. First Lt. in that company. Then Captain and Asst. Adjutant General to 3rd. N. C. Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. He was a practicing attorney in Thomasville, Georgia, known as the silver-tongued orator of southern Georgia.

Their daughter, Mary Blakeny Hammond, b. February 4, 1840, d. November 30, 1840, buried in Wadesboro, N. C., East View Cemetery.

Their son, Joseph M. Hammond was born August 31, 1845. He entered the service of the Confederate States when he was 18 years

of age. Fell in battle near Charleston, Virginia, on August 21, 1864, buried in Wadesboro, N. C., East View Cemetery.

A daughter Eve, was in school at Salem Female Academy operated by the Moravians in Anson County in 1864.

3. (b) Francis D. Hammond, b. June 15, 1786.

4. (b) John Hammond, b. September 23, 1787, m. (?) Gatewood.

5. (b) Sarah Hammond, b. January 14, 1791, m. John Sturdivant.

6. (b) Elizabeth Hammond, b. February 25, 1795, m. Armstead Willie Gilmore.

**7. (b) Joel Hammond,** (AB3A2).

8. (b) Lemuel Hammond, b. January 1, 1800.

9. (b) Martha Hammond, b. March 8, 1802, in Anson Co. N. C., d. and buried in Independence, Arkansas, 1878, m. John Lanier Bennett in 1816.

Martha and John L. Bennett were the great-great-grandparents of Martha Anne Dean Babin who has helped me so much with this book.

Martha married W. Alan Babin. She was the daughter of Anna Gordon Davis, wife of John Little Dean. Anna's mother was Anna D. Lockhart who married Charles D. Davis. Her mother was Caroline W. Bennet, daughter of Martha and John Bennett, who married Charles H. Lockhart.

## INDENTURE
## STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA
## ANSON COUNTY

This Indenture made this 10th day of January 1837, Between John L. Bennett and Martha his wife of Anson County in the State of No. Carolina of the one part and Benjamin D. Henry of said county and State of the other part Witnesseth that said Bennett and wife for and in consideration of the sum of Eighty dollars to them in hand paid by the said Henry at and before the sealing and delivery of these presents and the receipt and payment where of is hereby acknowledged they the said John L. Bennett and Martha his wife have bargained sold and conveyed and by these presents do bargain sell convey and confirm unto the said Benjamin D. Henry his heirs and assigns forever all their undivided interests rights titles claims and demands in and to about 250 acres of land more or less lying on Little Brown Creek where on George Hammond now resides as tenant by the curtesey said tract of land having been divided by Frances Smith to his Daugher Unity Smith who intermarried with said Hammond and is since dead leaving children and among others the said Martha wife of the said John L. Bennett in whose right said interests in said land is now held subject to the curtesey of the said Hammond and the said John L. Bennett and his wife Martha do by these presents covenant warrant and defend the title of the said undivided interest in said land to said Henry and his heirs and assigns

forever against the claims and titles of all persons what so ever. In testimony where of they have hereunto set their hands and seals the day and year above written.

Witness Jno. A. McRae

John L. Bennett (seal)
Her
Martha X Bennett (seal)

State of No. Carolina
Anson County

**Court of Pleas and Quarter Sessions October Term 1837.**

We hereby certify that this day John L. Bennett and Martha his wife personally appeared in open court and acknowledged the due execution of this deed of conveyance from them to Benjamin D. Henry where upon Nathan B. Jinkins a member of said court was appointed to take the private examination of Martha Bennett the firm covert who proceeded to do the same and reported to the court that he had so taken the private examination seperate and a part from her husband and upon such private examination so taken the said Martha Bennett states that she executed this deed of conveyance from herself and husband to said B. D. Henry of her own free will and that she voluntarily assented there to and did the same with out compulsion or constraint of her said husband. Given under our hands in open court this 10th October 1837.

October Sess. 1837
Where upon this deed was ordered to be registered.

N. B. Jinkins
N. D. Boggan Clk.

John was b. 1792 in Mecklenburg County, Virginia, son of Joseph Bennett and Nancy Lanier. He d. ca: 1862 in Anson County, N. C.

He and Martha had nine children, all born in Anson County, N. C.

9-1. Nancy Bennett, b. 1817.

9-2. William Bennett, b. 1827

9-3. George Bennett, b. March 21, 1829, d. May 4, 1923.

9-4. Armistead Bennett, b. 1832, d. ca: 1864.

9-5. Benjamin Bennett, b. 1834.

9-6. Sarah Bennett, b. 1838, d. December of 1876, m. Patrick Sturdivant.

9-7. Tabitha Bennett, b. 1842, m. J. D. Billingsley.

9-8. Eliza Ann Bennett, b. 1842, m. William M. Billingsley.

9-9. Caroline Sturdivant Bennett, b. July 28, 1843, d. December 15, 1915, m. Charles H. Lockhart on Feb. 15, 1872.

10. (b) Unity Hammond, b. November 17, 1807, m. Griffin Gatewood, Jr.

11. (b) Armistead L. Hammond, b. December 14, 1809.

12. (b) George S. Hammond, b. April 25, 1815.

**Note**

(Most of the material on the Hammond Family from this point is material from the work done by George B. Moore.)

**AB3A4. William Hammond,** b. ca: 1725 in Richmond County, Virginia, m. **Winfred Milner (AB3A3B)**, b. January 28, 1724/25, in Richmond County, Virginia, (AB3A3B)

**1. George Hammond,** (AB3A3).
2. William Hammond, b. Farnham Parish, Richmond County Virginia, 1754.

**(1)**
**(Either these ancestors)**

**AB3A5. William Hammond**, b. ca: 1682, m. Mary (?).

**1. William Hammond,** (AB3A4).

**AB3A6. Job Hammond,** b. ca: 1640, m. Elizabeth (?)

1. Job Hammond, Jr., b. July 10, 1677, m. Amadine Baylis, Sept. 1, 1703.
    1. Col. Samuel Hammond.

**2. William Hammond,** (AB3A5).

**(2)**
**(Or these ancestors)**

**AB3A5. Edward Hammond,** b. ca: 1689, m. Hannah (?).

**1. William Hammond,** (AB3A4).

**AB3A6. Martin Hammond,** b. ca: 1642, m. Mary (?).

**1. Edward Hammond,** (AB3A5)

The Hammonds appear early in Richmond County, Virginia, the 1st date I find being the record of the birth of Job Hammond, Jr., to Job and Elizabeth Hammond, July 10, 1677.

There is a confusion of Hammond names. It appears to me that brothers Job and Martin were the original settlers (I think they were brothers.) It appears that either could be George Hammonds great-grandfather.

Job Hammond's son, Job Jr., married Amadine Baylis, Sept. 1, 1703. They were parents of Col. Samuel Hammond of Revolutionary War fame. I have read someplace, I think, that George served under a cousin. This would argue for descent through Job rather than Martin.

The will of Thomas Woodyates of Bristol, England, makes bequests to friends Job Hammond, Jr., John Hammond, William Hammond; wittnesses, Martin Hammond, Martin Hammond, Jr.

Probated 1707, seems to indicate a Hammond connection to Bristol.

(From the files of George B. Moore.)

## MILNER

**Winlfred Milner (AB3A3B)**, b. January 28, 1724/25, in Richmond County, Virginia,

**William Milner, AB3A3BA**, d. 1725/26 in Richard County, Viginia, m. **Judith (Stone?) (AB3A3B2)**, b. August 26, 1702 in Richmond County Virginia.

(From the files of George B. Moore.)

## STONE

**Philip Stone, AB3A3B2A**, m. Sarah (?).

1. **Judith Stone, (AB3A3B2)**, b. August 26, 1702 in Richmond County Virginia.

# GRADY

**Elizabeth Grady, AB3AB,** b. September 15, 1804 in Anson county, North Carolina, d. in Chambers County, Alabama, between 1851 and1860, m. **Joel Hammond (AB3A2)**, in 1824.

**John Grady, AB3ABA**, b. 1765 in Wake County, North Carolina, d. August 24, 1841, in Lafayette, Chambers County, Alabama, m. (a) Mary (Polly) Dawson, January 3, 1792, (b) **Gillie Thompson (AB3AB2)** April 27, 1796.

1. **Elizabeth Grady, (AB3AB)**

**Robert Grady, AB3ABA2,** b. ca: 1725 in Virginia, d. in Wake County, North Carolina. The name of his wife is unknown. Robert was under the command of Henry Lightfoot E. Toker of Johnson County, N. C., in the Revolutionary War.

1. Ruben Grady, b. 1756, m. Edith Lassiter, October 17, 1783.
2. Robert Grady, Jr., b. 1749, m. Sarah (Record will of 1801, Wake County, N. C.)
3. Catherine Grady, b 1761, m. John Dennis, July 19, 1780.
4. Mary Grady, b. 1763, m. Elisha Rabon, January 7, 1763.
5 **John Grady, see AB3ABA.**
6. James Grady, b. 1770, m. Sarah Cord, November 8, 1797.
7. Mark Grady, b. 1772, m. Obedience Hartsfield, November 9, 1801.

(From the files of George B. Moore.)

# Harris

**AB4. Pernaty Frances Harris,** b. January 24, 1836, Campbell County, Georgia, d. November 27, 1904, in Hazen, Arkansas, m. (a) John Grady Hammond (AB3A), July 18, 1851, (b) R. H. Morehead on November 9, 1880.

**AB4A. Micajah Harris,** b. August 1, 1792, in Morgan County, Georgia, d. June 22, 1847, in Chambers County, Alabama, m. Mary Butler, (AB5), March 12, 1835.

Micajah Harris entered the army, in the infantry reqiment commanded by Colonel Jett Thomas and served in the war of 1812.

He returned to Morgan County and married Nancy Terry on April 25, 1815. He remained in Morgan County through at least 1820. He was in Coweta County in 1830 where his wife, Nancy, died in 1833.

He married Mary Elizabeth Harris (AB5) in 1835 and moved to Chambers County Alabama, before 1840. He remained there until his death.

Micahah appears to have been modestly successful financially. He reports owning two slaves in the 1830 census and three in 1840.

Mary Harris reported owning four slaves in the 1850 census, and valued her worth at $2000.

Children by Nancy Terry:

1. Amanda Harris, b. 1826.
2. John Harris, b. 1828.
3. Micahah Harris, b. 1831.
4. Joel D. Harris, b. 1833.

Children by Mary Butler:

5. **Pernaty Frances Harris, (AB4.)**
6. Sarah Harris, b. 1838.
7. James Harris, b. 1840.
8. Eleanor Harris, b. 1841.
9. Jordan Harris, b. 1843.
10. Delilah Harris, b. 1845.
11. Nancy Harris, b. 1847.

Although Micajah and Mary Harris lived in Chambers County, Alabama, all of their married life, all of her children were born in Georgia. It appears she went home to Mother for each event.

Micajah's mother, Sarah, lived in Micajah's residence in 1840 and in Mary Harris' household in 1850.

The 1820 census of Morgan County shows only one Harris of an age to be the father of Micajah. That person is John Harris. Micajah's first son is named John.

Micajah is <u>not</u> the son of Lt. Micajah Harris of the South Carolina militia during the Revolution. Lt. Micajah had a son, Micajah, Jr., but

that son was born, lived, and died in Newberry, South Carolina. Micajah, Jr., Lt. Micajah, and Lt. Micajah's father, Burt Harris, are buried in the family cemetery in Newberry.

Vis. "Annals of Newberry" O'Neal, "Historical Southern Families" Vol. II, Boddie.

**John Harris, AB4A2.** m. Sarah (?), Sarah was born ca: 1775 in Georgia and died after 1850.

1. **Micajah Harris, (AB4A).**
(George B. Moore)

# PEGUES

**AB2AB. Sophia Elizabeth Pegues;** b. January 10, 1819, in the Chesterfield District of Camden, South Carolina, d. October 18, 1890, in Timmonsville, South Carolina, m. William Woodard Moore (AB2A2), May 21, 1845.

**AB2ABA. James Hicks Pegues;** b. ca: 1789, m. Sarah Elizabeth Godfrey (AB2AB2), on 23 December, 1807, by the Rev. Joshua Lewis in Marlboro, South Carolina. She was b. 1789, d. September 13, 1842.

Among other possiable children:

1. **Sophia Elizabeth Pegues (AB2AB).**

**AB2ABA2. William Pegues**; b. May 16, 1750, in the Georgetown District, South Carolina d. March 18, 1818, m. (1) Elizabeth Murphy, (2) Sarah Gardener Hicks (AB2ABAB), on January 27, 1774, with whom he had:

1. Harriet Butler Pegues
2. Claudius Pergues
3. Samuel Butler Pergues
4. **James Hicks Pegues, (AB2ABA).**
5. William Bumbry Pegues
6. Lucy Hicks Pegues
7. Charlotte Pegues
8. George Hicks Pegues
9. John Murry Pegues
10. Ann Hicks Peques

William's house was burned by Tories early in the Revolutionary War. He was living in Anson County but was not at home when the Tories attacked his and his neighbor, Duke Glen's, homes. William's wife (I do not know if Murphy or Hicks) was forced to the riverbanks with her young baby (unknown) and a Negro girl servant. Her cries for help were finally heard by neighbors and members of her family. (from History of Anson County by Medley)

Foraging for food and supplies was done by both sides during this war. Anson County was a constant battlefield. Anyone's goods were subject to consfication for use by either side at any time. A letter from Colonel George Davison to General Harington from Brown's Creek near Lanier on November 6, 1780 follows;

> Dear General,
>
> I proceeded according to your orders, and on Brown Creek we took a grand Tory by the name of Thomas Blake. I put him under guard and sent him off to James Boggin's (Boggan) but before they got there prisoner endeavoured to make escape. The guard fired at him and killed him.
>
> Horses are scarce in this quarter. I have collected a few good beef cattle, and put them in my own field, where the river road crosses Brown Creek. I think I can get a good many beef cattle in this country by information I have. John May offered service and was very useful etc. Dennis McLendon was taken yesterday morning and brought to me by Major Miller. We have several Tories laying out yet, though I think all will come in except those who have gone to the British.
>
> Our general muster is on Thursday next at May's Mill. And then the militia of this country is to be stationed at Lanier's Plantation on Brown Creek; and then we will proceed immediately to gather all beef cattle in these parts, except you order otherwise.
>
> The bearer here-of waits on you for orders. Please send me some salt if possible. I have sent Dennis M'Lendon and Stephen Murphy under a guard in the care of Lt. Colter. I have no news worth writing to you. I am just setting off to the head of Brown and Lanes creeks, and shall not be back until muster.
>
> I am, dear General
> Your most obt. Servant
> George Davison

**AB2ABA3. Claudius Pegues, Sr.** b. 1719 in London, England, d. January 22, 1790 in Marlboro County, South Carolina, m. Henriette Butler (AB2ABA2B), spinster, March 26, 1749, while living in George Town, South Carolina. Samuel Butler, Trustee married them. Richard

Walker, Jr. and Samuel Rolins were witness. He was classified as a merchant. Although born in London, he is listed as a French Huguenot.

He had land grants from George II and George III. These are at his home, near Wallace South Carolina. This land is still in use today, 1986, by his descendant, Mrs. Paul Fitzsimmon Hammond.

Claudius was very active during the Revolutionary War. After the Battle at Guilford Court House, North Carolina, Lord Cornwallis and General Greene correspondenced for the exchange of prisoners belonging to the Southern armies. Captain Broderick, who was given the task, was unable to complete the exchange. It was finally settled on May 3, 1781 at Claudius's home. He held the rank of major at the time. The agreement was made between Lt. Col. Edward Carrington, acting for Major General Greene, and Captain Frederick Cornwallis acting for Lieutenant General Cornwallis. Among the prisoners exchanged were the British General John Burgoyne, captured by Gates at Saratoga, New York, in 1777, and the American General William Moultrie, taken prisoner at the fall of Charleston in 1780. This is believed to be the only completed exchange of prisoners during the Revolutionary War.

The house of Claudius Pergues in Malborough, the Anson County Court House, and Diggs' Old Field were the major points of rendezvous for Anson Troops.

He was a member of the Assembly 1776, a staunch Whig. He was elected from St. David to the Provincial Congress, but declined to serve. He was County Justice of Marlboro in 1783.

1. **William Pegues,** (AB2ABA2).
2. Claudius Pegues, Jr., b. April 9, 1755
3. Henrietta Pegues, b. June 22, 1758
4. (possibly) Sybil Pegues, m. Samuel Spencer.

Samuel Spencer was the first lawyer in the New Town courthouse. He studied law at Nassau Hall, later Princeton University, (class of 1759) before coming to Anson County from Connecticut. He was made a judge. With fellow judges, Samuel Ashe and John Williams, participated in the famous case of Bayard vs. Singleton at New Bern in 1787.

Judge Samuel Spencer was well-known in the state and nation. His legal and civil contributions, plus being chosen as a trustee of

the new University of North Carolina, made him one of the leading citizens of his day, but the circumstances of his death in August of 1794 were so unusual that his excellent record tends to be overlooked.

From the Fayetteville Observer:

> At his seat in Anson County on the 20th Circuit the Hon. Samuel Spencer, L. L. D., one of the judges of the Superior Court of this State...His Honor's health having been declining for about two years, but he has performed the circuit three months since, and we understand he intended to leave home in a few days for this town where Superior Court is now sitting had it not been for the following incident."He was sitting on his piazza with red cap on his head, when it attracted the attention of a turkey gobbler. The judge being sleepy began to nod. The turkey mistaking the nodding and the red cap for a challenge to battle made violent and unexpected attack on His Honor that he was thrown from his chair on the floor and was so beaten and bruised that he died in a few days."

Sybil and Samuel had four children. Mary, who married Isaac Jackson. Claudius, who died young. There also was William Samuel, and Anne (also called Nancy).

## Butler
### (1)

**Mary Butler, AB5**, b. in Montgomery County, North Carolina January 1, 1818, m. **Micajah Harris (AB4A)**, in Campbell County (now part of Fulton County), Georgia, March 12, 1835, d. September 21, 1889 in Clay County, Alabama.

**Joshua Butler, Jr., AB5A**, b. 1787 in Montgomery County, North Carolina, m. Sarah (?), d. after 1850. He and his wife were living in Anson County in 1818 when Mary was born. They moved between 1818 and 1824 to Campbell County, Georgia.

**Joshua Butler, AB5A2**, b. ca: 1737, m. **Susan Green, AB5AB**, came to Anson County (later Montgomery County), North Carolina about 1750. Susan's father was reported to have served with Washington at Valley Forge.

She is also reported to have been educated in a convent in Paris and to have written a tract, "Chronicles of North Carolina," describing her home and life there.

1. Katherine Butler, b. 1781, m. David Cochran.
2. William Butler
3. **Joshua Butler, Jr. (AB5A)**

(From the files of George B. Moore.)

## Butler
### (2)

**Henriette Butler, AB2ABA2B**. m. Claudius Pegues, Sr., of Georgetown September 19, 1749, in Georgetown, Parish Prince Fredrick Winyaw.

**Christopher Butler, AB2ABA2BA,** lived in Georgetown, South Carolina. His wife's name was Abigail (Ratcliff?).

He must have died between 1727 and 1729 because Abigail Butler, a widow, married Band Alexander in 1729/30.

The register book of the Parish Prince Fedrick Winyaw shows.

1. Christopher, son of Christopher and of Abigail Butler, was born February 27, 1723/24.
2. **Henriette, (AB2ABA2B),** daughter of Christopher Butler and of Abigail, his wife was born August 19, 1725.
3. Samuel, son of Christopher and Abigail Butler was born September 11, 1727.

It is possible that this family descends from Richard and Cicily Butler who arrived in Charleston before 1678.

(From the files of George B. Moore.)

## Godfrey

**AB2AB2. Sarah Elizabeth Godfrey**; b. 1789, d. 1842 in Macon County Alabama, m. James H. Pegues (AB2ABA).

**AB2AB2A. Thomas Godfrey**, b. 1764 in Lanes Creek, Craven County, North Carolina, d. in Union County, North Carolina, July 26, 1843. m. Nancy Hicks (AB2AB3).

Thomas appears to have had a close friendship with the much older Col. George Hicks. He married Col. Hicks' daughter, Nancy.

Thomas and Nancy lived near Society Hill until sometime between 1800 and 1810 when they moved to the part of Anson Country that later became Union Country, North Carolina.

1. Sophia Godfrey
2. Harriet Godfrey
3. Mary Godfrey
4. **Sarah E. Godfrey, (AB2AB2).**
5. William Godfrey
6. Samuel Godfrey
7. Wilson Godfrey
8. George Godfrey
9. Richard Godfrey
10. Thomas Godfrey

**AB2AB2A2. Richard Godfrey** moved to Craven County around 1760. Georgetown and the Cheraws District were still part of Craven. Thomas was born there, and Richard died there.

Richard was most probably the great-grandson of Lt. Col. John and Mary Godfrey who arrived in Charleston, South Carolina, from Barbadoes in 1670. John Godfrey and his son, John Godfrey, Jr., both served as Attorney General fo the providence. (George B. Moore)

**Godfrey, Thomas,**

Perquimans County November 26, 1748. April Court, 1749. Sons: William, Thomas, Francis ("my plantation"), Joseph. Daughters: Sarah Godfrey, Ellinor Godfrey. Wife and Executrix: Ellinor. Witnesses: James Gibson, Benjamin Bidgood, Amey Stafford. Clerk of the Court: Edmund Hatch.

**Godfrey, Mattew,**

Craven County December 8, 1744. Sons: Mathew, James. Daughters: Sara Godfrey, Ann Godfrey, Fillamer Godfrey. Executors: Josiah Masters, Elisabeth Simens. Witness: Thomas Masters, David Ramsey, Thos. Abett. No probate.] North Carolina, Abstract of Wills, Grimes.

# HICKS

**AB3AB3 Nancy Hicks;** b. Malborough District, Craven County, South Carolina, in 1766, d. September 4, 1858, Union County, Lanes Creek, North Carolina, m. Thomas Godfrey (AB3AB2A), b. 1764 in Lanes Creek, Craven County, South Carolina, d. July 26, 1843, Union County, North Carolina.

**AB3AB3A. Col. George Hicks, Jr.;** b. ca: 1730 in Brunswick County, Virginia, m. Sarah James Gardner (AB3AB4) & (AB2ABAB2) about 1760, d. January 23, 1793 in Marlboro County, South Carolina.

George Hicks, Jr., served as Lt., Capt., and Major of the South Carolina Militia. He was a colonel in the Revolutionary Army, and held every position in the country government.

The 1790 census of Marlboro County shows:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Col. George Hicks, | | |
| Males under | 16 | 1 |
| Males over | 16 | 1 |
| Females | 3 | |
| Slaves | 42 | |

George Hicks and his wife, Sarah James, are buried at the Sawmill Church Cemetery, seven miles south of Bennettsville.

1. **Sarah Gardener Hicks, (AB2ABAB)**, daughter of Sarah James and her first husband, William Gardener. George Hicks adopted Sarah, who married **William Pegues, (AB2ABA2).**
2. Elizabeth Hicks, m. Benjamin Hicks, her cousin.
3. **Nancy Hicks, (AB2AB3),** m. **Thomas Godfrey (AB2AB2A).**
4. Mary Hicks, m. Malachi Murphee.
5. Lucy Hicks, m. William Strother.
6. Charlotte Hicks, m. John Wilson
7. George Hicks.
8. Benjamin Hicks.

**George Hicks, Sr., AB2AB3A,** b. ca: 1700 in Brunswick County, Virginia, d. November 14, 1761 in Craven County, South Carolina. About 1747 he moved to Craven County, South Carolina, where he received grants for some 4,000 acres. His wife is not known. The known children:

1. Robert Hicks.
2. **George Hicks, (AB2AB5A2)**

**Robert Hicks, AB2AB3A2,** b. ca: 1658 in Brunswick County, Virginia (?), ca; 1678. He married Winifred Evans. She died soon after 1690 and was probably the mother of Robert and Daniel. His second wife was Francis (?) (who died in 1744), d. prior to February 7, 1739.

1. Robert Hicks.
2. Daniel Hicks.
3. George Hicks.
4. John Hicks.
5. James Hicks.
6. Charles Hicks.
7. Martha Hicks, m. John Beddingfield.
8. Francis Hicks, m. Richard Ransome.
9. Tabetha Hicks, m. Matthias Davis.
10. Mary Hicks.
11. Elizabeth Hicks, m. Edmund Irby.

In the early history of Greenville County,Virginia, Captain Robert Hicks, the pioneer, has always been first in the imagination and affection of the people. His life on the frontier is a window to the past, his career, the epitome of the traditional border captain.

There are two Robert Hicks--one the man of history, the other, the man of fiction and folklore. Since this is so, it would not be proper to leave unmentioned the stories of him that have been repeated about the firesides of southside Virginia for more than two centuries.

According to the old tales, he was a British officer. He came up the James from Jamestown and up the Appomattox River. Here Fort Henry on Flea Island protected a small, frontier settlement on the site of what is now Petersburg. He was caught up in a rollicking, hard-drinking bout with "the Bollings and other high rollers." He became so intoxicated he lost consciousness. When he came to himself, he discovered his queue had been cut off short, an act implying great disrespect. Angered and deeply humiliated, he left Fort Henry and followed the Indian trail southward through the wilderness toward Carolina. He journeyed forty miles, far beyond the outermost white settlements, until he came to the Meherrin River deep in the southern forest. Here he set down his stakes. He won the confidence of the Meherrin Indians who were numerous and had many settlements in the area. There was an Indian fort not far from the river crossing where he stopped. The Indians gave him a plot of ground on the riverbank on which to build. They helped him cut down the huge trees and erect his double log cabin.

One day when Vnuntsquero, the Chief of the Meherrins, saw Hicks wearing a fine silk, hat with a plume, he said to him, "Last night I had a dream."

"And what did you dream?" asked Hicks.

"I dreamed that you gave me your hat," said the chieftain.

Taking the hat from his head, he graciously presented it to the chieftain who received it with apparent delight.

A few weeks later Robert Hicks came upon Vnuntsquero and said, "I had a dream last night."

"And what did you dream?" asked the Indian.

"I dreamed you gave me all the land for twenty miles along the river," Hicks replied quickly.

The chieftain hesitated for a moment, them solemnly said, "The land is yours, white man, but go and dream no more!"

All this is folklore, and with this the tales end. Captain Hicks is swallowed up by time. He is lost, except in legend.

How much of the legend is true? For of the real Captain Hicks we know much more than we do of the legendary Captain. Who he was or from where he came, from on one knows. Like Melchizdek in the Old Testament he appears out of nowhere. Attempts have been made to show that he was the same as the "Captain Hicks" who appeared in James City in 1694 as commander of His Majesty's Ship, King Fisher, or that he was a decedant of Robert Hicks of Plymouth, Massachusetts, or the son of Robert of Lancaster Counter, Virginia. All have failed. Neither can it be shown that he was a British officer, retired or unretired, unless his service as the commander of the Surry Rangers be considered as such, as well it might be.

Robert Hicks appears first in Charles City County (afterwards Prince George). In the records his name is spelled both Hix and Hicks, often both ways in the same record. He was born about 1658. He married Winifred Evans probably about 1678. She was a birthright Quakeress, the daughter of Captain John Evans and his wife, Mary, of Charles City County. In 1663 John Evan's land lay on the south side of Appomattox River near Fort Henry and adjoining that of Major General Abraham Wood, the great explorer, Indian trader, and commander of the Fort. This site was to become Petersburg. John Evans, Senior, also a large landowner and successful Indian trader, was a devout Quaker.

"(Vnuntsquero, "Chiefe Man of the Maherian," signed the Treaty of 1677 thus: ; also signing was Horehannah, "next Chiefe man of the Maherians." His signature was  .)

When the Act of Toleration was passed by the British Parliament in 1692,he petitioned for permission to hold a Quaker meeting once a month in "his old House and twice a week there alsoe and once a year where he now dwells."

His son Captain John Evans, Jr. was a successful Indian trader and an associate, later, of Robert Hicks.

It is probable that Robert and Winifred were married "in meeting" by the simple Quaker rites. Had it not been so she would have been dismissed from the Society for "marrying out," and he would have lost the favor of his father-in-law. As it was, John Evans, in 1690, gave Robert and Winifred "for love and affection" 560 acres adjoining General Wood's land. It is reasonable to interpret this as meaning he approved of the marriage. However, if Hicks was ever a Quaker himself, he did not remain one, for we soon find him taking oaths in court and 'bearing arms." Among his effects at his death would be a prayer book, something no good Quaker would have had.

Winifred Evans Hicks did not live long, but it is believed that she was the mother of Robert's two oldest sons, Robert (Robin) and Daniel. Eventually, Hicks married again. This time to Frances. Her surname is unknown. She was to be the mother of many children outliving her husband by several years. Robert Hicks was to become the father of twelve children, six sons and six daughters. They were Robert, Daniel, George, John, James, Charles, Martha, who married John Beddinfield; Frances, who married Richard Ransom; Rachel, who married Matthias Davis; Tabitha, who married Thomas Jacobs; and Mary and Elizabeth (one of whom married an Irby.)

Robert Hicks must have been a handsome man blessed with a strong physique. He lived a long, strenuous life. At eighty-three he was still in perfect health. The only description of him is by William Byrd, II, who speaks of him as "my old friend." When Byrd described him, Hicks was seventy years old. The year was 1728. He wrote, "Beauty never appeared better in old age, with a ruddy complexion and hair as white as snow."

Like many another lively young man Robert Hicks, no doubt, had years when he sowed his "wild oats." On April 13, 1693, he appeared in Charles City County Court in a drunken state and was sentenced to the stocks. This was far from commendable (in fact, it was a common occurrence even for member of the Court) but Hicks could not have been a worthless fellow or given to continuous drunkenness for his father-in-law soon afterwards, perhaps as a vote of

confidence, gave him another 1,120 acres of land on the south side of the Appomattox. Shortly after that and on his own initiative Hicks claimed 600 acres for transporting twelve persons into the colony. These early acquisitions of land were the beginning of a habit he would follow to the year of his death--patenting, buying, and selling lands by the thousands of acres. He became a wealthy man.

The last-mentioned grant was to the south of Fort Henry; it crossed the Second Swamp and adjoined tracts owned by Evans and James Cock(e). Few white men dared to journey in that direction except in the company of others.

It is not known when Robert Hicks first started trading with the Indians, but it must have been at an early date--certainly prior to 1700. It is probable that he became involved from the time he arrived at Fort Henry. The Fort, built in 1646, had been the center of Indian trade from the early 1650's. Most of the men whose names are known and lived in the locality were traders or factors in the peltry trade. Some were involved in sending caravans, (made up of as many as 100 horses), out on the Trading Path which began at Bermuda Hundred where the ships anchored. It would have been unusual had Robert Hicks not become involved in so profitable a commerce and popular a pursuit.

In 1700 Governor Francis Nicholson of Virginia, who had long been interested in the trade, conferred with Robert Hicks and John Evans. He gave them "instructions to be observed...concerning which they are to treat with such great nations of Indians as they shall trade to, and particularly the Usherrees, (The Catawbas, 283 miles southwest of Ft. Henry} and the Tottevay {Nottowy or Toteros?} in regard to a school to be established for the Indians." The Usherees lived in upper South Carolina. Their lands extended southward to what is now Camden. This suggests how far these early traders had penetrated the then unknown wilderness. That Robert Hicks and his associates went even further south is intimated by the fact that before 1705 he had brought into the colony an Indian slave. Her English name was Bess. She belonged to the Appalachian tribe whose original lands were about Tallahassee, Florida. The tribe never lived farther north than Augusta, Georgia, where the great "Western Trading Path" ended.

In the years before tobacco became the major crop in Virginia the fur trade, especially beaver, was the most advantageous in the colony. Profits were fabulous, Many of the early fortunes were

founded upon fur both in Virginia and South Carolina. Skins of wild animals bought for a handful of glass beads or a cheap trinket brought handsome prices on the European market. For the man with a little money to equip a trader or a man with enough courage to venture his purse and person in the Indian country, the opportunity to secure quick wealth was unexcelled. Hand in hand with the "skin trade" went the trade in Indian slaves. It was the accepted custom to buy the prisoners of war (whom the Indians automatically made slaves) and re-sell them to the Virginia planters or to the New England market. Unscrupulous white men engaged in "slave catching." Though the Indian slave trade was a common practice at the time, there is no evidence that Hicks and his associates ever engaged in it.

Robert Hick, his father-in-law, John Evans, and John Evan, Junior (later called "Captain Evans") were very active in the "southwest trade." Others in the same business and with whom Robert Hicks was on intimate terms were: Col William Byrd, II, John and Robert Bolling (who had "an immense trade with the Indians" and a store near Petersbury), Col. Robert Mumford, several of the Joneses, including Peter, Thomas, Richard, and Poythresses. The records tell of Robert Hicks' visits to "Westover" to discuss the "skin trade" and his frequent and friendly associations with the "gentlemen." It is probable that William Byrd shipped Hicks' furs for him. He certainly went out of his way to accommodate him by buying two Negroes belonging to Captain Evans, "in the hope of gaining the trade."

Beginning as a 'private trader' (as independent traders were called), or perhaps in conjunction with his relatives. Robert Hicks soon had a company of his own. This meant enough capital to buy pack-horses, trade goods, ammunition and guns, provisions, and wages for the pack-horsemen. His partners were John Evans, Richard Jones, "Gentlemen" (later Captain), David Crawley, Nathaniel Urvin, and possibly Nathaniel Irby. With the exception of Jones, these men were related by marriage or otherwise. Nathaniel Urvin's daughter would marry Robert's son. A daughter of Hicks would marry an Irby.

These traders, with the exception of Hicks himself, would post bonds in Charleston, S. C., in 1710/11. Logan in this history of Upper South Carolina says they carried on "regular and honorable commerce." For a number of years they ranged so widely and did so handsomely that they aroused the intense jealousy of the South

Carolinians with whom they competed. They were representatives of a large number of white traders from the Southside. As early as 1698 the South Carolina Commons House debated a bill forbidding Virginians to trade with any Indians in South Carolina --the Virginians had been doing this very thing since the 1650's. In 1701 the Carolina's proposed that all of the Virginia traders' goods be confiscated, but this did not pass. However, in the same year they levied a heavy tax on every horse brought into the colony, an ill-conceived plan to stop Virginia caravans. Knowing this law was contrary to Her Majesty's royal decree of free trade between her colonies, the Virginians refused to pay the tax. In 1707, invoking this act, the South Carolinians seized a considerable quantity of skins and "diverse other goods" which Hicks and his partners left in one of the Catawba towns while they were further inland trading with the western Indians. The order had been to "seize the said Traders in their return and take from them all they had and strip them and send them back to Virginia."

Robert Hicks, as the leader of the company, immediately petitioned for the restoration of his property. Receiving an indifferent response, he went in person to Charles Town to demand the return of his goods. The Governor kept him for several weeks. After considerable expense, some spent for gifts to the Governor and his friends, Hicks had some of his goods returned, but not all. Adding insult to injury, before they let him go, they obliged him to give bond for £500 never to cross the Santee River (called Catawba upstream) again. Angered by such illegal and high-handed proceedings Hicks laid his case before the Virginia Council where he had friends and sympathizers. The Council sent a stern reprimand to South Carolina declaring what they had done was not only illegal but "altogether new and unprecedented." There was no law forbidding inhabitants of one colony to trade in another. The Council demanded that Hicks be redressed and the bond so illegally "extorted, cancelled." At the same time an appeal was made to Her Majesty's government to confirm the policy of free trade.

While awaiting the royal response the Virginians continued to go where they wished. In order that no mistake be made of their identity, they were given "testimonials" by Governor Spotswood of Virginia.

When Her Majesty's order arrived in April, 1710, it upheld her former policy. The Carolinians were not to further molest the

Virginia traders. In the meantime, it is clear from the wording of the record that the Virginians were extending their bounds of trade "passing through that (S. C.) government" to tribes beyond. The Queen's Proclamation was published in several counties in the southside Virginia where so many of the traders dwelt.

It seemed that the matter would be closed here, but it was not. The Carolinians continued to harass the Virginians. In 1712 there were other seizures. Among those licensed by Governor Spotswood this year were "Robert Hix of Surry County," John Evans, David Crawley, Richard Jones, and Nathaniel Urven of Prince George County.

In the meanwhile Robert Hicks was not indifferent to other aspects of life. When leave was given for taking up land on the south side of Blackwater Swamp in 1705, he and Robert Bolling were among the first to patent four hundred acres at the mouth of Stony Creek. Hicks soon transferred his share to Lewis Green. Then on April 20, 1709, he made a purchase of two tracts of land, totalling 1,280 acres, that was to have a bearing on all his subsequent history. Both tracts were on the north side of Meherrin River. One was the site of what would later be known as Hicks' Ford. The land had originally been patented in 1706 by Arthur Kavanaugh of "Meherrin River" who lived in Surry County. He pretended to be of North Carolina when he ran into some trouble with the Virginia authorities the year before he sold to Hicks. Signing papers in the name of "Gentlemen of Note in these parts." He purposely created misunderstandings between the Sapopy Indians and the English. His conduct was ordered investigated. If found guilty Kavanaugh was to be taken into custody until he gave bond for his good behavior. We do not know the result of the investigation, but he seems to have led an orderly life thereafter. He became a close neighbor of Hicks at Hicks' Ford.

It is quite probable that Robert Hicks moved from Petersburg to the Ford in 1709 or shortly afterward. Certainly he was there before 1711. It is also most likely that he established a trading post about the same time, though this is conjecture. Tradition persists that there was a post at the Ford. The location was a strategic one--about halfway between Fort Henry and the numerous Tuscarora towns in eastern North Carolina. It would also have been in close proximity to the Meherrin fort and in the midst of a large, Indian population. Hick's experience as a trader makes him the logical one to have established and operated such a post.

In 1711 the southern frontier of Virginia became so dangerous and the Indians so threatening that much concern was shown for the safety of the few whites in the region between Virginia and Carolina, a region claimed by both colonies.

"The rapid encroachments of the whites on the lands of the Tuscaroras were wrongs which dwarfed in comparison with the continued practice of kidnapping indian young to be sold into slavery." This was the true cause of the so-called Tuscarora War which burst into flame in 1711 and continued until 1713, leaving disaster in its path. Some in position to know said one of the several reasons for the war was the "rough treatment of some turbulent Carolinians who cheated the Indians in trading" and insulted them in many ways. The lower border of future Greenville County was close enough to the seat of the conflict to be in serious danger. To prevent the Tuscarora from raiding over the line to stop and the tribes friendly to Virginia from joining the Tuscaroras, an act was passed in 1711 to provide for companies of rangers in each frontier county. Men nearest the source of trouble were enlisted first. Residents of Prince George County (a section of which later became Greensville) were forbidden to take anymore land "beyond Meherrin River, and settlers there were ordered to withdraw." All trade was forbidden in order to prevent the enemy from being supplied with arms and ammunition.

Though Robert Hicks' name does not appear until 1713 as Captain of the Surry County Rangers, he, no doubt, volunteered at once and was made commander at the time the company was formed. The area later in Brunswick and Greensville counties was a part of Surry until 1720. Hick's Lieutenant was David Crawley, whom he had imported into the colony. Crawley, who had been in the trade with Hicks, was to continue after Hicks left the trading. He became famous as a trader among Yamassees.

The coming of spring in 1713 brought a new crisis in the affairs of the Captain. Hicks was hereafter known. In the preceding June, although the war still raged, Governor Spotswood granted permission to all Virginians to resume traffic with "certain Indians living to the Westward of this Domain remote from any of the Nations engaged in The war with ye Government of North Carolina." Each trader had to post bond of £300 not to trade with the Tuscaroras or their allies and not selling powder, shot or arms, nor

rum, or other strong liquors in towns of the Virginia Tributary Indians.

Robert Hicks took immediate advantage of this privilege. His men were again on the great Trading Path going southward. On May 15, 1713, as his trade caravan was on Eno River in North Carolina, it was attacked by more than 200 northern Indians of the Iroquois League, friends and relatives of the Tuscaroras. The caravan was carrying a rich cargo to the amount of "upwards of £1,000 sterling.." The Indians plundered the packs and killed nearly all the horses and a Negro man. One of Robert Hicks' slaves. The reason given for the attack was resentment because the traders would not trade with the Tuscaroras. As the ambush party fled with the spoils, they were met by some Virginia Indians who killed a number of them.

When Governor Spotswood learned of the disaster, he immediately sent a party of 140 men to pursue the marauders, but they escaped. At the same time he wrote to the Earl of Dartmouth saying and said that he was trying to obtain a reparation for the damage sustained "by our Traders...without which that set of Traders will be utterly ruined." Financially ruined Captain Hicks was. Even though he, afterwards, regained some of what was stolen, he seems never to have completely recovered. He withdrew his caravans. Some of the men associated with him continued in the trade until they too gave up "being unable," according to Spotswood, "to dispute with the Government of South Carolina, who seized their goods and imprisoned their person" until they" were obliged to give over entirely any thought of carrying on that commerce."

Captain Hicks, was busy. As Captain of the Surry Ranges, he rendered several important services to the colonial government. In October of 1713 he and Lieutenant David Crawley and fifty friendly Indians, members of tribes which paid tribute to Virginia, were sent on a dangerous mission, to find some of the still hostile Tuscaroras who had been driven from their lands by the invading forces from South Carolina. After ten days Captain Hicks found large numbers of them scattered about in small parties at the head of Roanoke River and in the mountains. They were in a miserable condition, in despair, with so shelter and little food. They were living like wild beasts. With great tact and diplomacy Captain Hicks was able to get 160 of the men together and persuade them to accept a peace offering. They also agreed to send two of their chiefs to Williamsburg. They accompanied Captain Hicks on this return and,

were so won by his kindness, as well as the pressures of their necessities, that they declared that they wanted to come under Virginia's protection. Assisting HIcks on this mission were the kings of the Toteros and Nottowayss and also the Great Man of the Saponies. Like Hicks and Crawley they were commended and rewarded for their services.

From this time onward Captain Hicks was much sought after as an authority on the Indians. His experiences in the wilderness, on the Trading Path, and as a Ranger, made him wise in the ways of the hinterland and its inhabitants. In 1714 he filed a claim in Surry County for "ranging." In the following year, he claimed 200 pounds of tobacco for capturing "Two Indians in a Pitt." The details of how he trapped two Indians in such a singular manner must be left to the imagination. The fact that he did is testimony to his skill as a woodsman.

In 1714 Fort Christanna was built. It is the consensus that Captain Robert Hicks, Senior, was chosen as its commander. Certainly it was he or his son, Robert, who was the commander of the fort's guard of twelve white men. These men were not only the defensive garrison but were required to range (two or three at a time) with ten or twelve friendly Indians between the settlements on the Roanoke River and Appomattox. Later when the Virginia Indian Trading Company was organized and had its headquarters at the fort, Captain Hicks became manager of its affairs and supervisor of the large trade there. As far as is known, Captain Hicks remained at the fort as long as it was under the official sanction of the colony.

In the Spring of 1716 Governor Spotswood and his entourage left Williamsburg to inspect Fort Christanna. Accompanying him was young Jacques Fontaine. Fontaine's journal gives a brief insight into the region through which the party passed. On the first day out from the capitol he wrote:

> "We came to a place called Simmons Ferry [upon Nottoway River], then put on till we came to one Mr. Hicks' plantation, upon one of the branches of Meherrin River, called Herring Creek. The man of the house was not at home, so we fared but indifferently. We made in all this day 65 miles from Williamsburg."

At this time Captain Hicks was probably at Fort Christanna. No doubt he and his family lived there or nearby during the years he was commander.

On the next day Fontaine writes:

> "We set out with a guide for Christanna for this house is the most outward settlement on this side of Virginia, which is the Southside. We have no roads here to conduct us, nor inhabitants to direct the traveller. We met with several Indians and about twelve we came to Meherrin River opposite to Christanna Fort. We made 15 miles today from Williamsburg 80 miles."

Fontaine was encouraged by Governor Spotswood to claim some of the rich land he had seen along the river. Spotswood promised that he would see that it was granted. As a helpful gesture Captain Hicks pointed out several fine tracts. In appreciation Fontaine wrote, "I gave Captain Hicks ten shillings for his trouble..." After Fontaine had chosen 3,000 acres, Hicks promised to help him survey them.

How long that the captain remained at Fort Christanna after the trading company was dissolved and the House of Burgesses voted in 1718 that there was no longer a need to keep the fort, is not known. There is reason to believe he was present at the dawn attack on the Catawba emissaries while they lay asleep and unarmed just outside the fort. He was most likely still in command when the guards behaved "in a mutinous and Disorderly manner, refusing to do the Duty of Sentinells." At that time Governor Spotswood sent orders to "Captain Hix or such other Person as the late Company have or shall employ for the management of their affairs." He was to suppress the mutiny and arrest any who might attempt to desert. When his services were no longer needed, he resigned.

Once back in private life the shift in his interests is shown in the number and frequency of his real estate transactions. Governor Spotswood had probably impressed upon him the importance of having legal title to his lands. In the fall of 1716 he patented 1,070 acres supposedly for importing seven persons including himself and Crawley. This was reaffirmed in 1730. In March of 1720/21 he was in Williamsburg with Richard Dennon, Drury Stith, and John and Robert Bolling when they were granted vast tracts of land in Prince George County. At the same time he and Thomas Avent were granted 2,000 acres on Roanoke River. After the business was over, he and "Major Bolling" dined with William Byrd and ate pie. After dinner

talked till four" in the afternoon when they left. The following January he sold Robert Bolling some of his land on Lieutenant's Run, which is now within the limits of Petersburg. Hicks was growing in public esteem as well as wealth during these years. Now he was addressed as "Robert Hicks, Gentleman."

In 1722 Robert HIcks accompanied Governor Spotswood when he went to Albany, New York. Spotswood was head of the English delegation to make a treaty with the Iroquois. For years the Northern Indians had harassed the Virginia tribes, attacked the outlying white settlers, and kept the southern frontier in a constant state of turmoil. Spotswood's patience with them ended with the attack on the Catawbas at Fort Christanna. When called to account, they were slow to make amends. Spotswood was ready to wage war. Cooler heads prevailed. Negotiations were begun but dragged on for five years. Eventually the Albany Conference was arranged. Captain Hicks, whose knowledge of the Northern Indians was deemed invaluable, was sent with the Governor and at the colony's expense. His presence most likely expedited the confession from the Iroquois that they were guilty and that they had plundered the caravan on the Eno River and "had robbed that honest man, Captain Hicks." After making their peace they presented governor Spotswood with some skins. He promptly transferred them to Hicks as small compensation for his great loss. The Iroquois promised to make full restitution. If they did , it is not known. They also promised to stay west of the Blue Ridge, in passing through Virginia on their war raids to the south. In turn, the Virginia tribes promised not to cross the Potomac. This closed the Indian era in eastern Virginia through pioneers beyond the Blue Ridge were to fight the red men for another half century or more. At Albany Captain Hicks was described as "an ancient Trader."

In 1726 he sold the last of the land his father-in-law had given him on the Appomatox, reserving only the Evans family burial plot. In the same year he gave his son, Daniel, 500 acres on the north side of the Meherrin "adjoining the home plantation." Robert, Jr. was already nearby. The Captain did a little trading with his neighbor, Arthur Kavanaugh.

When the expedition to run the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina was formed by Colonel William Byrd, the party was made up mostly of former Indian traders and woodsmen. The Captain was not among them--though they were his friends. The limitations

of age kept him off the roster but he refused to be completely left out. On September 20th at Mr. Kinchen's plantation near the Meherrin, "just after sunset Captain Hix and Captain Drury Stith arrived," wrote Byrd. We can be sure his welcome was warm. His son, Robin, was already there, having arrived a few hours earlier. Robin was to be a full-time member of the expedition. His father would go along for a few days. "He made us the compliment to attend us as far as Roanoke," is the way Byrd put it. The old man was so happy to be back on the trail and in the company of kindred spirits he determined to make himself not only welcome but useful. He killed two turkeys on the third day of the march and "turned his hand to everything not withstanding his great age, disdaining to be thought the worse foe three-score and ten." On the 24th while the commissioners were encamped on John Hill's plantation, "Our chaplain had leave to go home with Robert Hix who lived no more than six miles from this place, to christen his child, and the old Captain went along with them." The child, of course, was his grandchild.

It must have been a happy time in the old man's life. The next evening, as they were about the campfire on Cabin Branch, a tributary of Fountain Creek, "Old Captain Hix," said Byrd, "entertained with one of his trading songs, which he quavered out most melodiously, and put us all into a good humor." He remained with the expedition until the 28th when it reached the canoe landing on Roanoke River about a mile south of the famed Moni-seep, Indian for, "Shallow Water." A ford that the great Western Trading Path crossed. "Here my old friend Captain Hix took his leave, committing us to our kind stars."

The next years were quiet ones, a time for setting his house in order, a time for consolidating his worldly gains. He settled his three oldest sons near him. Daniel and Robert already had handsome estates. In 1730 he gave George 500 acres nearby. It was for George's "advancement and preferment in the world," the deed reads. Before he died he would provide handsomely for all of his children and make generous gifts of land to friends and relatives, including Cornelius Keith and Samuel Clark, Junior. In this same year he performed one of his last public services. At the instance of the Governor of New York he and Daniel rode through the wilderness, 283 miles to the Catawaba Nation to demand the liberty of certain

Iroquois prisoners. As they rode though the April woodland, the old trader must have realized this was his last time to come so far.

That fall after his return he had his main patent confirmed. It is important because it includes "the home place" at Hicksford. A summary of this patent follows:

> In the Reign of George II...in consideration of seven pounds of good money..."Robert Hicks, Gentleman"...patents 2,610 acres "part old, part New land' in Surry County. It is upon Meherrin River...it joins a corner of Henry Wyche's land...it goes "by the side of Myrey branch at the mouth of the Meadow"..it goes up "various courses of Myrey Branch" to the corner of William Lucas's land...it touches Captain Goodwin's line...it goes to the corner of a Pond...to the side of Reeves Swamp up "the various courses of the Run to the said Swamp" of Meherrin River...Up several Meanders of the River...to a corner twixt Arthur Kavenaugh and Hix...near Kavanaough's house...back to the beginning. "1,070 acres of this patent is a part of the 2,610 acres that was granted Oct. 31, 1716 and 140 acres..being granted by paten July 9, 1724." The confirming paten is dated September 28,1730.

In June of 1733 Captain Hicks went on his last public mission. The Saponies and the Tuscaroras were planning to make a treaty. They were to meet at Fort Christanna. The Executive Council of Virginia wanted to be reliably informed. They sent Robert Hicks with the request that he report to them on his return. He did.

In 1737 Hicks made his last acquisition of land. It was for 650 acres in Surry on the northside of the Meherrin and the southside of Three Creeks adjoining William Batte and John Read and Reeves Swamp. These men and others, Captain Nathaniel Edwards, Timothy Reeves, James Wyche, and James Parham, were his neighbors.

The shadows were closing in rapidly for him now, but life still had its satisfactions. He saw his children and his children's children grow up. His sons Robert and Daniel (addressed as "Gentlemen") became Justices of Brunswick County. In 1735 George sold his property at or near "Diamond Grove Plantation" to William Byrd and moved to the Ford where he operated an orchard for a few years before moving to South Carolina. His son George became a Colonel in the Revolutionary Army. Then came the shock and grief of Daniel's death in 1735. Robin died in 1737. Two sons in two years.

On March 5, 1738/39 the old Captain made his will. He was not ill for he wrote, "I, Robert Hicks, Gentleman, of the County of Brunswick...being now in perfect health and sound and disposing

memory....I acknowledge the Divine Favor and Mercy of God in so safely conducting me through all the Dangers to which human life is exposed to this present time. Hoping the same Divine Grace may enable me to act to the end of my life as becomes a follower of our Blessed Saviour Jesus Christ by whose advocacy & mediation with the Father I hope to be admitted to eternal salvation."

This will was presented to Court on February 7, 1739. He remembered his son, Charles, giving him "all the land at the Indian Fort below where I now live." To his son James he gave, "the plantation whereon I now live." He remembered each of his children, his sons-in-law, and his grandson, John Beddinfield. He made ample provisions for his wife, Frances, who survived him, and left copies of the Bible to his two youngest daughters. In the inventory of his effects, are listed his 13 slaves (by name) including "one Indian man named Will," and ivory headed cane, one pair of silver shoe buckles and studs, one large Bible, three books, "An Old Book Instituted," "An Account of Denmark, "Beverley's Abridgement of the Laws of Virginia." There was also an "old Bible," his prayer book, and his sword.

When Frances Hicks died in 1744, she was a wealthy woman. Besides her slaves, her horses, her livestock, her furniture, her "large Rugg," her everyday pewterware and her silver spoons, she left her "wearing clothes" and her "silk gown."

Captain Robert Hicks, Gentleman, lies today in an unknown grave, but his long shadow still falls across the region he pioneered, the Ford to which he gave his name, and to the town of which he is First Citizen, the descendants are numerous and honorable. They are scattered in the States of Virginia, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Texas, Florida, Illinois, Arkansas, California, and The Bahama Islands. All over this broad land. When the Revolution came thirteen of his direct desendants in Virginia were soldiers and patriots.

(The above is from Chapter II, "That Honest Man, Captain Hicks" by Douglas Summers Brown) (from the files of George B. Moore)

# GARDENER

**Sarah Gardener Hicks, AB2ABAB**, b. January 25, 1757 in Welch Neck, Craven County, South Carolina, d. after 1830 in Chesterfield County, South Carolina, daughter of Sarah James and her first husband, William Gardener. **George Hicks** adopted Sarah, who married **William Pegues, (AB2ABA2).**

**William Gardener, AB2ABABA,** m. **Sarah James, (AB2ABAB2),** d. prior to 1756.

# JAMES

**Sarah James, AB2ABAB2,** was born Welch Tract, Newcastle County, Pennsylvania (Now Delaware), she d. before 1793 in Marlboro County, South Carolina. She married **William Gardner (AB2ABABA)**, widowed, she then married **George Hicks, Jr.**, who adopted Sarah Gardner, her daughter with William Gardner..

**Philip James, AB2ABAB2A,** b. 1701, in Pennepec, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, m. **Elizabeth Thomas, (AB2ABAB3)**, he d. January 31, 1754, in Welch Neck, Craven County, South Carolina. They had among possibly other children:

**1.Sarah James (AB2ABAB2)**

**James James, AB2ABAB2A2**, m. Mary (?), moved to Newcastle County in Delaware with his father Howel James. James was a Quaker but joined the Baptist Church in 1703. He later moved to South Carolina.

**Howel James, AB2BABAB2A3**, and his brother Philip, both Quakers, purchased land in Philadelphia. Between 1681 and 1864 they moved to Radnor, Pennsylvania. Howel later moved to Newcastle County, Pennsylvania (now Delaware).

From:

South Carolina Baptists,
1607-1805

by Leah Townsend.

## Baptist Churches of the Peedee Section

As important to the religious life of South Carolina as Rev. William Screven's group, was the Welsh Neck Church, the second center of Baptist influence in the province. White Settlement was slow in South Carolina from 1696 to 1730, and to encourage more rapid expansion the Crown adopted a township system and offered land under the most encouraging conditions. The easy terms and other circumstances attracted the Welsh in Pennsylvania (in the Welsh Tract of Delaware), some of whom came to investigate the suitability of the province for their settlement. David Lewis, Samuel Wild and Daniel James presented their petition and a colony son followed upon the promise of exclusive possession of a large tract partly in Queensborough Township on the Great Peedee River. A number of the Welsh came in 1736, and many soon settled in the bend of the river opposite the present village of Society Hill, called James's Neck in 1738. This was desirable land for raising hemp, flax, etc., and practically all of the Welsh Neck, as this section came to be called, was soon granted.

In January, 1738, thirty of the Welsh settlers constituted a Baptist Church at first called Peedee, but later named Welsh Neck. The religious group to which these Pennsylvania Welsh belonged had begun its organized religious life in 1701 as they were leaving Wales: They planted their church at the Welsh Tract in Pennsylvania (later Delaware), and of this body Peedee or Welsh Neck Church was in effect an arm, thought the members had been dismissed before coming to South Carolina. Entries in the Welsh Tract minutes show their dismissal.

# Hicks

**AB2AB3 Nancy Hicks;** b. Malborough District, South Carolina, d. 1859, Lanes Creek, North Carolina, m. Thomas Godfrey (AB2AB2A), b. 1764 in Lanes Creek, North Carolina, d. July 26, 1843, Union County, North Carolina.

**AB2AB3A. Col. George Hicks;** b. 1716 in Virgina, d. 1793, m. Sarah Gardner (AB2AB4).

# Smith

**AB3A2B. Unity Smith**, b. in Anson County, N. C., d. December, 1831 in Anson County, N. C., m. George Hammond (AB3A3) in Anson County, North Carolina on Febuary 24, 1785.

**AB3A2BA. Francis Smith**, d. late Dec. of 1790 or early Jan. 1791, m. Frances Dumas (AB3A2B2)..

## FRANCIS SMITH'S WILL
## Dated December 14, 1790,
## proved in Anson County, N. C.,
## January Court 1791
## and recorded January 26, 1791,
## Will Book A, p 7.

In the name of God, Amen. I, Francis Smith, Sr., of the County of Anson and State of North Carolina, planter, being very sick and weak in body but of perfect mind and memory, thanks be given to God, calling unto mind the mortality of my body and knowing that it is appointed for all men once to died do make and ordain this my last will and testament, that is to say principally and first of all, I give and recommend my soul into the hands of Almighty God that gave it and my body I recommend to the earth to be buried in a decent Christian burial at the discretion of my executors, nothing doubting but at the general resurrection, I shall recieve the same again by the mighty power of God and as touching such worldly Estate wherewith it has pleased God to bless me in this life, I give and devise and dispose of the same in the following manner and form.

Item I give and bequeath unto my son Richard Smith a certain tract of land whereon he now lives, beginning on the P. D. on the west side of the river, likewise three Negroes (to wit) Dinah, Frank and Tom and one sorrel horse and their increase by him and his heirs freely to be possessed forever.

Item I give and bequeath unto my daughter Unity Hammond a certain tract of land lying on Little Brown Creek, land that I bought of Joel Saunders, except one

hundred acres to be taken off at the upper end, and two Negroes (to wit) Hannah and Tempey and likewise one sorrel mare with their increase by her and her heirs freely to be possessed forever.

Item I give and bequeath unto my daughter Sarah Pemberton a certain tract of land lying on Little Brown Creek containing one hundred and fifty acres more or less likewise four Negroes (to wit) Old Hannah, Old Will, Milly and young Will and their increase by her and her heirs freely to be possessed forever.

Item I give and bequeath to my son Francis Smith the land where I now live except such part as my executors shall see proper to lay off for my beloved wife Frances Smith to live on during her natural lifetime, likewise all my lands lying on Buffaloe Creek, likewise three negroes, (to wit) Freeman and Bob and Little Jude and their increase likewise one bay colt with a snip on the nose by him and his heirs to be possessed forever.

Item I give and bequeath to my beloved wife Francis Smith three negroes, (to wit) old Cloe, and Phoney and Harry, likewise all my stock of horse creatures and stock of all cattle and stock of all sheep and all my hogs and also the wagon which is now belonging to the plantation together with all the plantation and carpenters tools of every kind with the beds and every individual thing that are not given elsewhere (except one bed and furniture to be given to my daughter Elizabeth Buchanan) by her and her heirs to be freely possessed during her natural lifetime and at her death every individual thing or things that I've left to her, it is my will and desire that they shall be devided equally amongst my sons, Richard, Francis Smith and David Smith and Nathaniel Smith by them and their heirs freely to be possessed forever excepting two horse creatures to be given at that time one to my daughter Elizabeth Buchanan and the other to my daughter Sarah Buchanan which things leave to the discretion of my Executors to them before the appointed time if they please to do it.

Item I give and bequeath to my daughter Anna Smith a certain tract of land lying on the Pinch Gut Branch containing three hundred acres of land distinguished by being called The Smith Place and also three negroes (to wit) Charles and Hager and Rachel and their increase and a young bay mare with a star in her face and a bed by her and her heirs to freely be possessed forever.

Item I give and bequeath unto my son David Smith all the lands that I took up joining the lands that

his Uncle David Dumas gave to him also three Negroes (to wit) Daniel and Patty and Robbin and their increase and a horse creature also a bed by him and his heirs freely to be possessed forever.

Item I give and bequeath unto my son Nathaniel Smith a certain tract of land lying above land I gave my son Richard Smith also three Negroes (to wit) Rose and James and young Harry and their increase also a horse creature and one bed by him and his heirs freely to be possessed forever.

Item I give and bequeath unto my son John Smith a certain tract of land lying on Pinch Gut branch containing three hundred acres of land to be taken of the upper end of the body of land that lies on said creek Also three Negroes (to wit) Big Jude and Young Cloe and Jesse and their increase also one horse creature and one bed by him and his heirs freely to be possessed forever. It is also my desire that if one or more of my sons dies without a lawful heir of their bodies that their legacy shall be equally divided amongst the living brothers and them only, likewise if one or more of my daughters should die without a lawful heir of her body that they shall divide amongst themselves only.

Item I give and bequeath unto my five sons Richard Smith and Francis Smith and David Smith and Nathaniel Smith and John Smith the Fishery that I purchased of William Howlett by them and their heirs freely to be possessed forever- And it is my desire that my executors should upon receiving a right for said Fishery give a right to said William Howlet for the land on the south side of Buffalo Creek and on the west side of the thoroughfare I likewise constitute, make and ordain my beloved wife Frances Smith and my son Richard Smith and my son Francis Smith the sole Executors and Executrix of this my last will and testament and I do hereby utterly disallow revoke and disannul all and every other former testaments, wills, legacies, bequests and executors by me in any ways before named willed and bequeathed, ratifying and confirming this and no other to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I hereunto set my hand and seal this fourteenth day of December in the year of our Lord 1790.

Francis Smith His Seal
Frances X Smith Seal
(Her Mark)

Signed, sealed, published, pronounced and declared by the said Francis Smith as his last will and testament in the presence of us who in his presence

and in the presence of each other have hereto subscribed our names.

Lewis Atkins
John Howlet
Sarah X Howlet
(Her Mark)

**STATE OF NORTH CAROLINA** January Session 1791
**ANSON COUNTY**

Then the last will and testament of Francis Smith was duly proved in open court by the oaths of Lewis Atkins, John Howlet and Sara Howlet the subcribing witnesses thereto and ordered to be recorded.

Test. Wm Johnson, Clk.

January the 26th, 1791. then the foregoing will of Francis Smith with the probate thereon was duly recorded.

Test. Wm. Johnson, Clk.

Deeds from Vol. 3, Deed Records of Anson County, N. C. from"Deeds and Wills of Anson County, N. C. " by Holcomb:

pp. 133-134: 12 Apr 1764, William Crittenden of Anson, to Francis Smith of same, for £50, 75 A., part of 300 A & 50 A adj to sd. tract adj to Dumas; Wit; Tirey Robinson, Richd. Dixon (X).

pp. 357-358, Feb. 4, 1766, Deed, David Dumas of Anson to Francis Smith of same for £20 - 400 acres on S side Great Pee Dee, partly in Walker Island, 2 miles below mouth of Rocky River granted to Robert Parks 1745 and sold to John Span Oct. 14, 1747, proved Sept. 14, 1749 reg. in Bladen Co., Book C, Folio 126 June 25, 1750, sold to Joshua Ambrose Smith June 22, 1756 then sold to Benjamin Dumas Aug. 7, 1756, Signed by David Dumas and Sarah Dumas (X). Wit: Benjamin Dumas, Richard Dixon (X). Proven July Court 1766.

Following is a list of known children. Sequence of birth is unknown.

1. Richard Smith.
2. **Unity Smith (AB3A2B).**
3. Sarah Smith, m. Pemberton .
4. Francis Smith.
5. Anna (Elizabeth) Smith, m. Buchanan.
6. David Smith.
7. Nathaniel Smith.
8. John Smith.

# Dumas

**AB3A2B2. Frances Dumas,** b. 1740 in New Kent County, Virginia, d. 1766 in Anson Co., N. C., m. Francis Smith (AB3A2BA) ca: 1758.

**AB3A2B2A. Benjamin Dumas,** b. 1705 in New Kent County, Virginia, d. 2nd March 1766 in Anson County, North Carolina, m. (1) Frances Clark (AB3A2B3), ca: 1725, (2) Martha McClendon.

Frances Clark was born ca: 1706 in New Kent County, Virginia, and died ca: 1752 in Anson County, North Carolina.

Martha McClendon was born in Anson County and died in 1766 without children.

On July 13, 1742, Benjamin Dumas held land on Snow Quarter Branch and Willis River in Goochland County, Virginia ("Valentine Papers," Vol. 1, p. 458). 150 acres of this was later sold to John Salmons.

"Abstracts of Louisa County, Virginia, Will Books 1743-1801," Order Book 1742-1748, p. 118 show that Benjamin Harris, Adam Dumas and David Dumas (Quakers who affirmed) were witnesses on the will of L. Armstrong about 1745.

Benjamin Dumas is shown in Louisa County, Virginia on June 24, 1746 ("Valentine Papers," Vol. 1, p. 371).

"INDEX TO PATENTS - VIRGINIA" shows:

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| Bk. 17, p. 327 | 1735-1738 | Benjamin Dumas | 400 acres |
| Bk. 17, p. 332 | 1735-1738 | Benjamin Dumas | 400 acres |
| Bk. 18, p. 432 | 1738-1739 | Benjamin Dumas | 200 acres |
| Bk. 25, p. 469 | 1745-1747 | Benjamin Dumas | 1000 acres |
| Bk. 29, p. 341 | 1749-1751 | Benjamin Dumas | 295 acres |

Benjamin moved to Peedee River Area, Anson County, N. C. about 1756. Records show that he was already active in that county buying land as early as 1748. Anson County was divided into several counties and records of the Dumas family are found in Montgomery County (formed 1778) and Richmond County (formed 1779). The area in which they settled was near the South Carolina line and some of the Dumas' lived in South Carolina. Following are records of land transactions in Anson County.

Anson County Deeds Voume A, page 45-46: October 29,1748, John Clark of Anson Co., to Benjamin Dumas of Louisa Co., Va., for £200 proc. money .. land in Bladen Co. on N. side of Great Pee Dee called Buffaloe Island, granted 20 June 1746.. John Clark (seal), Wit. Joseph White, John Coleman, Saml French, David P.

Page 24-25: July 27, 1750, John Clark of Anson Co., Labourer, to Benjamin Dumas, of same, Labourer, for £50 proc. money...land on S side Great Pee Dee and N side Rocky River..opposite Andrew Moorman's land..400 A granted to John Clark 13 April 1749...John Clark (seal), Wit: Charles Moreman, Anthony Hutchins, John Gregg.

Page 46: Tyree Harris of Va., appoints Benjamin Dumas of Anson Co., Gent, lawful attorney to sell my lands in Anson Co...21 Apr 1752...Tyree Harris (seal)

Page 97-98: 29 Oct 1748, John Clark, to Benjamin Dumas of Louisa Co., Va., for £50, 250 A, Great Pee Dee.

Page 104-105: 29 Oct 1748, John Clark, to Benjamin Dumas of Louisa Co., Va., £100, 500 A N side Great Pee Dee, including an Island.

Anson County Deeds Volume 1, page 145-146: 20 Jan 1756, Benjamin Dumas, planter, of Anson County, to Edmund & Sarah Lilly, £100, 400 A, S side of Pee Dee on N side Rockey River, Wit: Jeremiah Dumas, Zechariah Smith, Jno. Collson, July 7, 1756.

Page 147: 26 Apr 1756, Edmund Lilly to Benjamin Dumas, £100, 390 A on N sid great Pee Dee, Wit: Jeremiah Dumas, Zechariah Smith, Betty Prestwood.

Page 153-154: 22 Apr 1756, Benjamin Dumas of Anson Co., to John Collson, £50, S side of Great Pee Dee, Wit: Jeremiah Dumas, Zechariah Smith, Edmund Lilly.

Page 282-283: 7 Aug 1756, Ambrose Joshua Smith of Rowan Co., to Benjamin Dumas of Anson Co., for £150 Va. money... 2 tracts containing in the whole 900 A, Wit: Jeremiah Dumas, Francis Smith, James Bowers.

Page 356: 9 Nov 1758, Benjamin Vines of Anson Co., to Benjamin Dumas, Senr. of same, £100, 200 A on N side Pee Dee, Wit: Jeremh. Dumas, Zech. Dumas, Frances Dumas (F).

Anson County Deeds Volume B, pages 286-287: 4 Dec 1752, Capt John Clark of Anson Co., planter, to Benjamin Dumas of same, planter, £50, 250 A land on N side Great Pee Dee... also 810 A including Buffelow Island, Wit: David Dumas, Walter Gipson, George Michiel.

Page 291: 15 Jan 1753, Benjamin Dumas to David Dumas, 5/- and fatherly love to his child... 353 A on N side Great Pee Dee, Wit: Edmond Lilly, Jeremiah Dumas, Thomas George, Benj. Dumas.

Page 292: 15 Jan 1753, Benjamin Dumas of Anson Co. to Edmond Lilly and Sarah for 5/- and fatherly love for his child...350 A on N side Great Pee Dee, Wit: Thomas George, Jeremiah Dumas, David Dumas, Benj. Dumas.

Page 409-410: 17 Dec 1754, Thomas Harington of Anson Co. , planter, to Benj. Dumas of same, £150, 270 A, Wit: Edmon Lilley, John Culpepper, Sarah Lilley.

Page 423-424: 23 Jan 1755, Col. John Clark of Anson Co., to Benj. Dumas of Same, £30, 50 A, no witnessess.

Page 454-455: 15 July 1755, Benjamin Dumas of Anson Co., to John Fanhooso, £20, Wit: Jeremiah Dumas, John McQueen, John Fanhooso (X).

Anson County Deeds Volume C-1, page 437: 24 Nov 1758, John Lyly of Anson Co. to Benjam. Dumas of same, for £100....land on N side Great Pee Dee, upper end of Buffelow Island, 97 A... conveyed from Edmond Lilly to John Lilly 16 Oct 1753... John Lilly (seal), Wit: Jerh. Dumas, David Sneed, Hiller Wileder (I).

An inventory of his estate made by David, which included "one Virginia law book" can be found on page 170-175 of the Anson County, N. C. Wills and Estates. This inventory is quite lengthy and extensive. It shows that Benjamin was a very wealthy person.

The children of Benjamin Dumas and Frances Clark were:

1. David Dumas, b. ca: 1730 in Hanover County, Virginia, d. ca: 1803 in Montgomery County, N. C. , m. Sarah Moorman, who was born ca: 1738.

In Volume 3, Anson County Deeds, pages 347-348 and 357-358 it appears as if David is clearing his father's estate, it shows:

Page 347-348: 20 Jan 1766, David Dumas of Anson, Planter, to Benjamin Dumas of same, planter, for £500...1181 A in 4 tracts, (goes on to describe them), Wit: Francis Smith, Richard Dixon (X), (Proven July Ct., 1766)

Page 357-358: 4 Feb 1766, David Dumas of Anson, to Francis Smith of same, for £20, 400 A....Wit:Benjamin Dumas, Richd. Dixon (X)., (Proven Oct. Ct. 1766)

David is reported to have served in the Revolutionary War. In 1780-82 the tax lists of Anson County shows he owned 2563 acres and had 11 slaves. Some of his sons moved to Georgia and Alabama. Almost all of the Dumas in the southern states with ancestors in Georgia, Alabama, and North Carolina are descendants of Jeremiah Dumas.

1-1. Andrew Moorman Dumas, b. 1754 in North Carolina, d. 1803 in Richmond County, North Carolina, m. Jamima _____.

1-2. Benjamin Dumas, Jr., b. ca: 1756 in Hanover County, Virginia, d. 1790, m. Susanna (Hutchins?).

1-3. Unity Dumas, b. ca: 1760.

1-4. Frances Lucy Dumas, b. ca: 1772, m. Arnold Thomason.

1-5. Jeremiah Dumas, b. Sept. 10, 1767 in Anson County, N. C., d. October 4, 1841 in Jones County, Georgia, m. August 7, 1788 to Nancy Mackersham.

1-6. Sarah Dumas, b. ca: 1770, m. Frederick Scarborough or Arnold Agee.

1-7. Obediah Dumas, b. ca: 1773, d. 1834 in Wilcox County, Alabama, m. Mary Lucy Thomason (or Hutchings). He left Jones County, Georgia in 1811 and settled in Wilcox County, Alabama before 1820. No children found recorded.

1-8. Zachariah Dumas, b. April 4, 1776 in North Carolina, d. October 17, 1846, m. Elizabeth Lucy.

1-9. Nehemiah Dumas, b. ca: 1776/1778, d. in Georgia, no record found of a marriage.

1-10. Azariah Dumas, b. ca: 1778/1780, d. 1849 in Wilcox County, Alabama, m. (1) Mary Harris, (2) Susannah Hare in 1829.

**2. Frances Dumas, (see AB3A2B2.)**

3. Sarah Dumas, b. ca: 1730, died in Anson County before 1760, m. Edmund Fleming Lilly.

4. Benjamin Dumas, Jr., b. ca: 1733, d. 1796, m. (1) Jamima Mclendon, (2) Ruth Serdow.

Deeds from Vol. 3, Deed Records of Anson County, N. C. from"Deeds and Wills of Anson County, N. C. " by Holcomb:

pp. 347-348 Jan. 20, 1766. David Dumas, planter of Anson to Benjamin Dumas of same, planter for £500, 1181 acres in 4 tracts:

1. 188 acres Opp. to Rock River on Pee Dee.

2. 50 acres, these two granted to Benjamin Dumas the elder in his lifetime.

3. 236 acres on S. side Buffaloe Island formerly belonging to John Clark granted to Edmd. Lilly April 10, 1763.

4. 810 acres granted to John Clark, June 20, 1746.

Signed: David Dumas
Sarah (X) Dumas

Witnesses: Francis Smith
Richard (X) Dixon

Proven in July Court, 176

5. Jeremiah Dumas, b. ca: 1735.

**AB3A2B2A2. Dr. Jerome (Jeremiah) Dumas,** b. 1681 in D'Antraigue, France, d. January, 1734 in Goochland County, Virginia, m. Unity Lucy (AB3A2B2AB) in 1701/2. Unity was living in 1729.

## The Huguenot Migration to Virginia

French Protestants began arriving in the colony of Virginia before 1620, when NICHOLAS MARTIAU had settled and become a leader. He was the earliest known Virginia ancestor of GEORGE WASHINGTON. The Huguenots continued to come in increasing numbers; it is reported that in 1687 alone, the Huguenot Relief Committee in London assisted in the resettlement in Virginia of 600 refugees.

By far the largest Huguenot settlement in Virginia was made at Manakintowne in 1700. First shipload to arrive was the MARY AND ANN, from London, under CAPT. GEORGE HAWS, which reached James River, July 23, 1700.

From the MARY AND ANN Ships Passenger List of July 23, 1700, this entry among many:

**DUMAS, Jerome**

(Dr. H. R. McIlwaine, THE HUGUENOT, 1933)

This is the first knowledge we have of Jerome Dumas. Following is and act passed May 12, 1705, taken from copy in the British Public Record Office, London, contained in Colonial Office Papers {C. O. 5/1384, ff 28-29}. Pages 39-41

Whereas Claude Phillippe de Richebourg, Francis Ribot, Peter Faure, John Joanny, James Champaagne, and others, Born in France and other Foreign Countryes,have made humble Suit to this General Assembly for Naturalization, and they having in Order thereto received the Oaths by Law Enjoyned,

Be it therefore Enacted by the Governor, Council, and Burgesses of this present General Assembly and the Authority thereof, And it is hereby enacted, that Claude Phillippe de Richebourg, Francis Ribot, Peter Faure,.....105 more names.....JEREMIAH DU MASS....some 40 more names.

And every of them be, and are by vertue hereof, Capable of Free Traffick and Tradeing, of TAKING UP AND PURCHASING,

CONVEYING, DEVISING, AND INHERITING OF LANDS AND TENEMENTS, and from hence-forth be Declared, Deemed, and holden, And in all Construction of Law Stated, Vested, and Indulged with all Privileges, Liberties, and Immunityes Whatsoever, relating to this Colony that ANY NATURALL BORN ENGLISHMAN IS CAPABLE OF.

Following is edited information from a paper by John H. Wilson, 1212 West El Paso St., Fort Worth, Texas 76102, dated June 28, 1976.

## Early DUMAS History

The Dumas family is of French origin and has become widely distributed over the world. The name is said to have been originally DuMaison (of the house). Variants include DuMas, DeMas, Doomas, Buma, DeMoss, ect.

The first Dumas in North America appear to have been immigrants from France to Canada between 1660 and 1685. These people were mostly of the Roman Catholic faith. They have greatly multiplied and the Telephone directories of Montreal and Quebec contain several pages of Dumas. Some of the Canadian Dumas have moved into the northern part of the United States and the Dumas of towns such as Chicago and Minneapolis are probably mostly of Canadian ancestry. Some of the Canadian descendants have been found in Oklahoma, Utah, Nevada and other western states. One or more Dumas were among the Acadians who moved from Canada to Louisiana about 1755. Other French people migrated at various times to towns in which other French people lived such as New Orleans, Minneapolis, ect. In the Greek language "Dumas" is equivalent to "Thomas" and some Greek restaurant owners by the name of Dumas have been encountered.

Most of the southern Dumas families appear to be descended from our Jerome (Jeremiah) Dumas who was a Protestant refugee. "The Murphy-Perdue-Perry Quarterly" reports he was born in 1681 in D'Antrargues, Andeche (which is in the old province of Languedoc), France. There are numerous references to other Dumas living at various parts of France. Jerome (Jeremiah, Jere) Dumas arrived at Manakintown, Virginia in

July 1700 on the ship "MARY AND ANN". He is mentioned in "The Hugenot Migration in Europe and America" by Gilman 1962. Jere Dumas is given in list of refugees in 1700 in "Virginia Historical Collection" Vol. 6, p. 45, also in the "Douglas Register" Vol. 6, p. 65. Jeremiah Dumas married Unity Lucy soon after his arrival and it is believed she was English as their first child was baptized in St. Peters ( Church of England), New Kent County, Virginia on Oct. 10, 1703. Incidentally, this was the church in which George Washinton was later married. In 1704 Jeremiah Dumas owned 250 acres in Hanover County, Virginia (Quit Rent Rolls). In 1725 he owned 400 acres on south side of Rock Creek according to "History of Louisa County" by Malcolm Harris. The Index to Virginia Patents shows 400 acres to Jeremiah Dumas (Book 13, p. 468) and another 400 acres (Book 13, p. 470).

There were other Dumas in Virginia during the period Jeremiah Dumas lived. An old graphic chart shows two John Dumas, a Thomas Dumas, a Louis Dumas and son Louis, Jr., a Mary Dumas who married Jean Aumont, Mlle (Sibelle) Dumas who married Charles Yancey but the relationship, if any, of these people to Jeremiah Dumas is not known.

The will of Jeremiah Dumas is recorded in Book 2, p. 57, Wills of Goochland County, Virginia.

The vestry book of St. Paul's Parish (Hanover County), Virginia 1706-1786 contains about 15 references to Jeremiah (Jere) Dumas between 1708 and 1749.

1. Mathen (or Mathew) Dumas, (daughter) b. ca: 1703, baptized October 10, 1703, St. Peter's Parish Register, New Kent County, Virginia. This is the church in which George Washington was married.

**2. Benjamin Dumas, (AB3A2B2A)**

3. Jeremiah Dumas, b. ca: 1707. In 1744 he was living in Louisa County, Virginia on land belonging to his father and apparently did not go to North Carolina with his brothers. One report shows that he had a son, Benjamin (?).

Jeremiah Dumas, presumably the one referred to above, received a patent for 566 acres (Index to Patents Book 33, p. 97, 1756-1761) and another for 400 acres (Book 34, p. 180, 1756-1762).

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